# NOTES

SMITH and LOAMAR AGENTS NASHVILLE, TENN., DALMAS, TEXAS



# THE

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

No. 3.

ADAPTED TO THE USE-OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUES, PRAYER MEETINGS, AND REVIVALS.

JAMES ATKINS, D.D.,

AND
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK.

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS.
1903.

#### PREFACE.

When the Young People's Hymnal No. 2 was about to be issued, Prof. W. J. Kirkpatrick, the music editor of the series, was asked whether he thought J. Kirkpatrick, the music cultivate that the first. His reply was that he would it would prove a better book than the first. be slow to say that it was possible for him to prepare, out of all existing material, a better song book within its compass than was the first Young

People's Hymnal.

While it is difficult to predict with certainty when the issue is to be determined by the public taste, we are inclined to forecast a larger popularity and usefulness for the present issue, The Young People's Hymnal No. 3. than even that enjoyed by its predecessors. It contains many of the songs in Nos. 1 and 2 which have stood the test of use and were regarded as indispensable. A second element consists of about one hundred and fifty other songs which were regarded as the best to be found in the list of Sunday school hymns; and a third element is composed of new songs-that is, such as are here published for the first time.

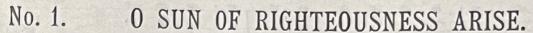
If No. 3 shall meet with as general and cordial reception as did the two former members of the series, the editors and publishers shall find cause for

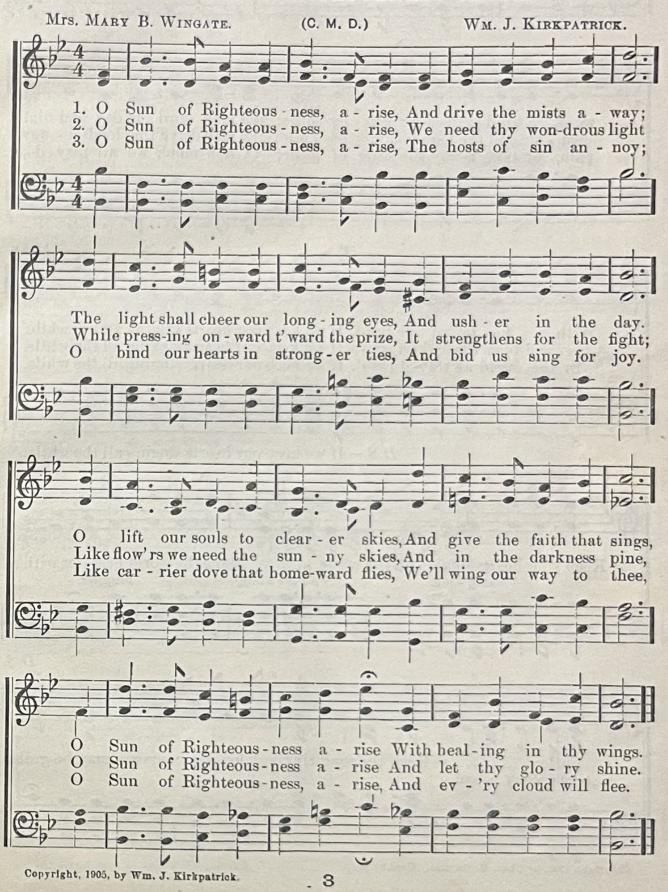
genuine gratification.

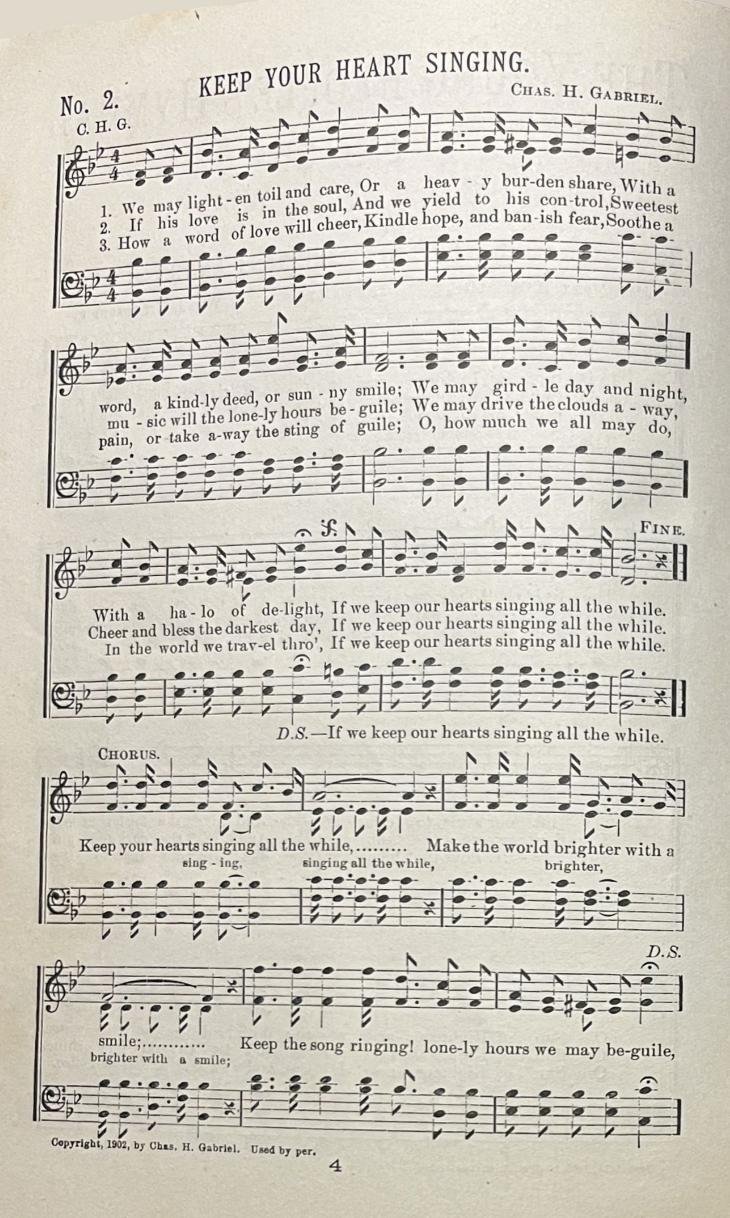
The new book is sent forth with the prayer that it may accomplish in an eminent degree the mission of sacred song, and prove a joy and blessing to JAMES ATKINS. all who shall use it. Sunday School Editor.

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

No. 3.

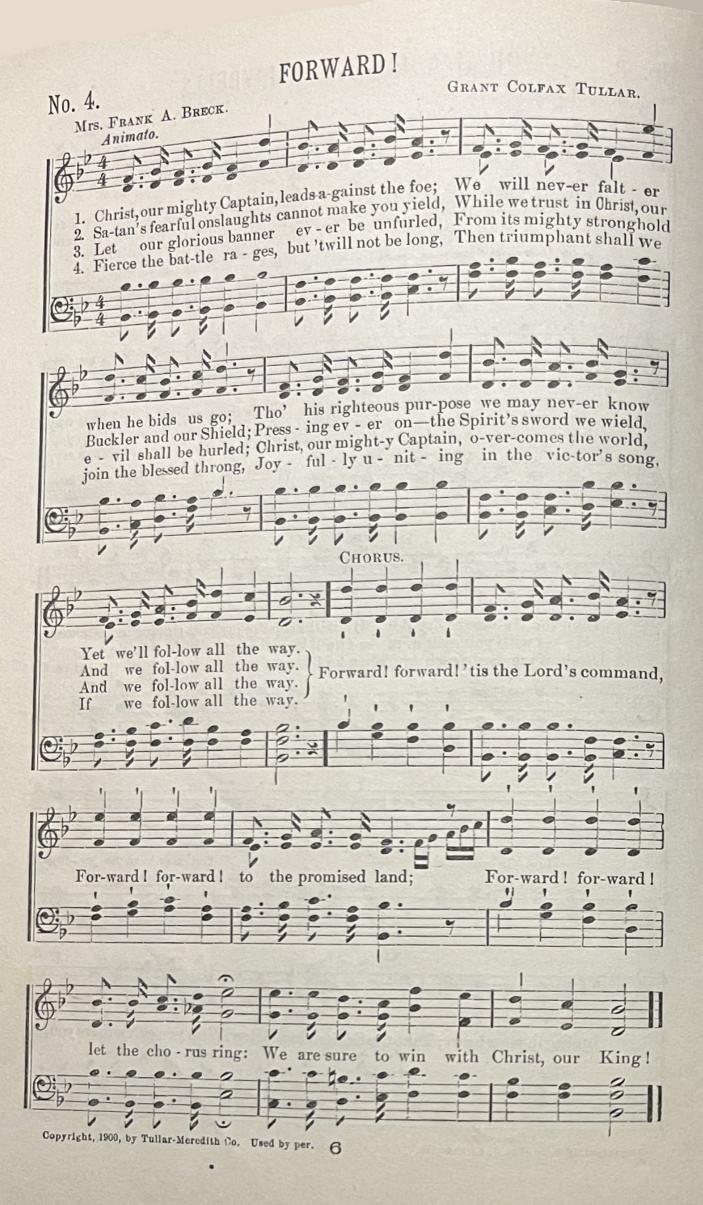


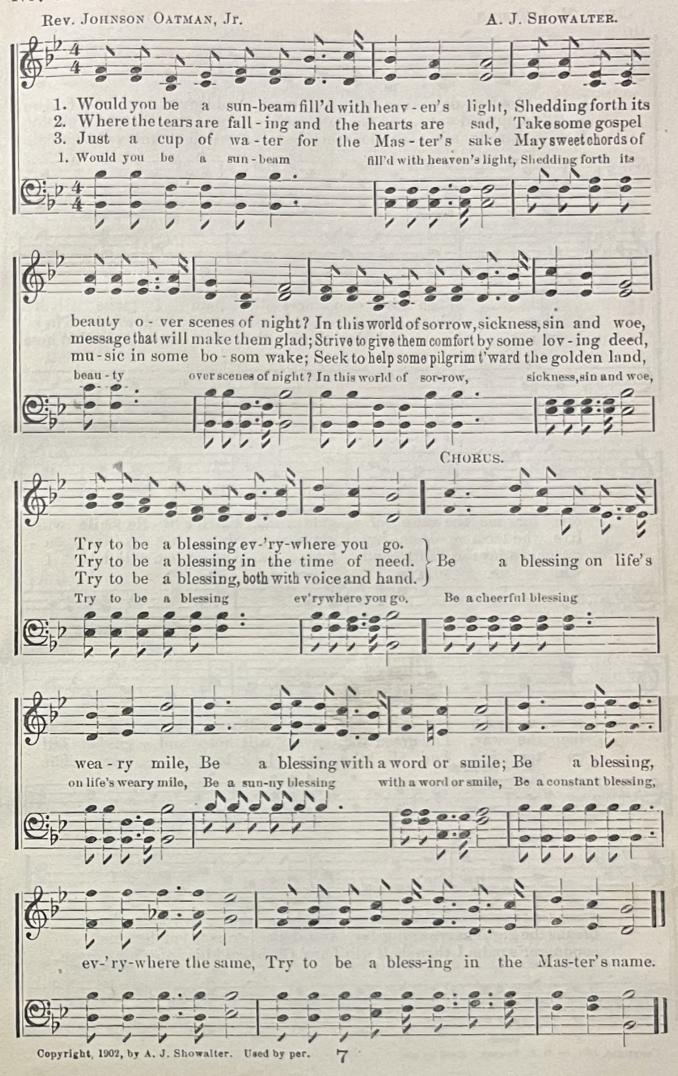




#### No. 3. YOU MAY HAVE THE JOYBELLS.





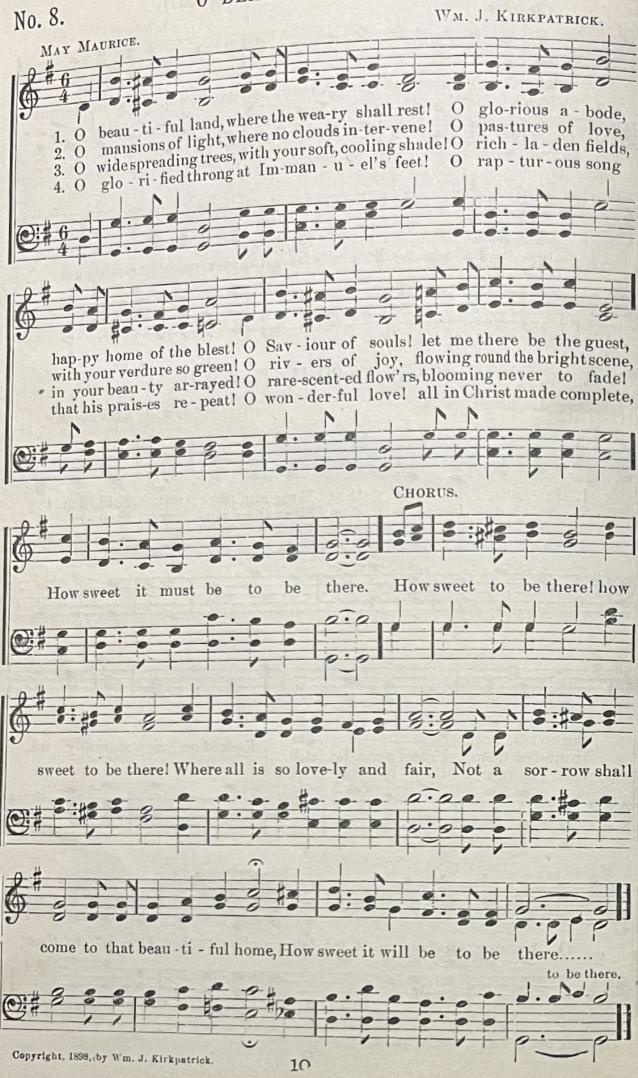




#### SAVING GRACE. (Concluded.)



# O BEAUTIFUL LAND.



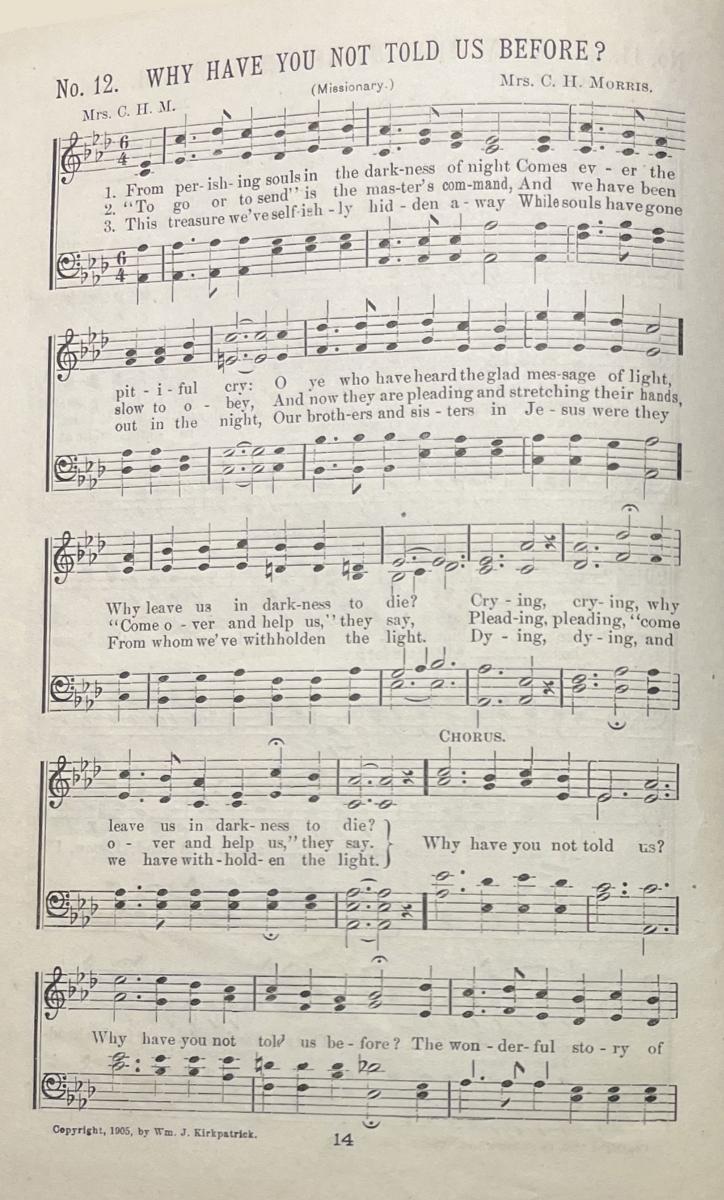


# I BELONG TO THE KING.

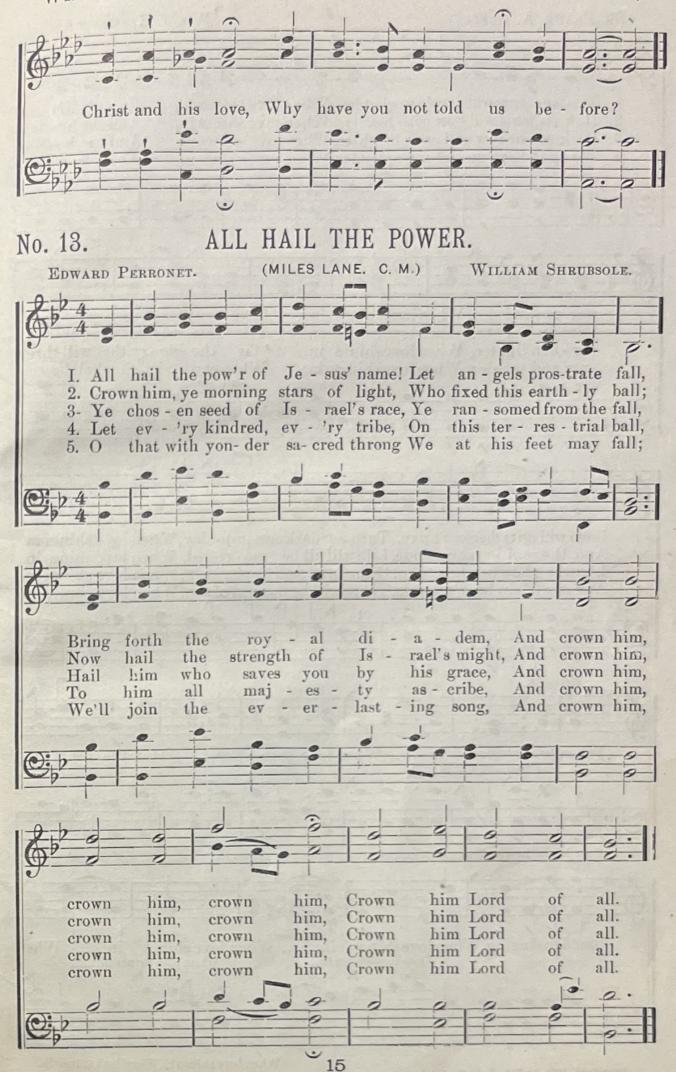
No. 10. (SOLO OR DUET.) MAURICE A. CLIFTON. IDA L. REED. 1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his 1. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and 2. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure. That we all shall be 3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure. pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And his kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, wher-so-ev-er I go, And my gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this CHORUS. chil-dren its splen-dors shall share. I be-long to the King, I'm a ref - uge un - fail - ing is he. life with its tri - als is past. child of his love, And he nev-er for - sak-eth his own; He will call me some -0 day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne. 0 Copyright, 1896, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per. 12

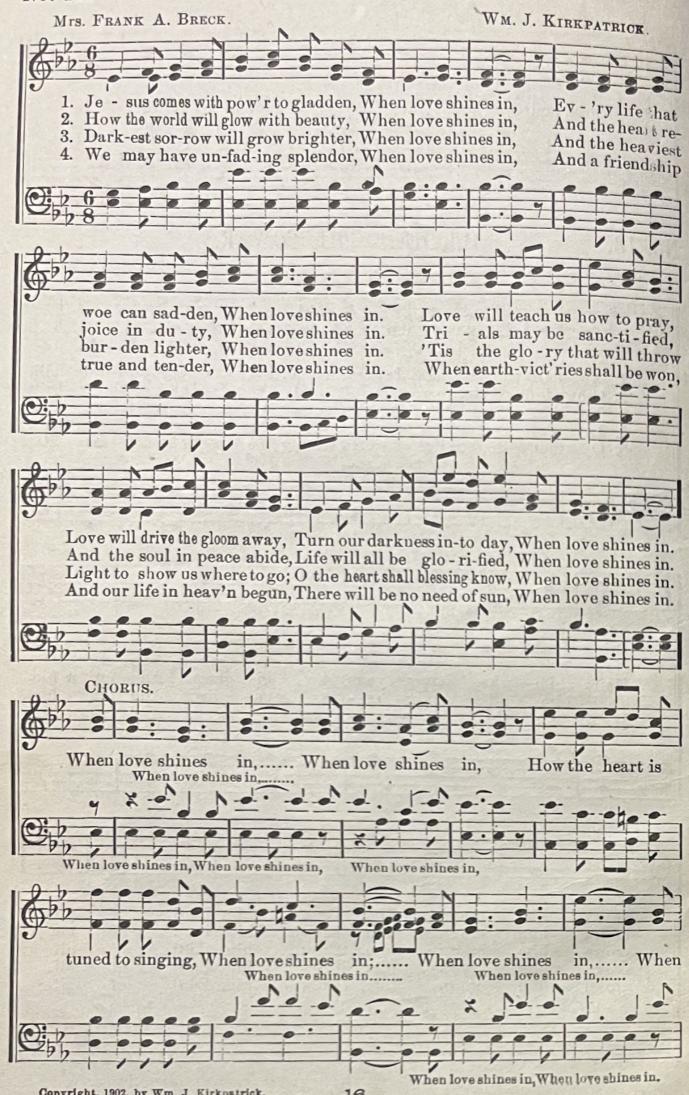
#### No. 11. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

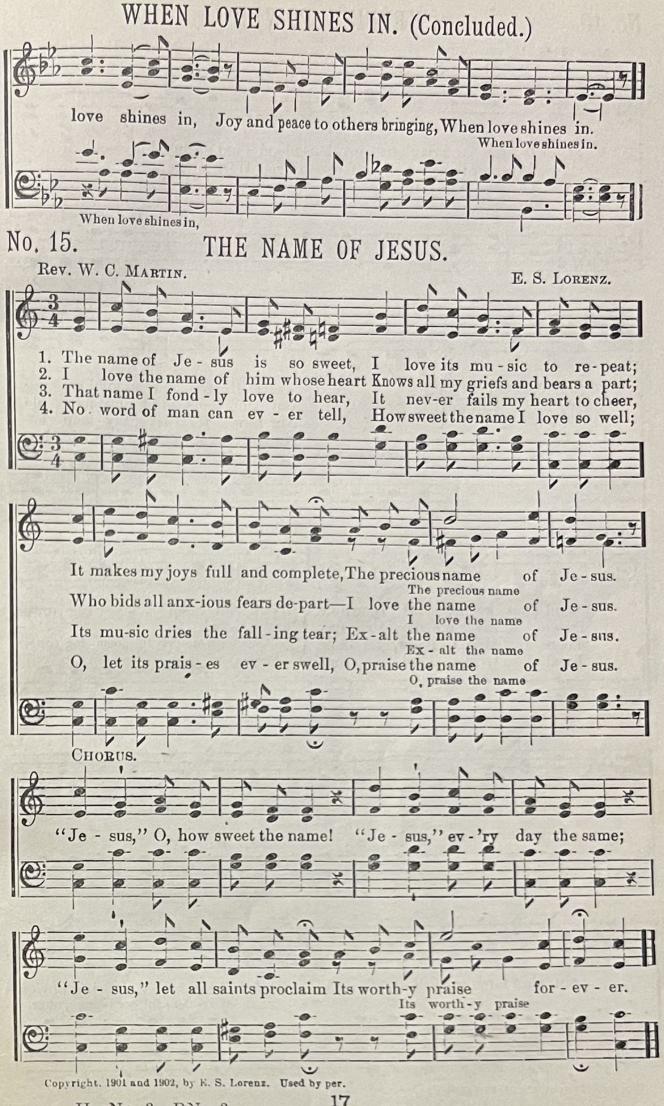


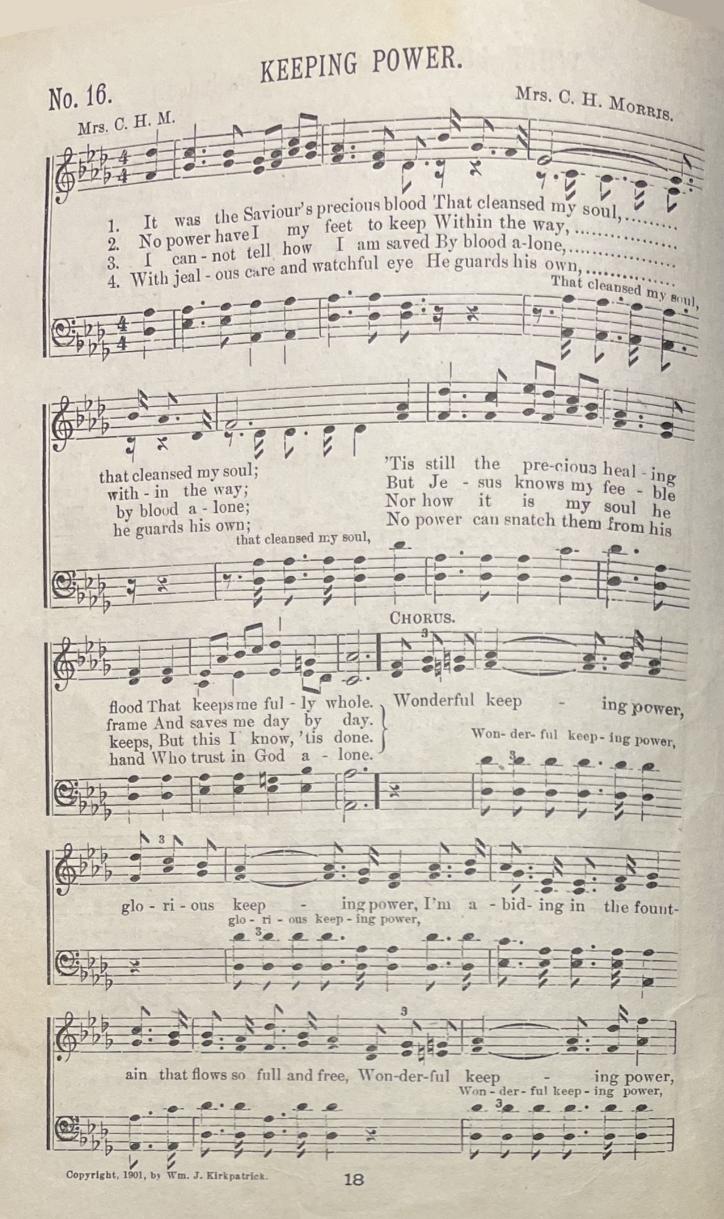


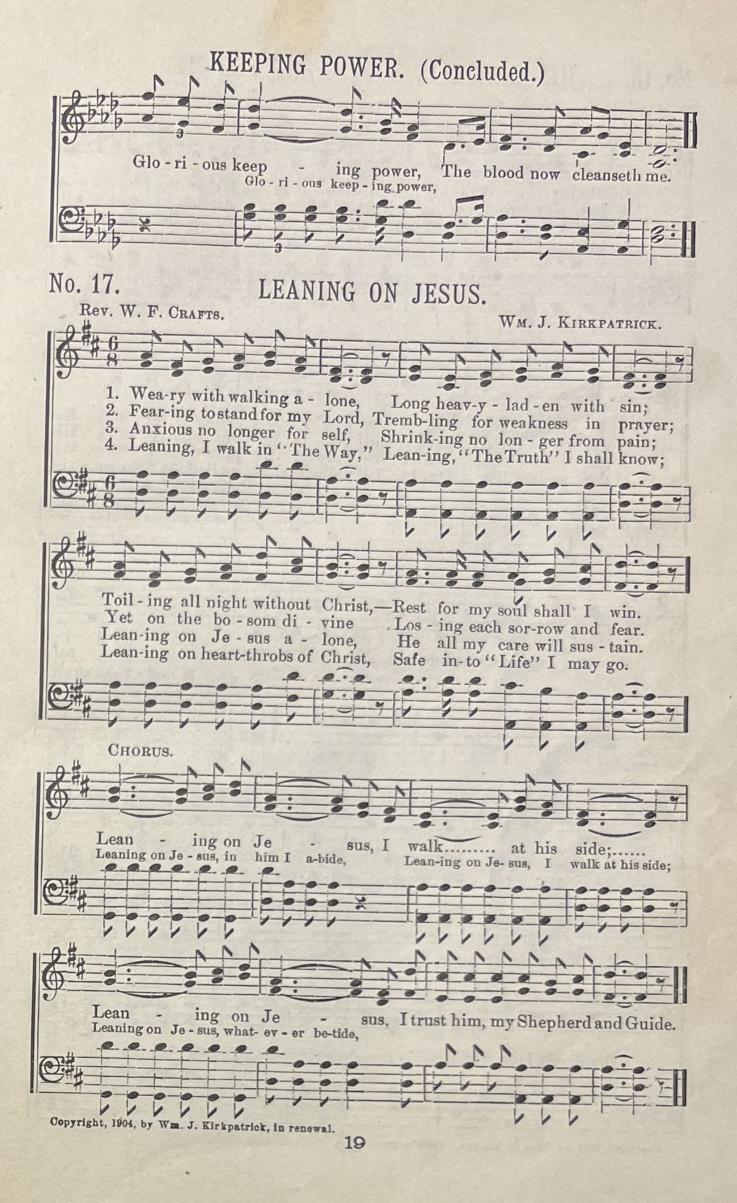
#### WHY HAVE YOU NOT TOLD US BEFORE. (Concluded.)

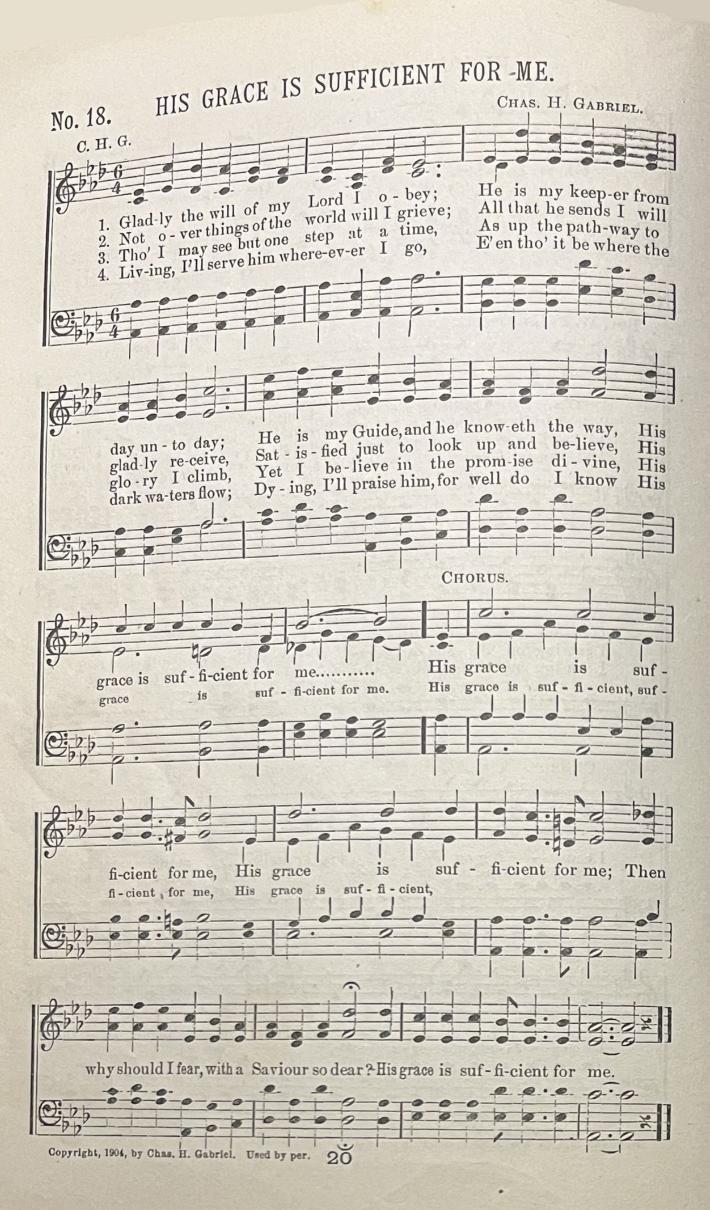




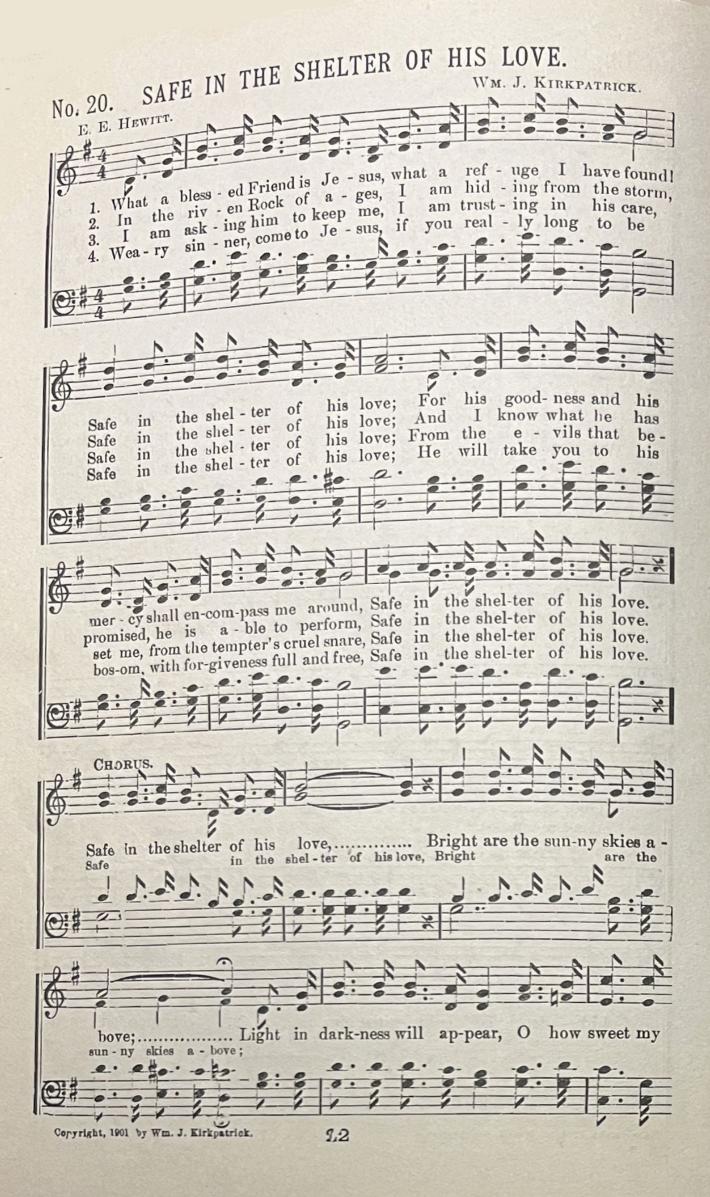






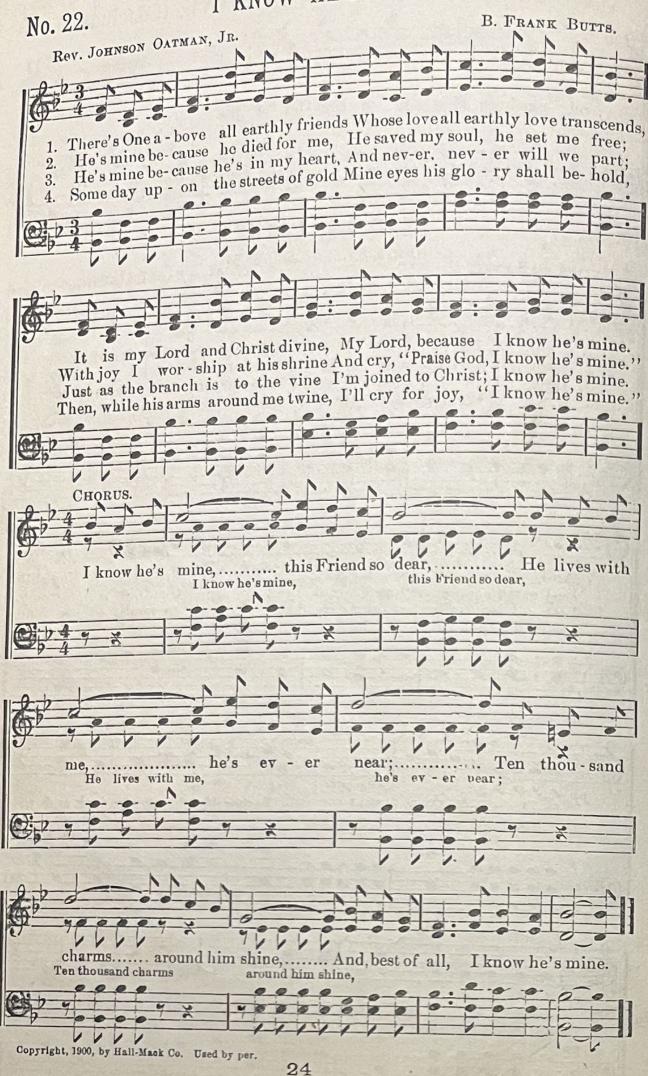






# SAFE IN THE SHELTER OF HIS LOVE. (Concluded.) ref - uge here Safe the shel-ter of his love. in the his love. LEAD ME, FATHER. No. 21. (DUET, SOLO OR QUARTET.) Mrs. Fannie L. Simpson. NELLIE B. SWEETS. 1. Lead me, Fa-ther, lead, I pray, For the night is dark and wild, 2. Lead me when the morn-ing dawns, Lest in paths of sin I stray, 3. Lead me in the noon-day clear, When night's shadows all are gone, 4. When the evening draw-eth on, And my courage ebbs a - way, And I can - not see my way; Fa - ther, lead thy tremb - ling child. Lest earth's pleasures lure my soul, Lead me in the nar - row way. I leave thy ten - der care, Lest I dare to walk Lead me then till comes the dawn Of ing day. the ev - er - last mf CHORUS. Lead..... me, Father, lead..... me, Father, For the night is dark and wild; Lead, O lead me, Fa-ther, lead, O lead me, Fa-ther, the night is dark and wild; me, Father, lead, O lead me, lead thy trembling child. ther, Lead, O lead me, Fa -

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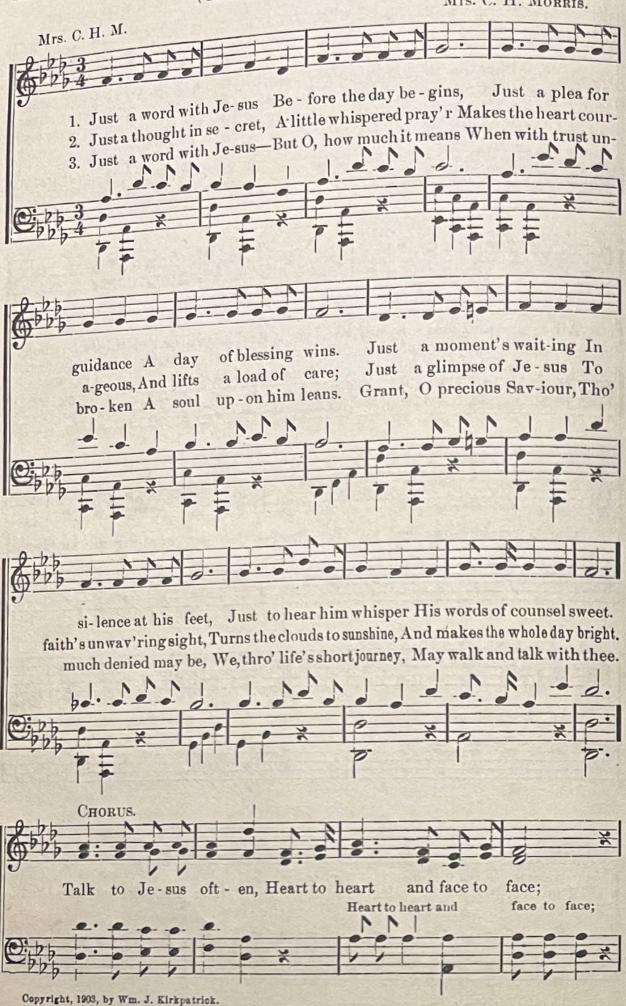


# JUST A WORD WITH JESUS.

No. 24.

(DUET.-ALTO AND TENOR.)

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

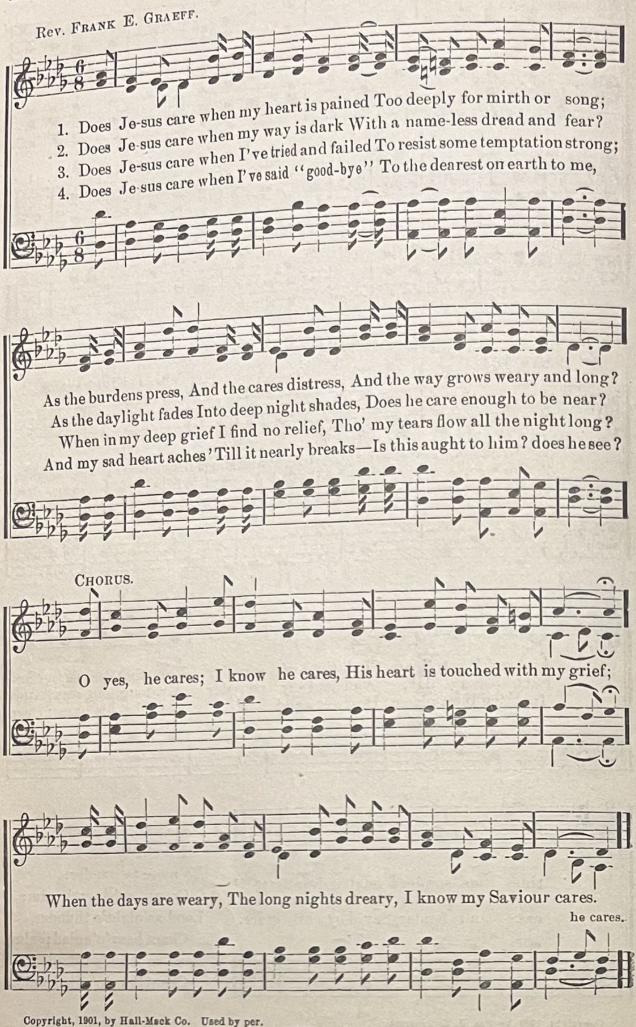


# JUST A WORD WITH JESUS. (Concluded.)



(SOLO.)

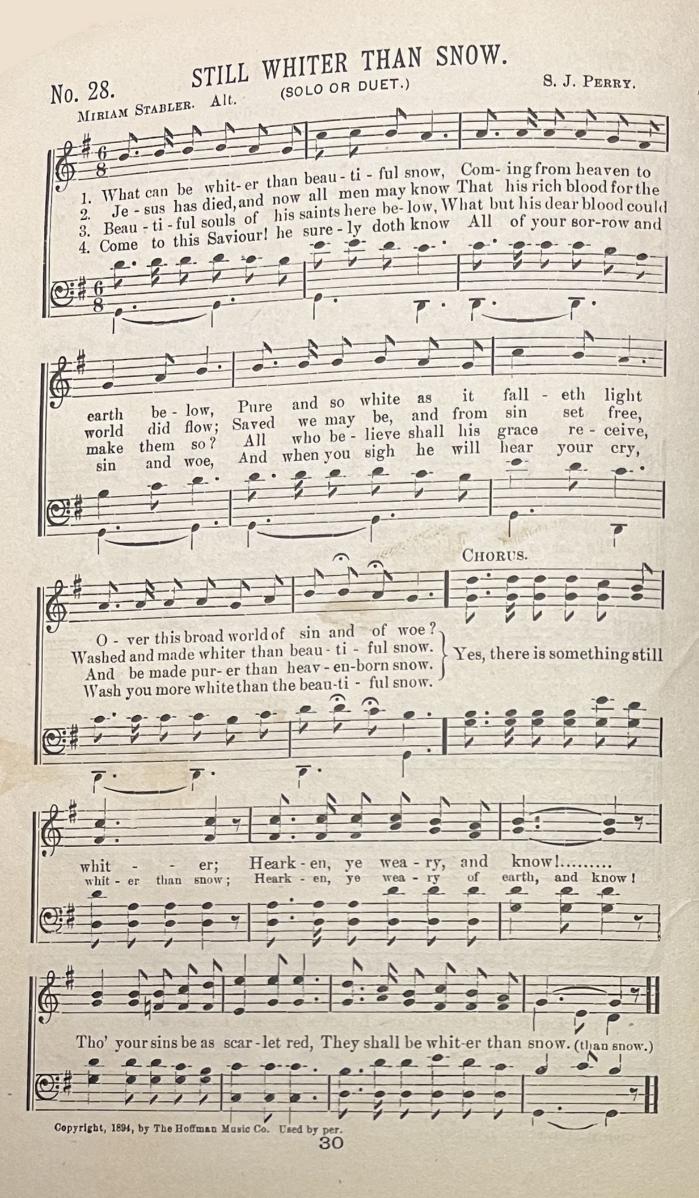
J. LINCOLN HALL.



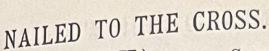
#### BECAUSE HE LOVES ME SO.

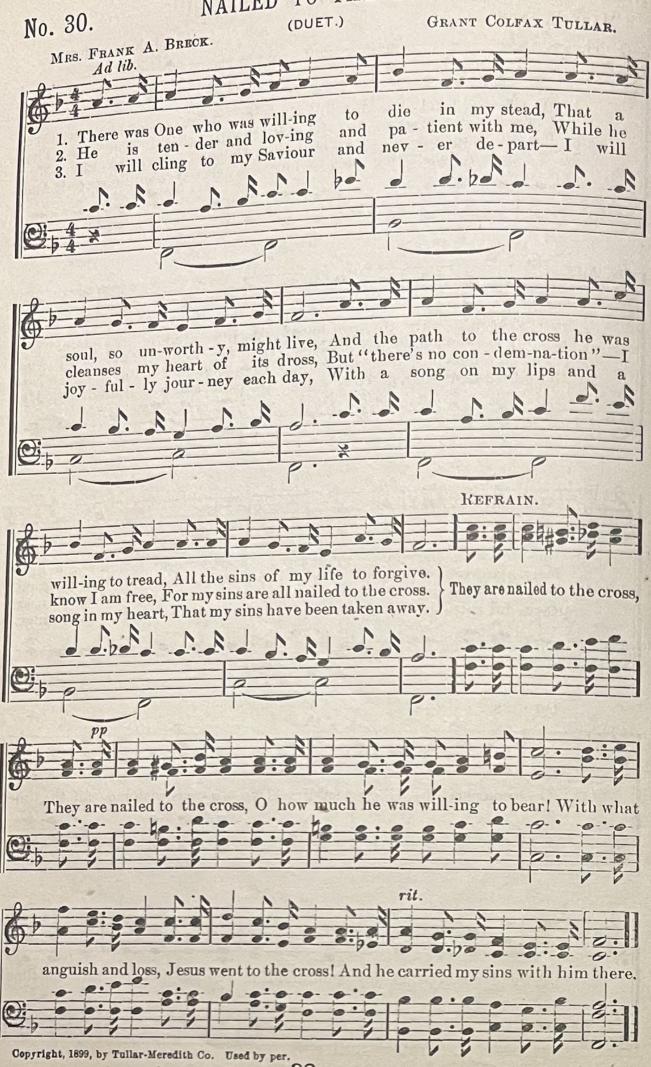
(DUET AND QUARTET OR CHORUS.)



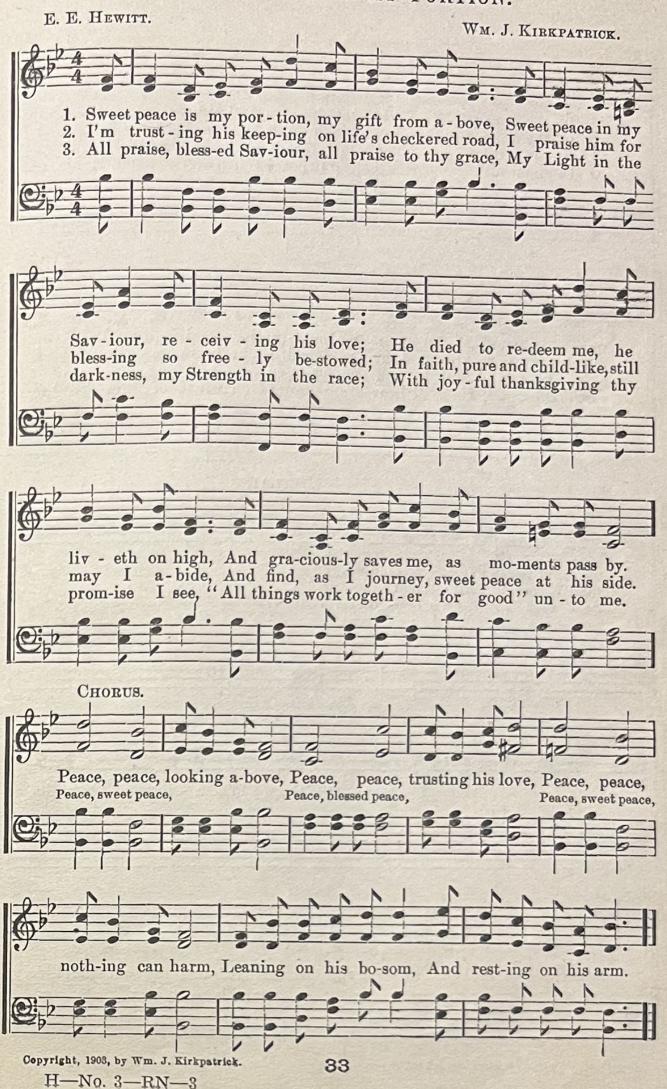


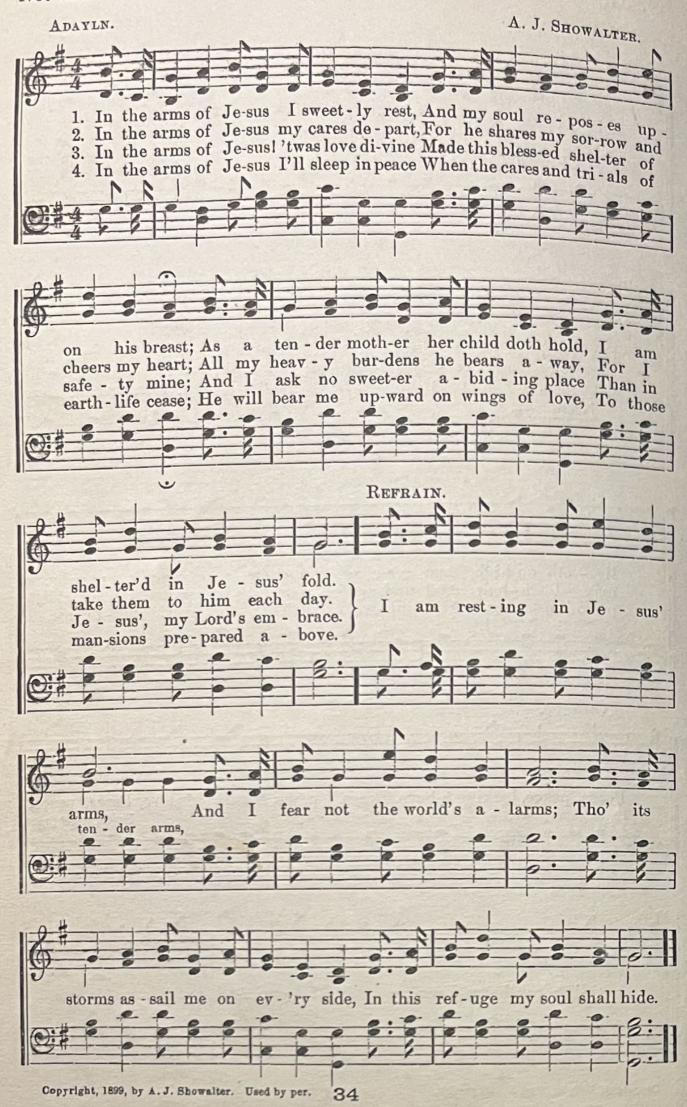




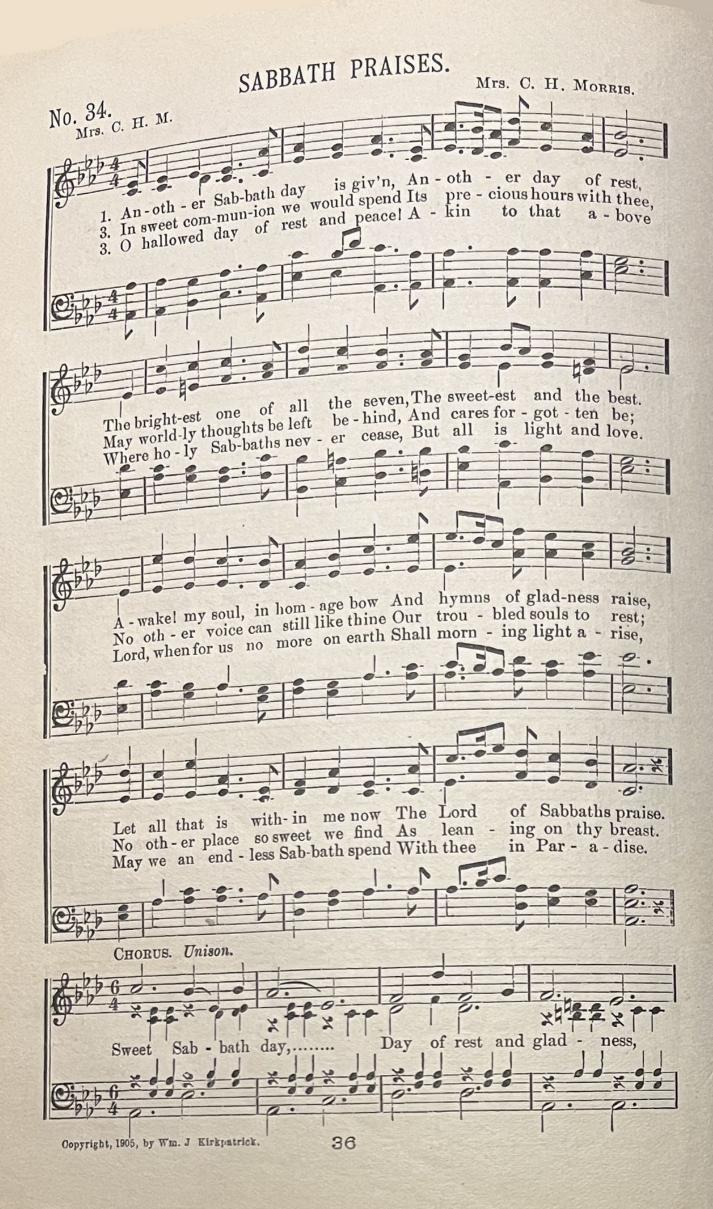


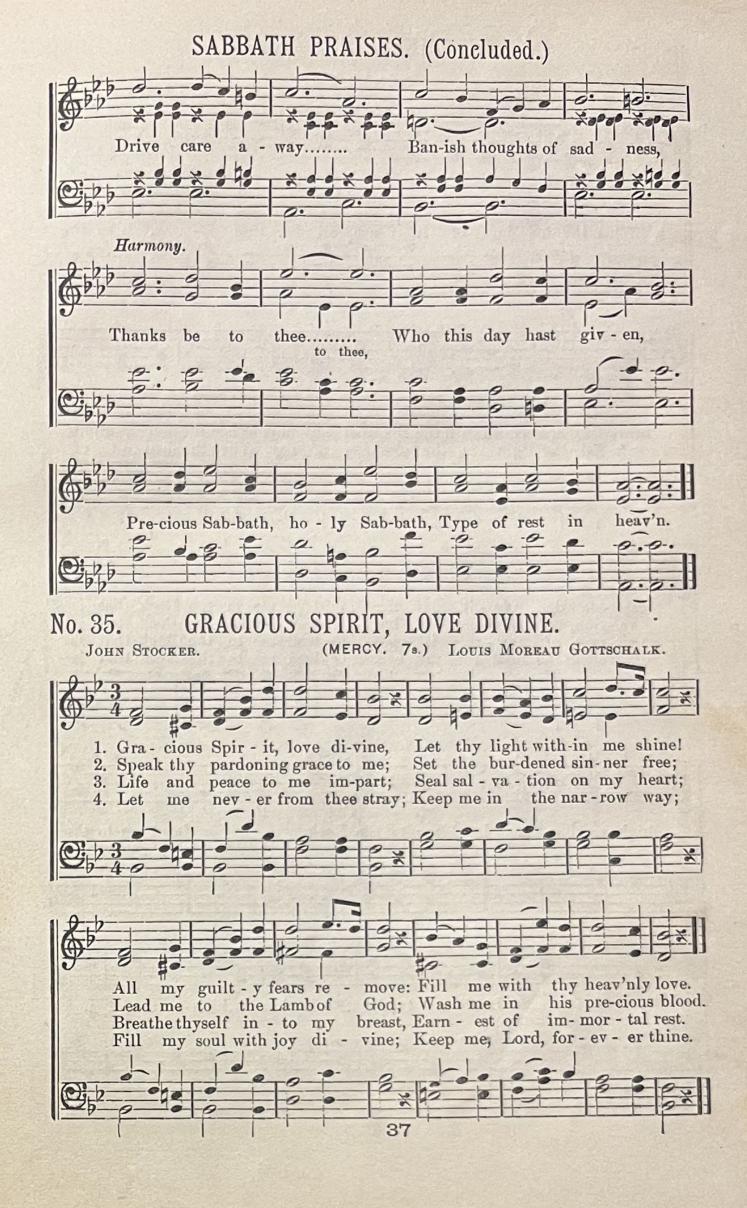
#### No. 31. SWEET PEACE IS MY PORTION.







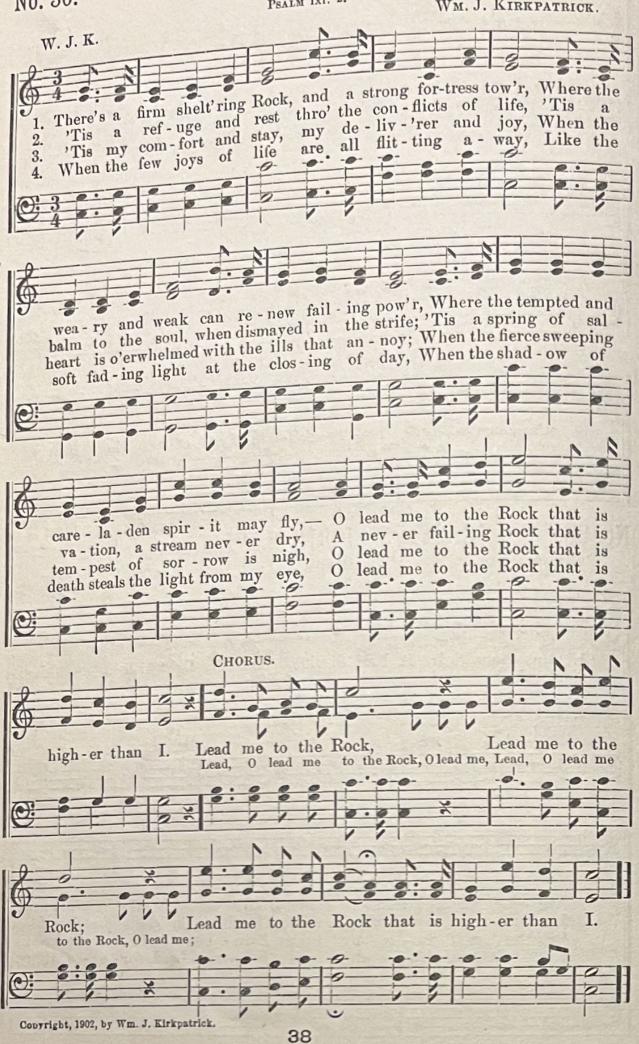




No. 36.

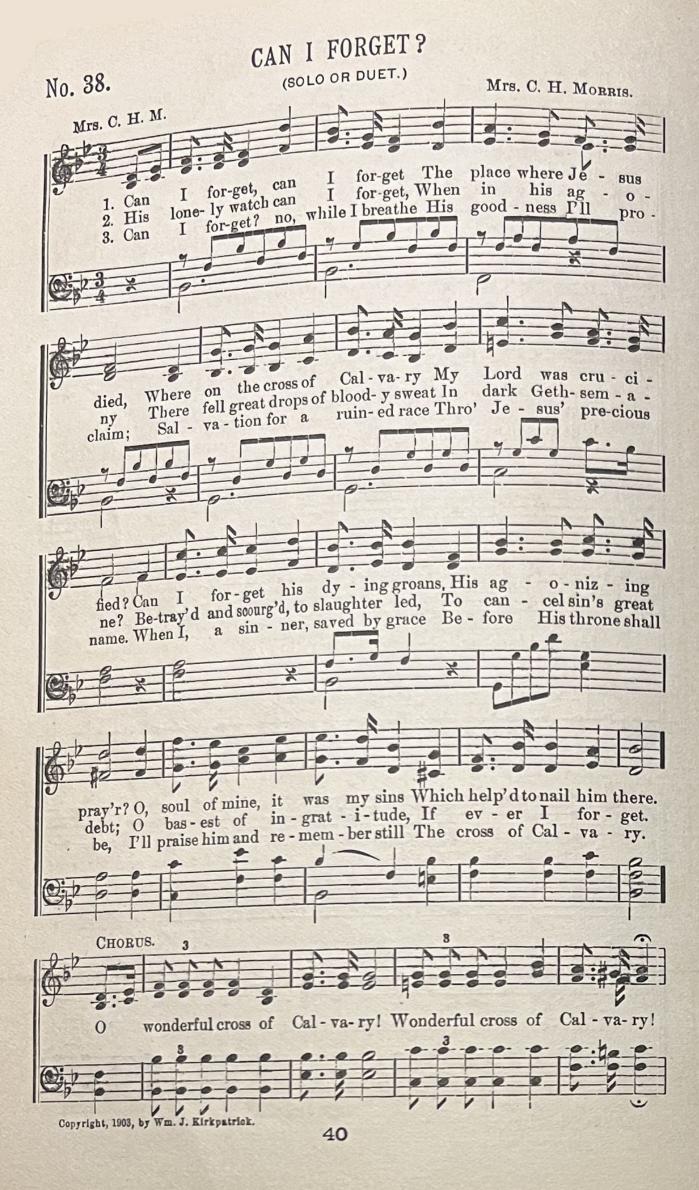
PSALM lxi: 2.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

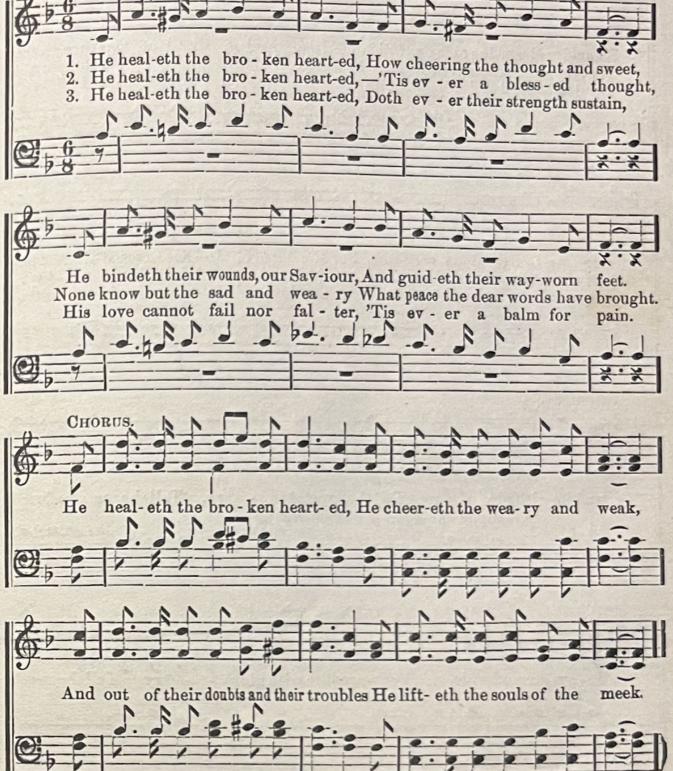


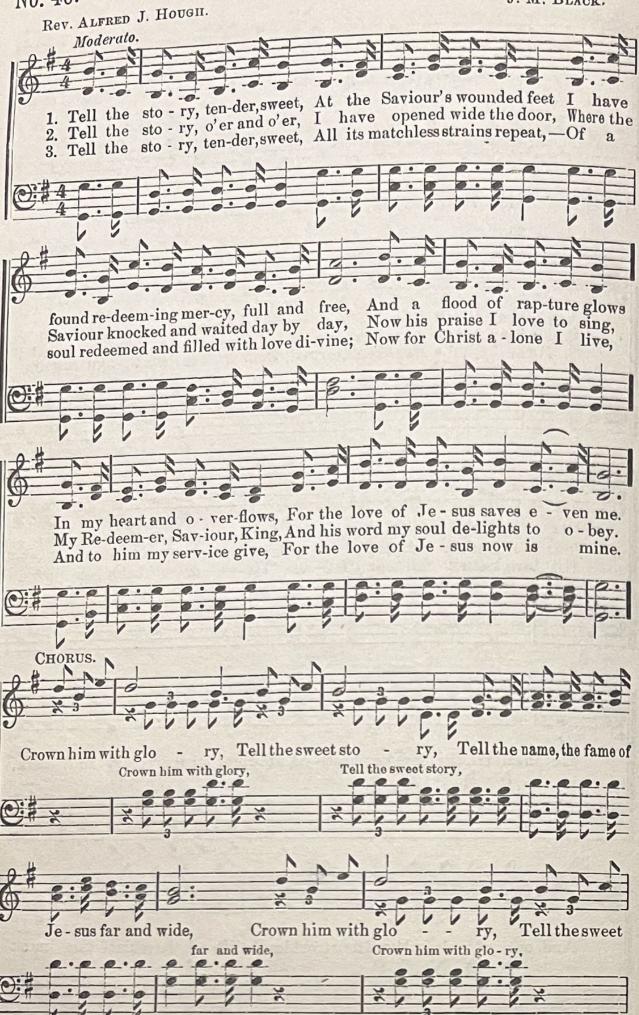
### ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE.





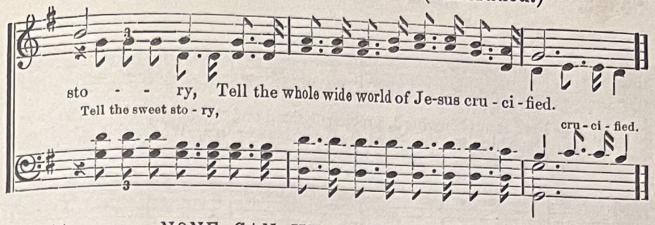




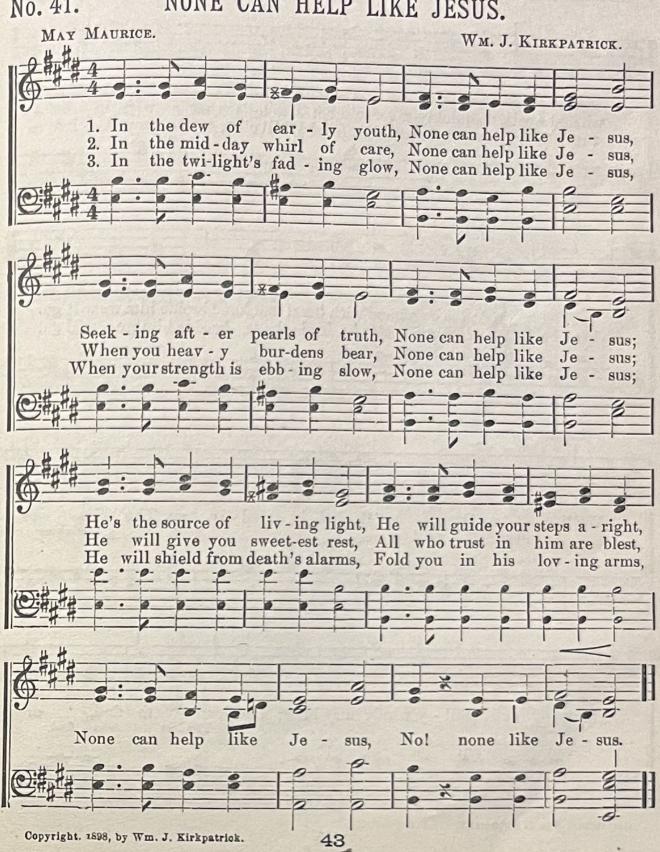


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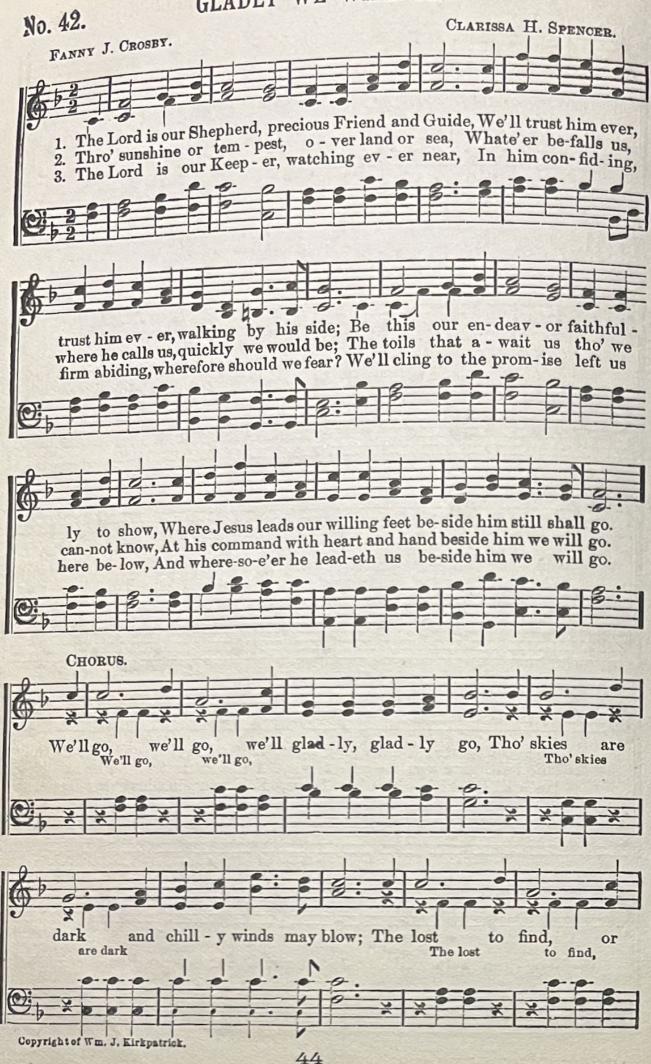
# TELL THE SWEET STORY. (Concluded.)



NONE CAN HELP LIKE JESUS. No. 41.

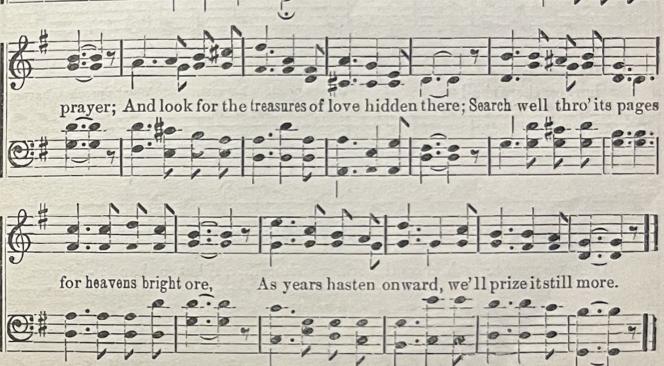


## GLADLY WE WILL GO.



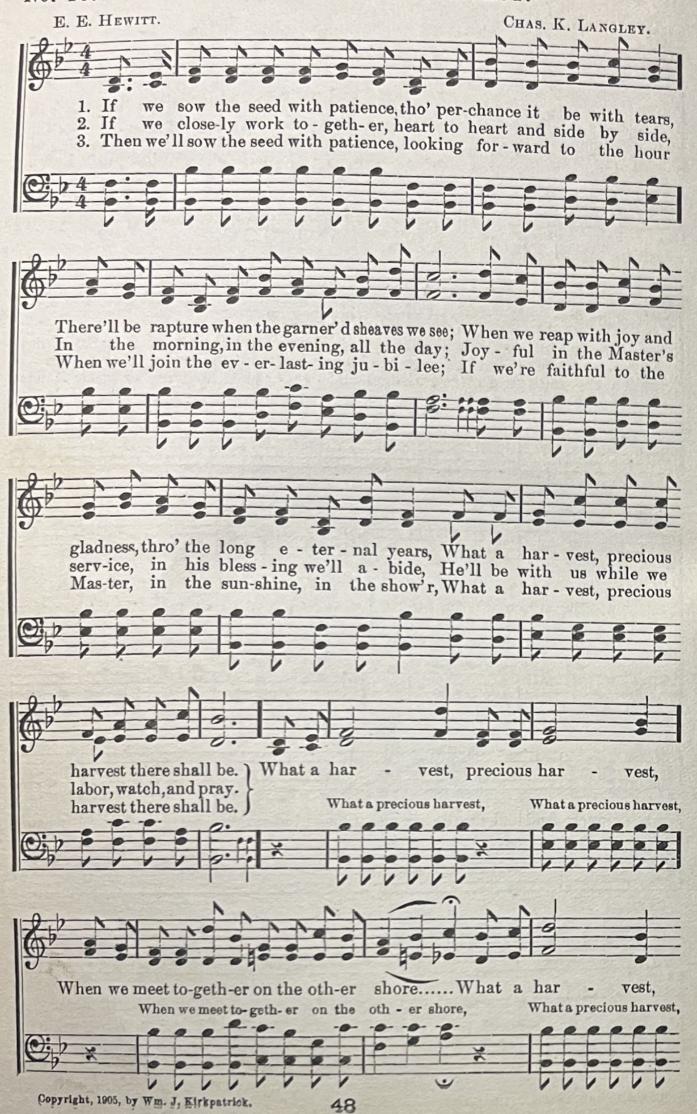






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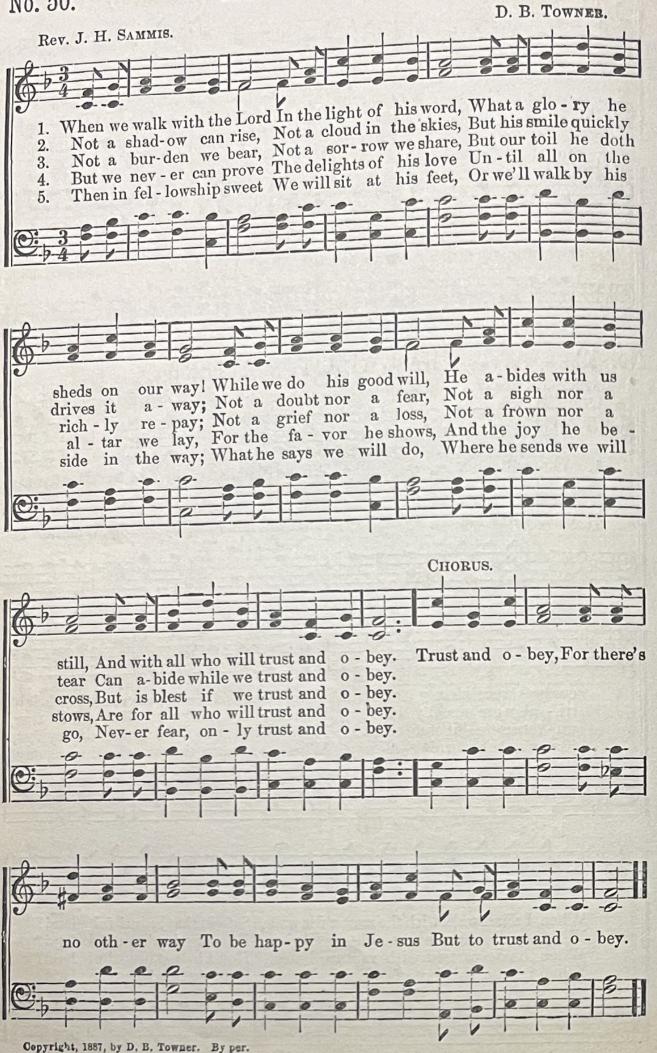


WHERE ARE THE SHEEP? No. 48. Mrs. C. H. Morris. Mrs. C. H. M. where, where to-day are the sheep of the fold, Those for whom the dear 2. And where are the lambs to his great heart so dear? Are they out on the ye who are out on the mountains of sin, Heed the voice of the 4. Tho' the nine-ty and nine may be safe in the fold, While there's one lost in Shepherd has died, Those for whom he has sought thro' the night bleak and cold, O - ver mountains a stray? Are they far, far a way from his kind lov-ing care? Tell me Shepherd so true, Ev - er-more he is seek-ing the lost ones to win, And his sin and un-done, Will the Shepherd go forth and his dear voice be heard, As he tor-rent and steep mountainside? Tell me where, tell me where, where are the young lambs to-day? Tell me where, tell me where, mer-cy includes me and you, Ev - en me, ev-en you, sweet-ly calls, calls for his wan-der-ing one, As he calls, tell me where, tell me where, CHORUS. Tell me where are the lost sheep to-day? Tell me where are the young lambs to-day? Still ech-o-ing down from the And his mer-cy includes me and you. As he calls for his wan-der-ing one.

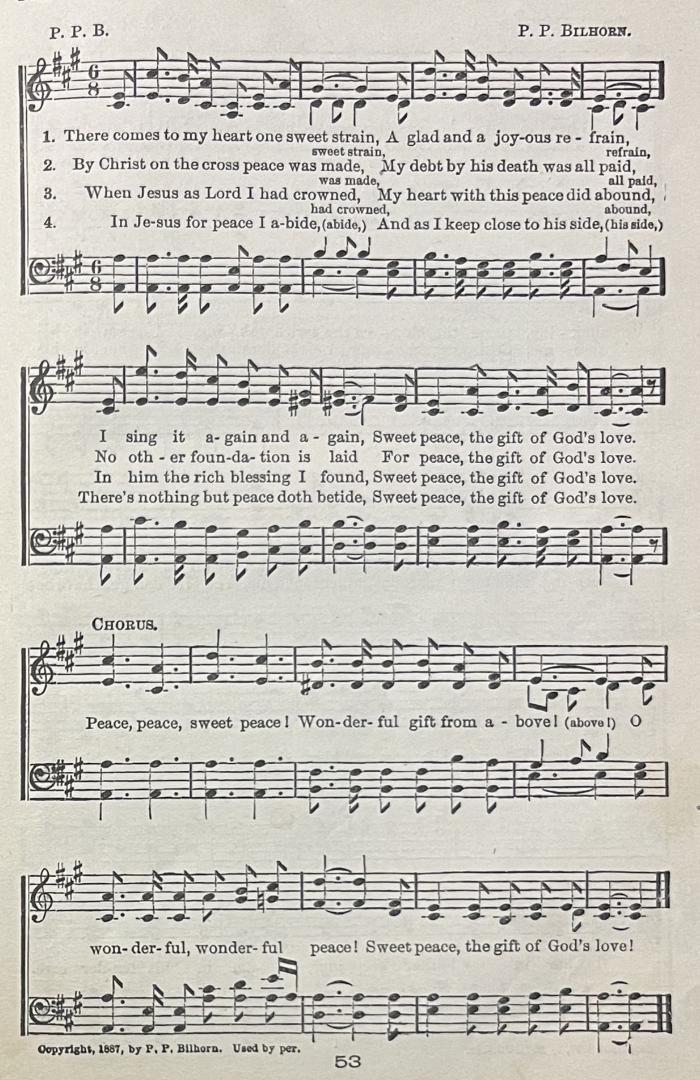
## WHERE ARE THE SHEEP? (Concluded.)

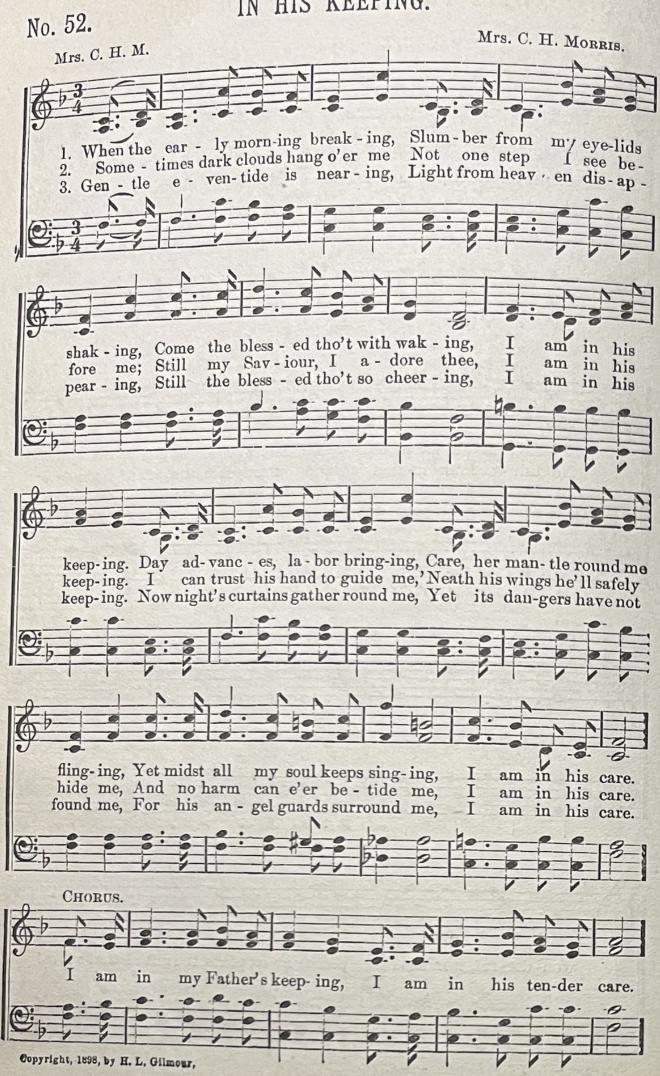


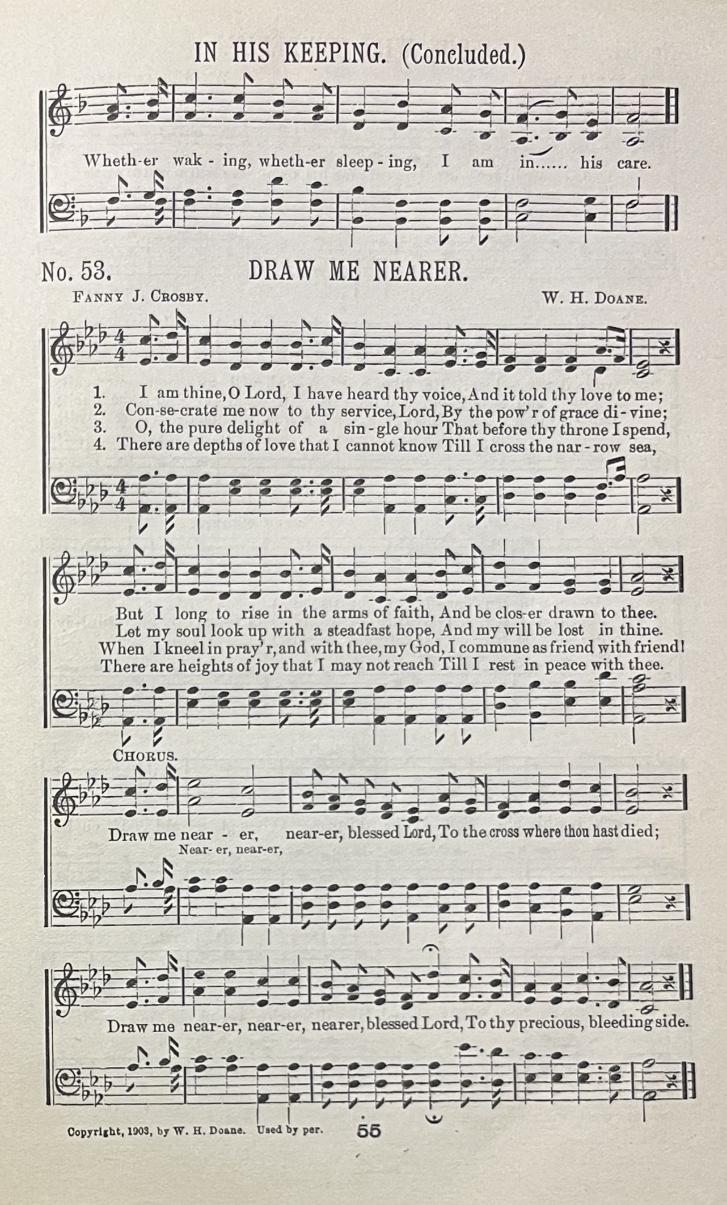




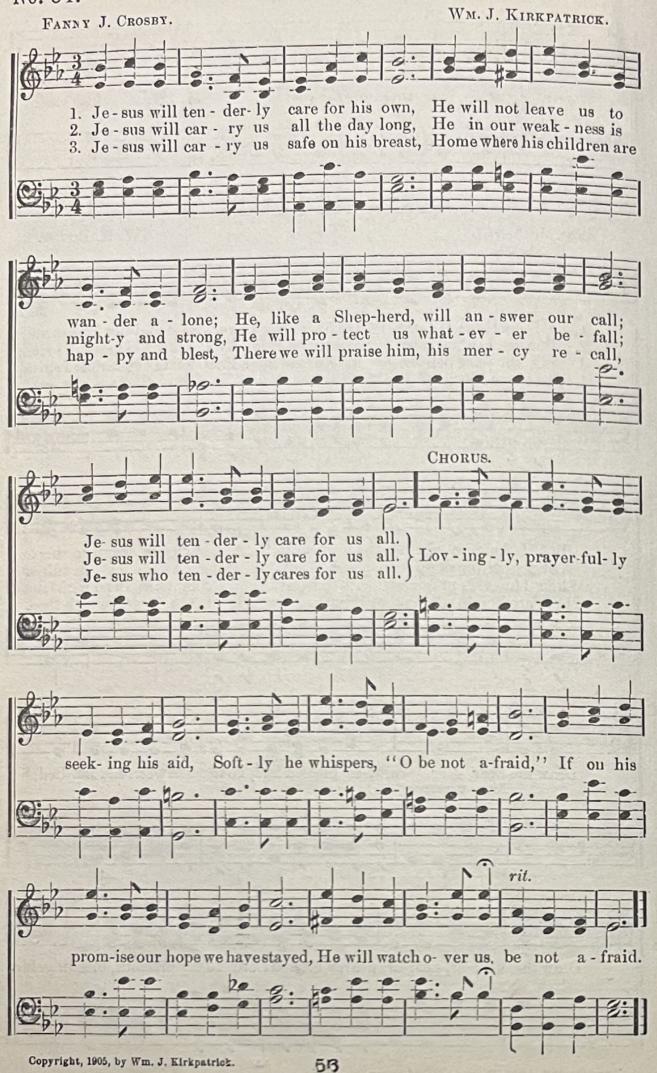
### No. 51. SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

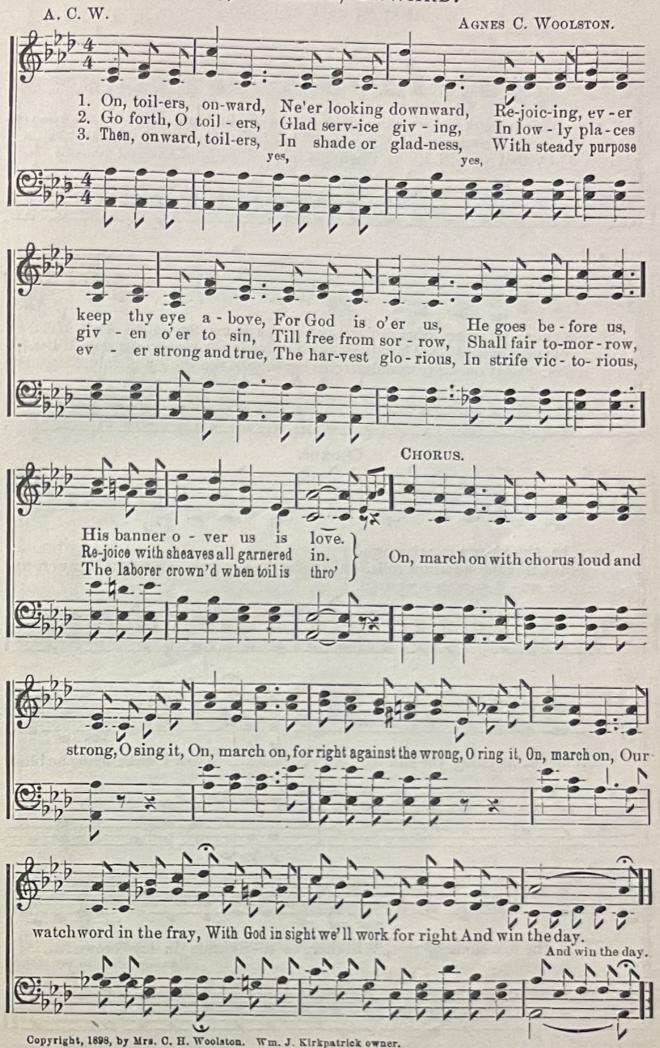






### JESUS WILL TENDERLY.



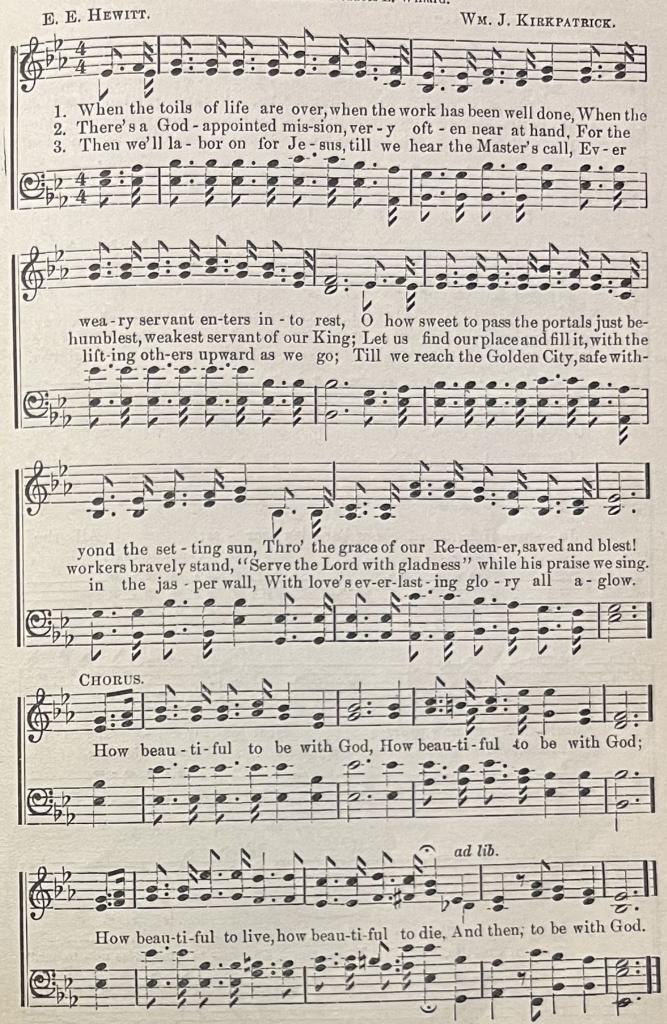


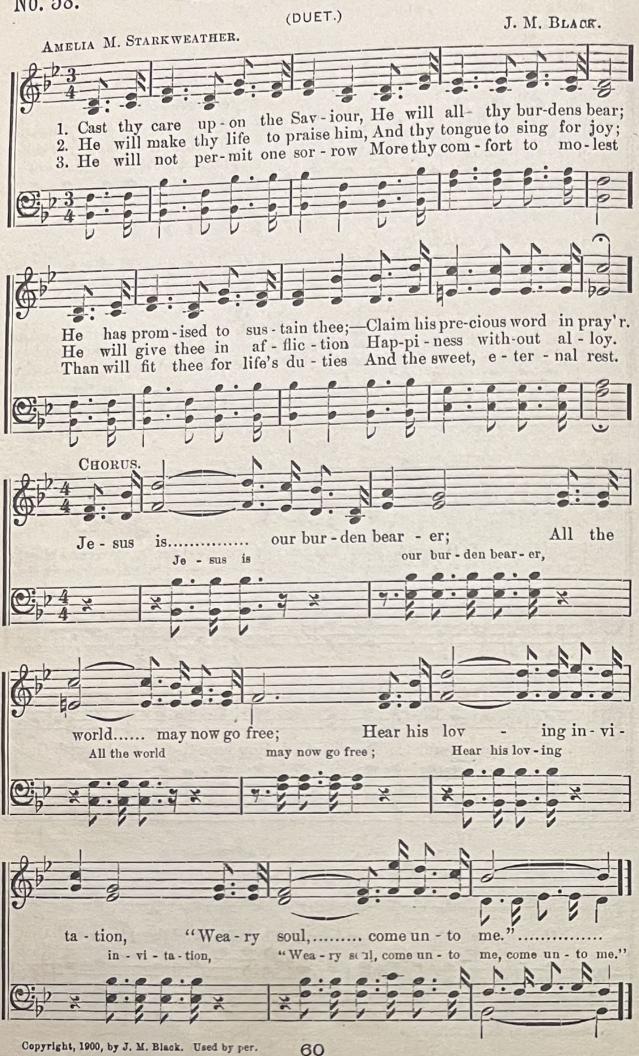
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS? No. 56. (MAY BE USED AS SOLO.) JNO. R. SWENEY. E. E. HEWITT. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a 3. O, what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri-ous day, When his feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there CHORUS. be an - y stars in my crown? praise like the seabillow rolls. Will there be any stars, an-y stars in my crown, be an - y stars in my crown. When at evening the sun go - eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down? in the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?..... an - y stars in my crown?

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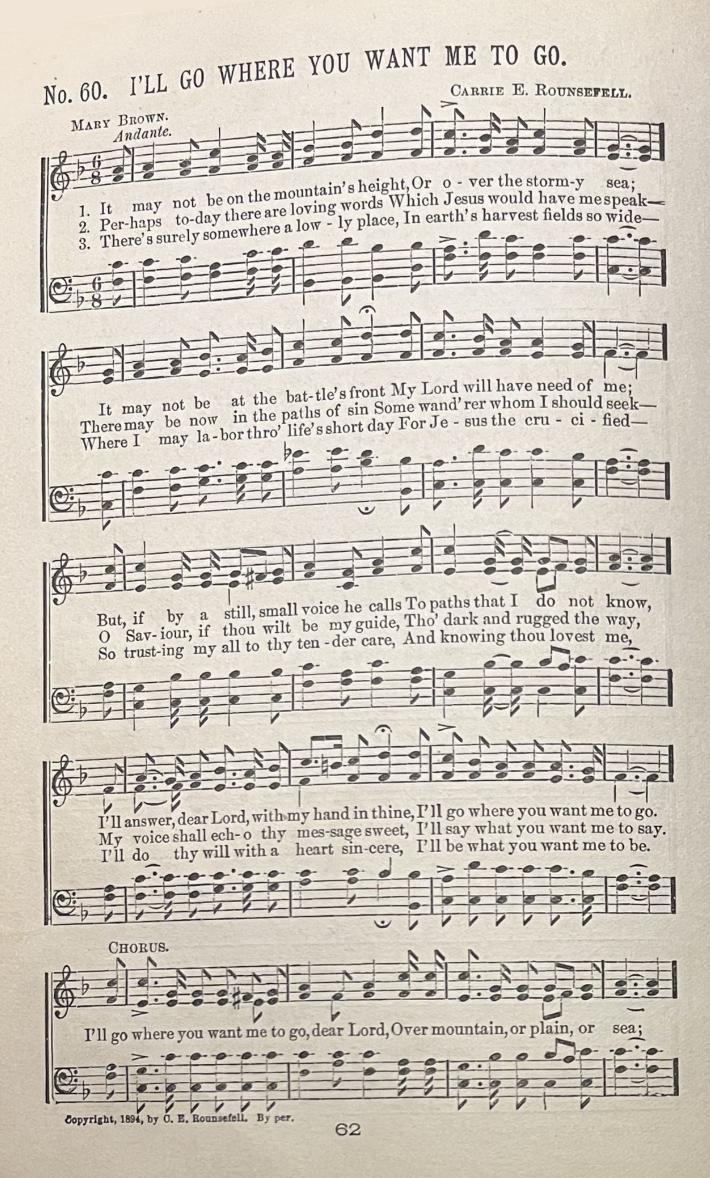
### No. 57. HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE WITH GOD.

Last words of Miss Frances E. Willard.

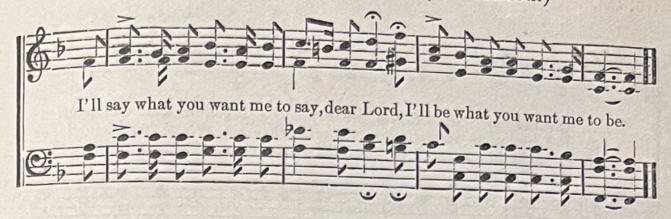


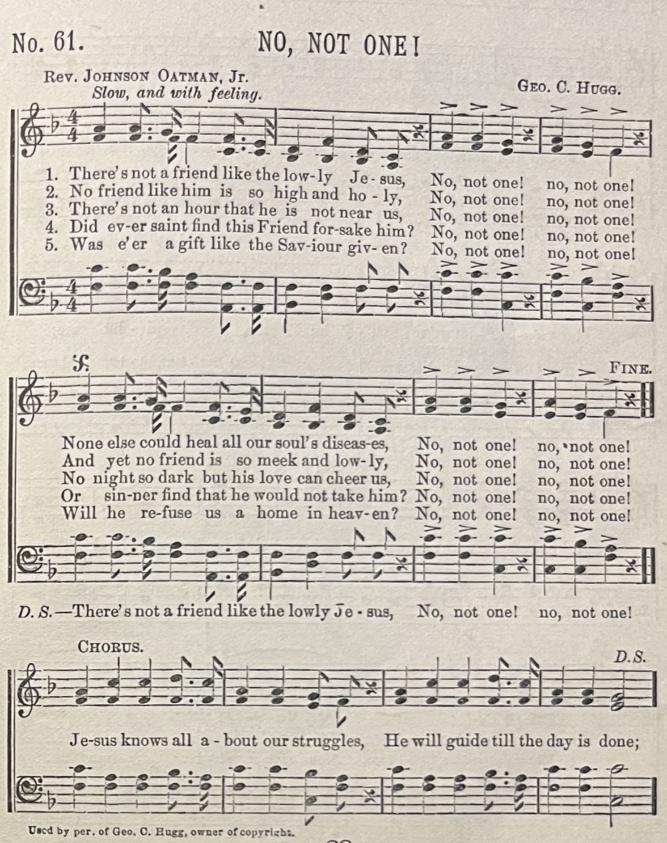


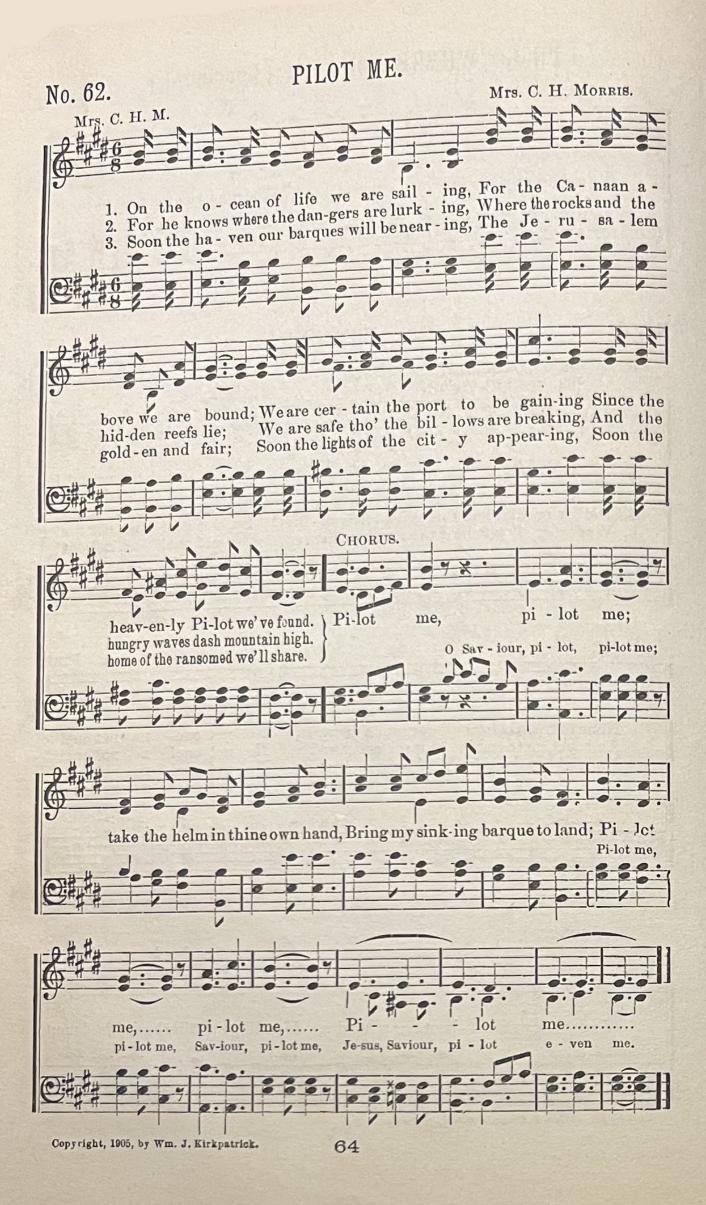




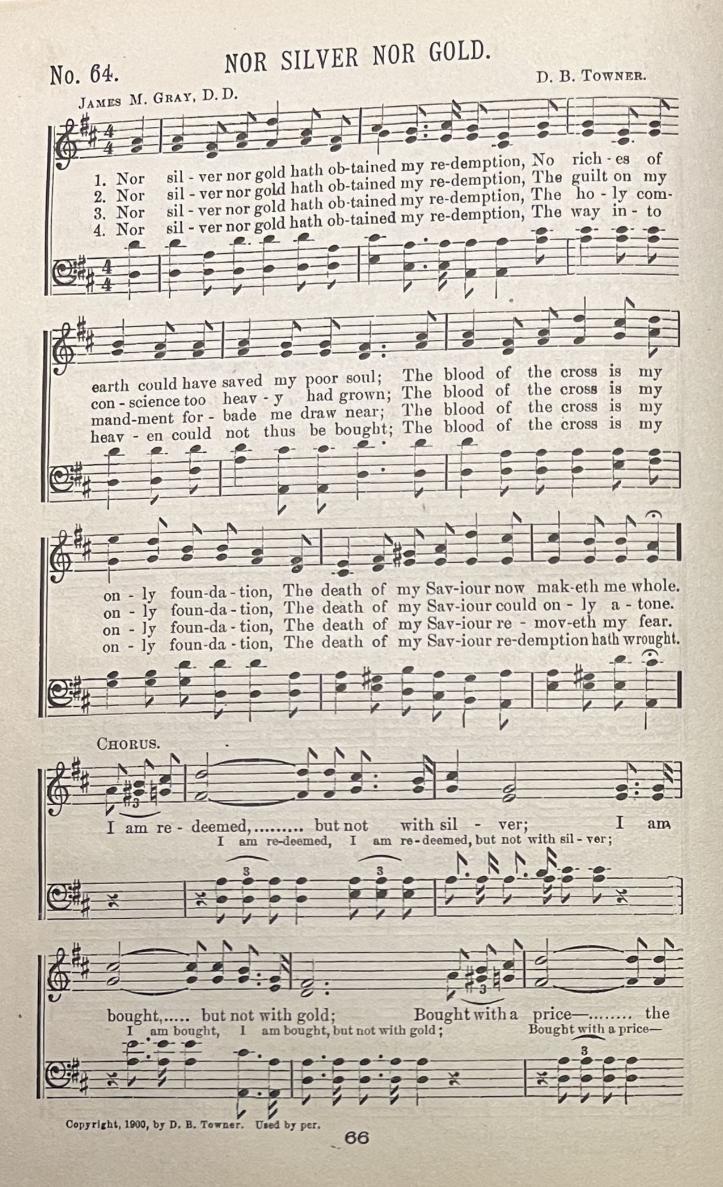
# I'll GO WHERE YOU, etc. (Concluded.)



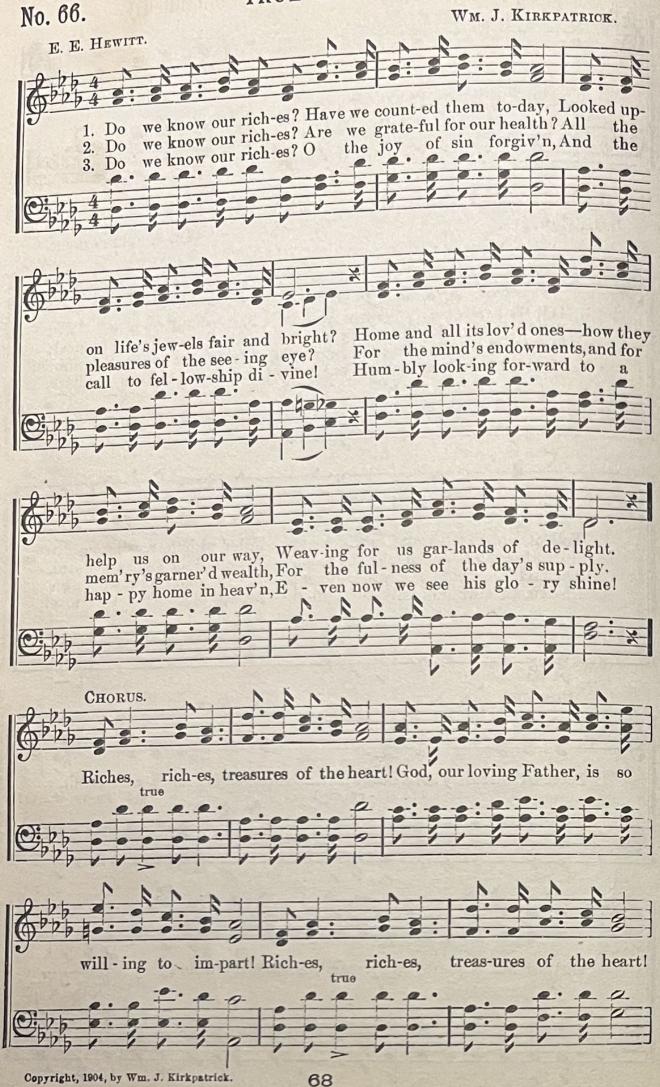




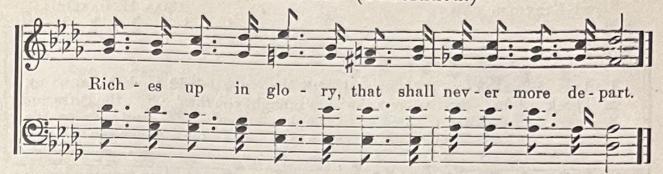








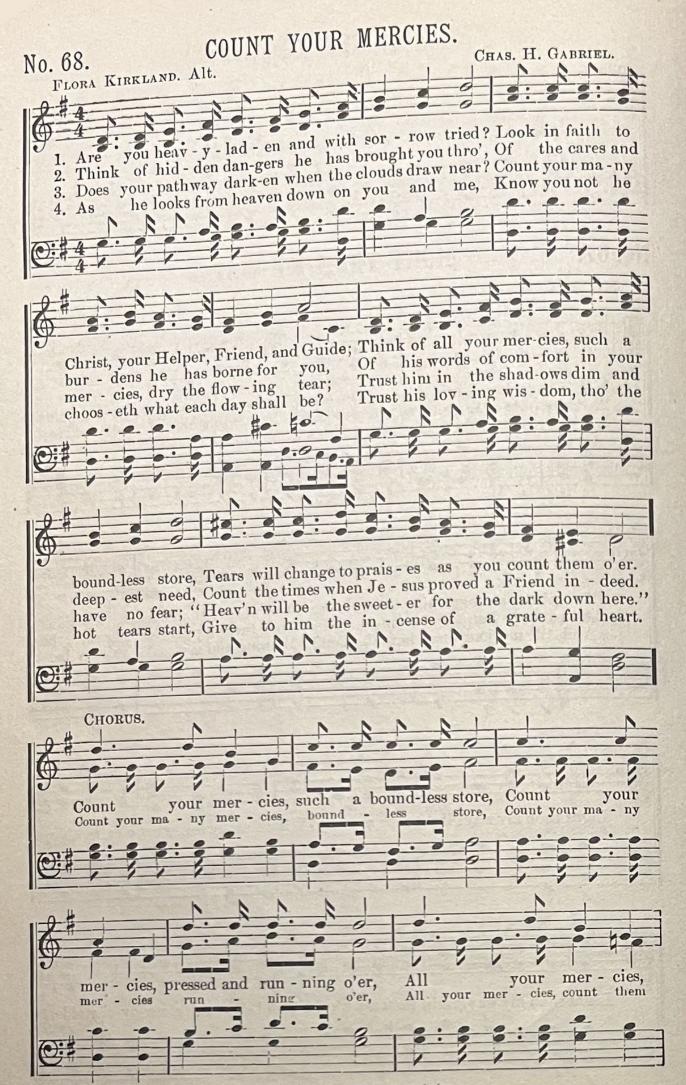
### TRUE RICHES. (Concluded.)



#### No. 67.

### LIGHT THOU MY WAY.



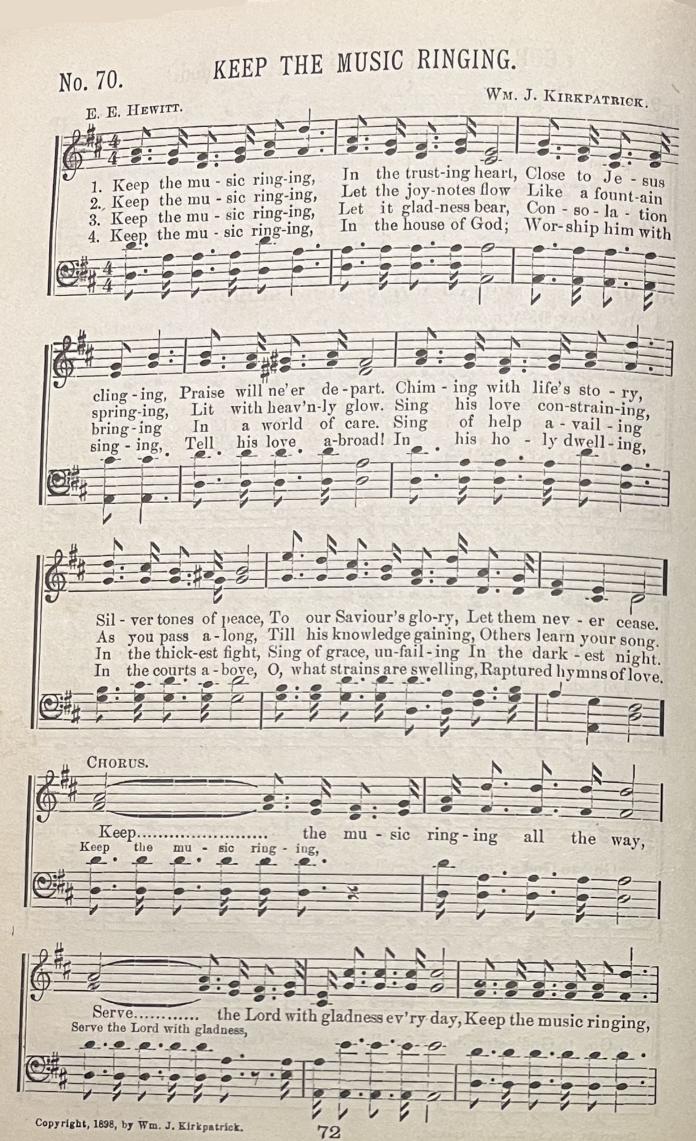


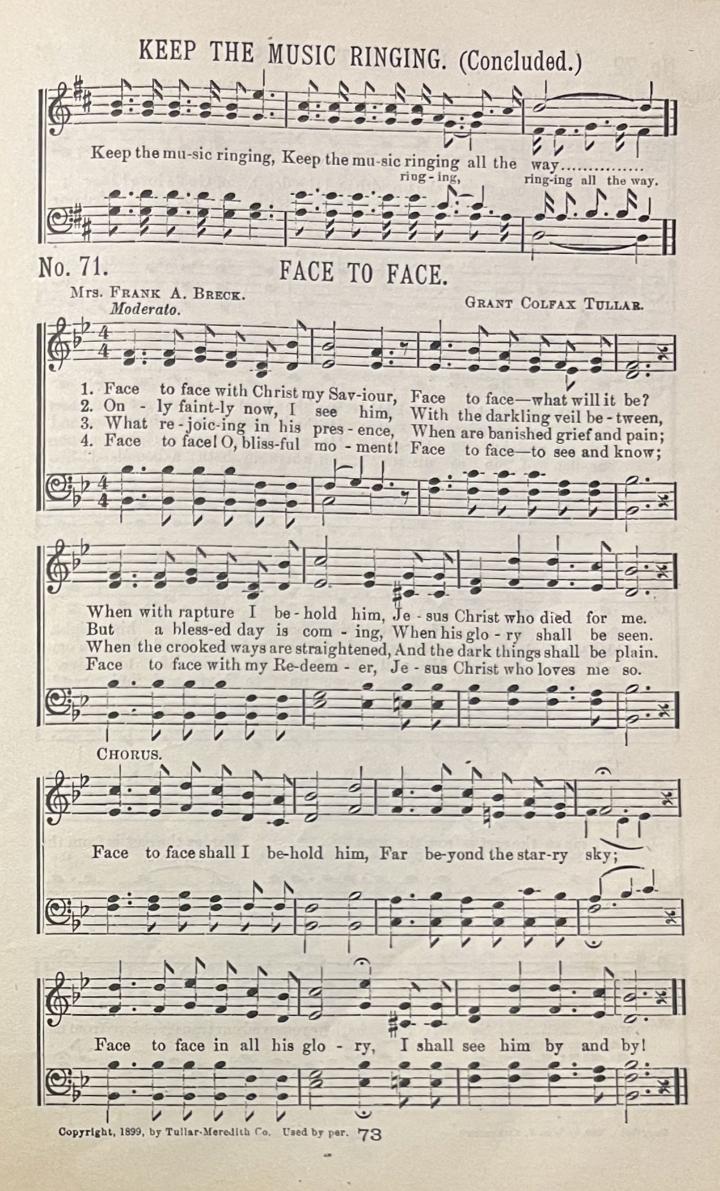
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#### COUNT YOUR MERCIES. (Concluded.)





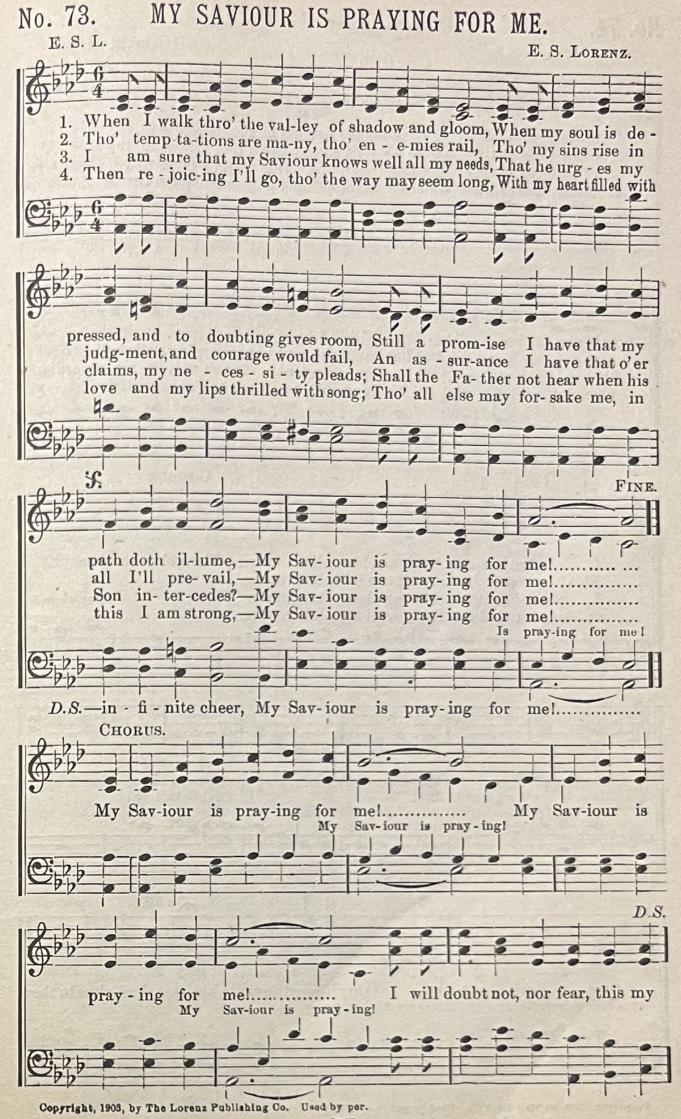


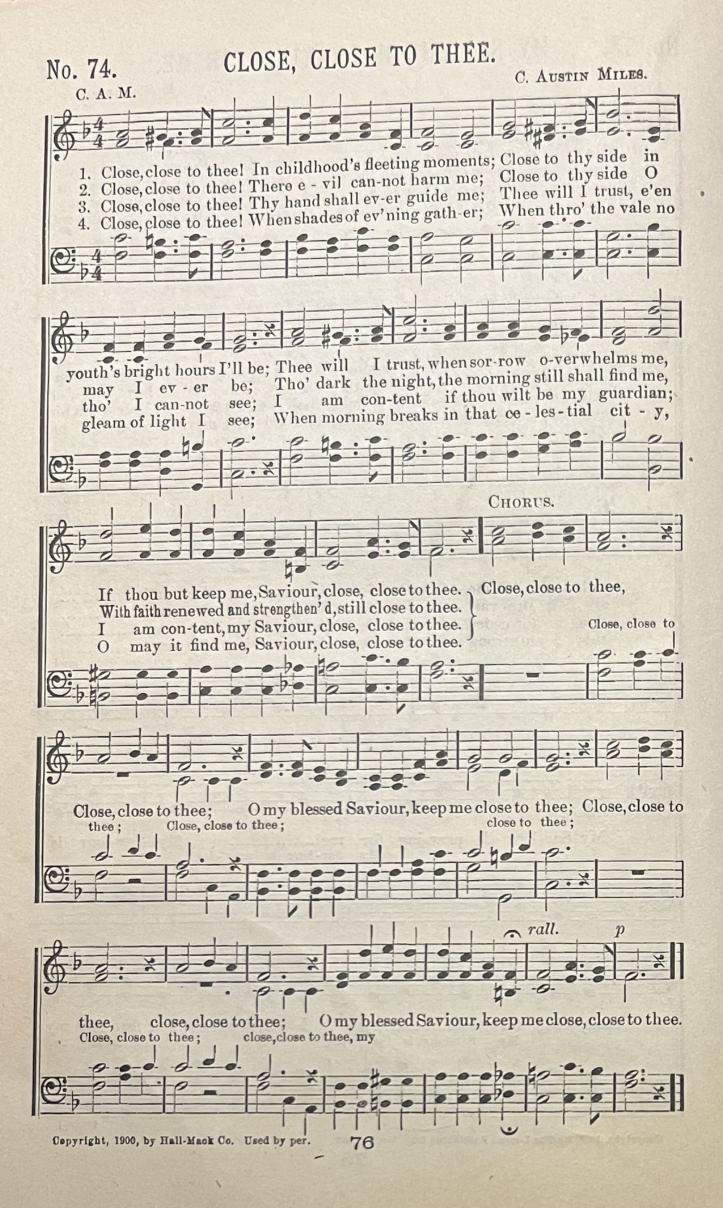


No. 72.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







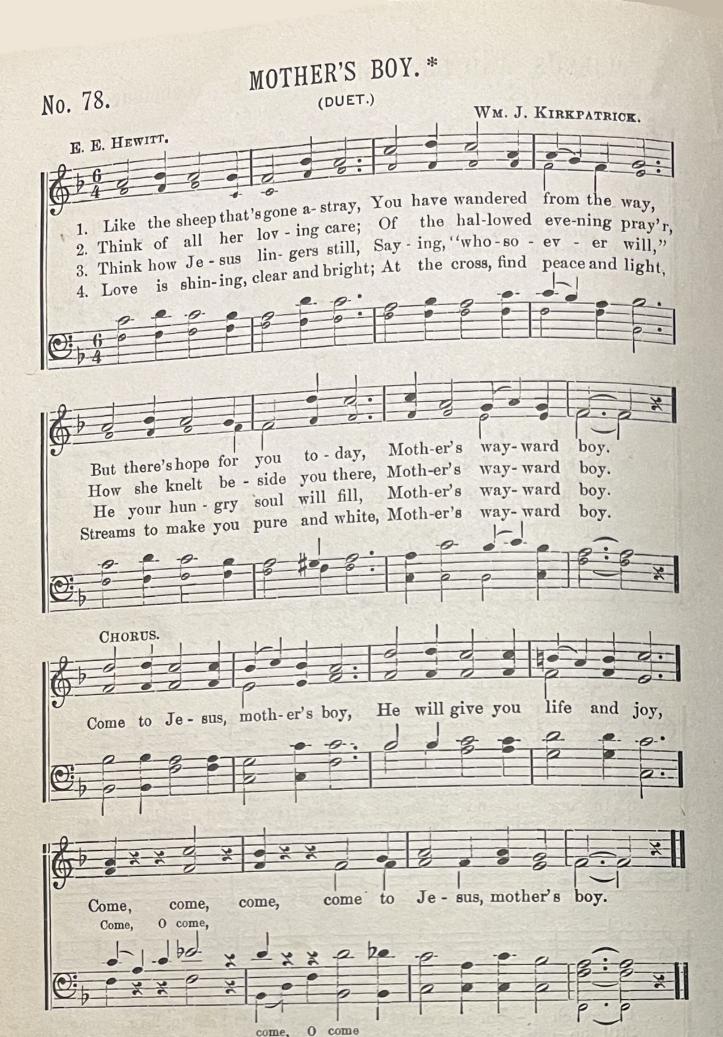
BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. Bowed beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the 2. Ev - 'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and 3. Tho' temp-tation meet you, Je-sus can sus-tain, Life has vex-ing 4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler, wea - ry? Je - sus care; Well he knows the path - way has a prob-lems which he ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you, can rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the un-known fu - ture FINE. Je-sus understands. heed your Lord's commands, There's a tho't to cheer you, o'er life's burning sands, Courage, faint-ing pil-grim, Je-sus understands. though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands. the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands. D.S.—in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands. CHORUS. All his ways are best. Hear, he understands, Yes, hear, yes, D.S. calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the un-known fu - ture

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### "JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE." (Concluded.)

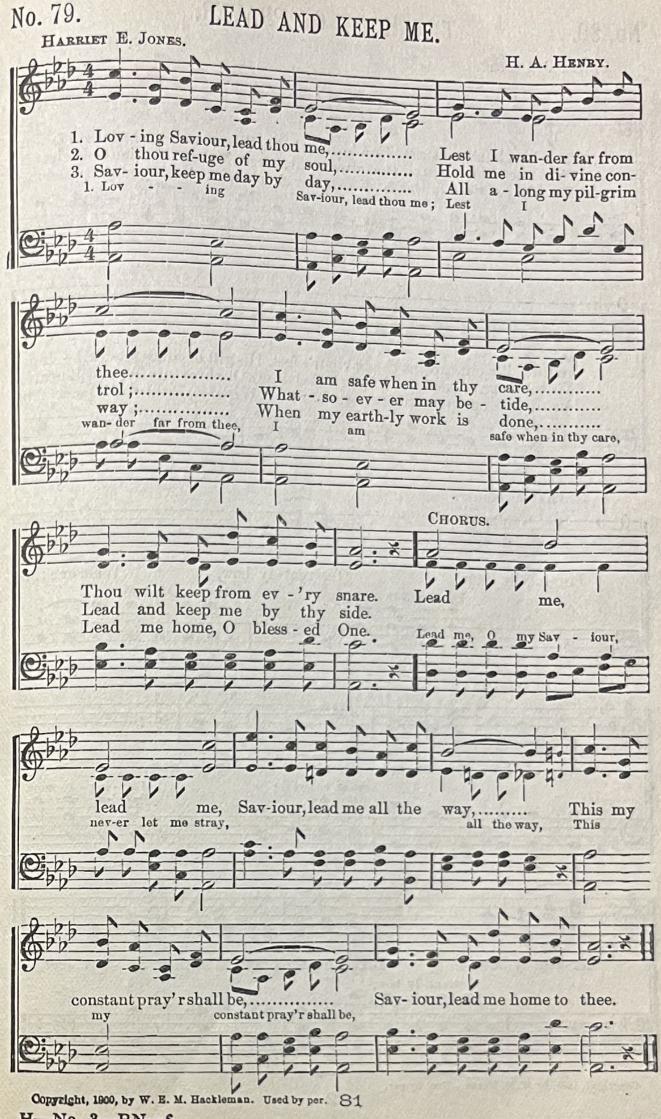




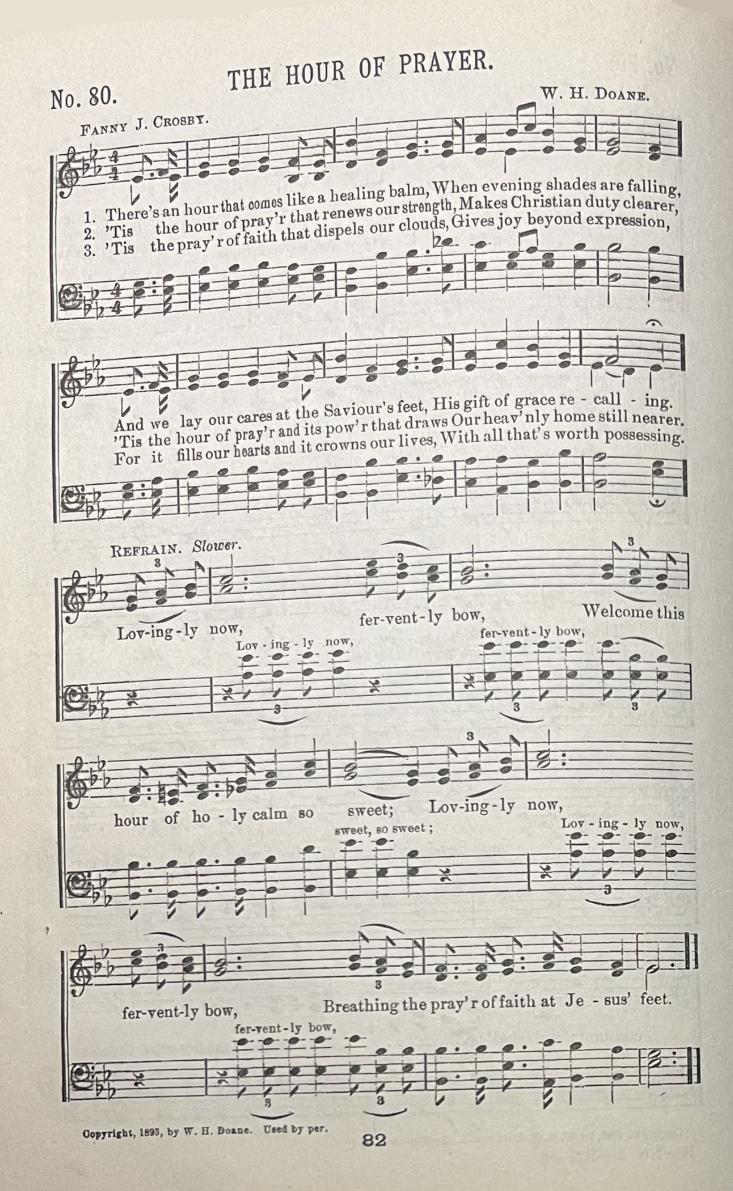
Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

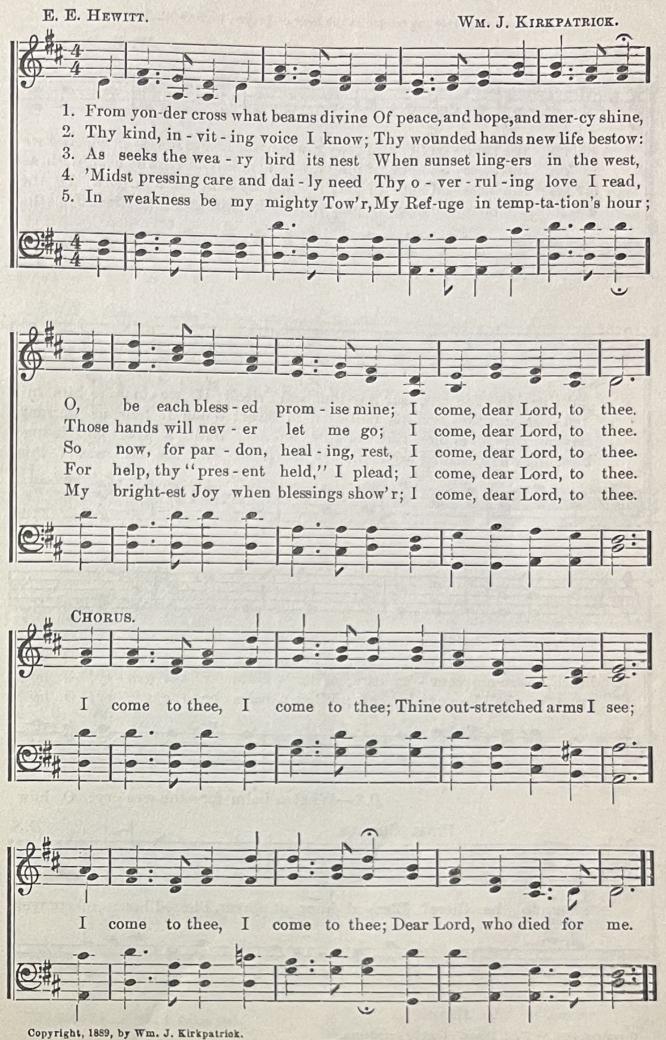
come,

<sup>\*</sup> One day a man came to our door to sell brooms. He said he had been a drinking man, and had got away down. One Sunday morning he strolled into the Sunday Breakfast Service, some one sang something about "Mother" and he said it broke his heart. He got into the Rescue Home and is now trying to lead a christian life. I wrote this as I thought over his story.—E. E. H.



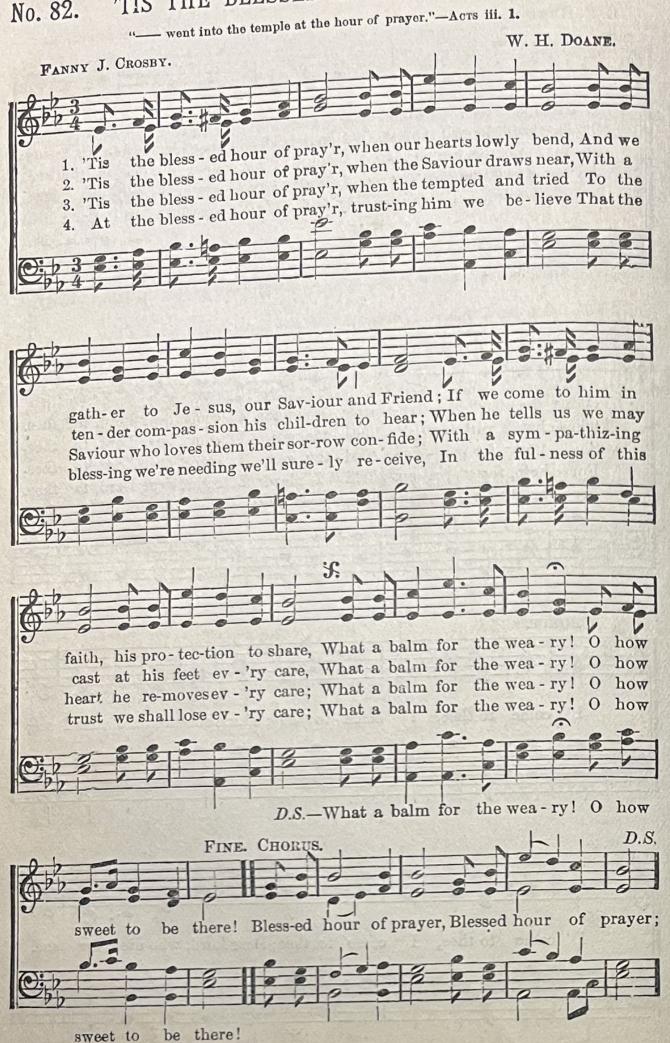
H-No. 3-RN-6



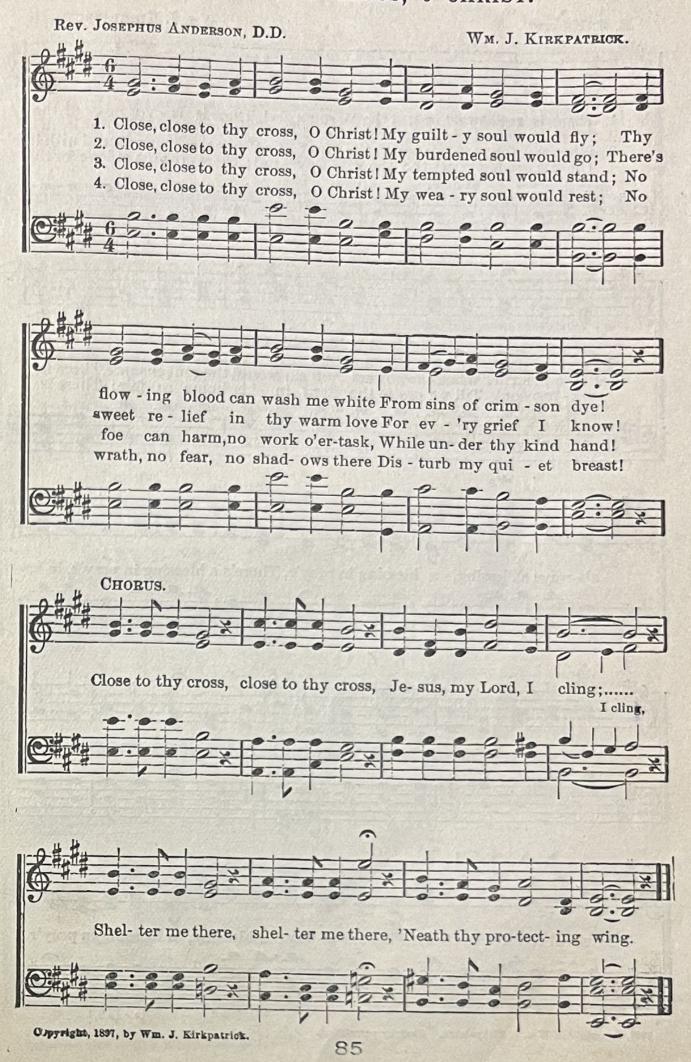


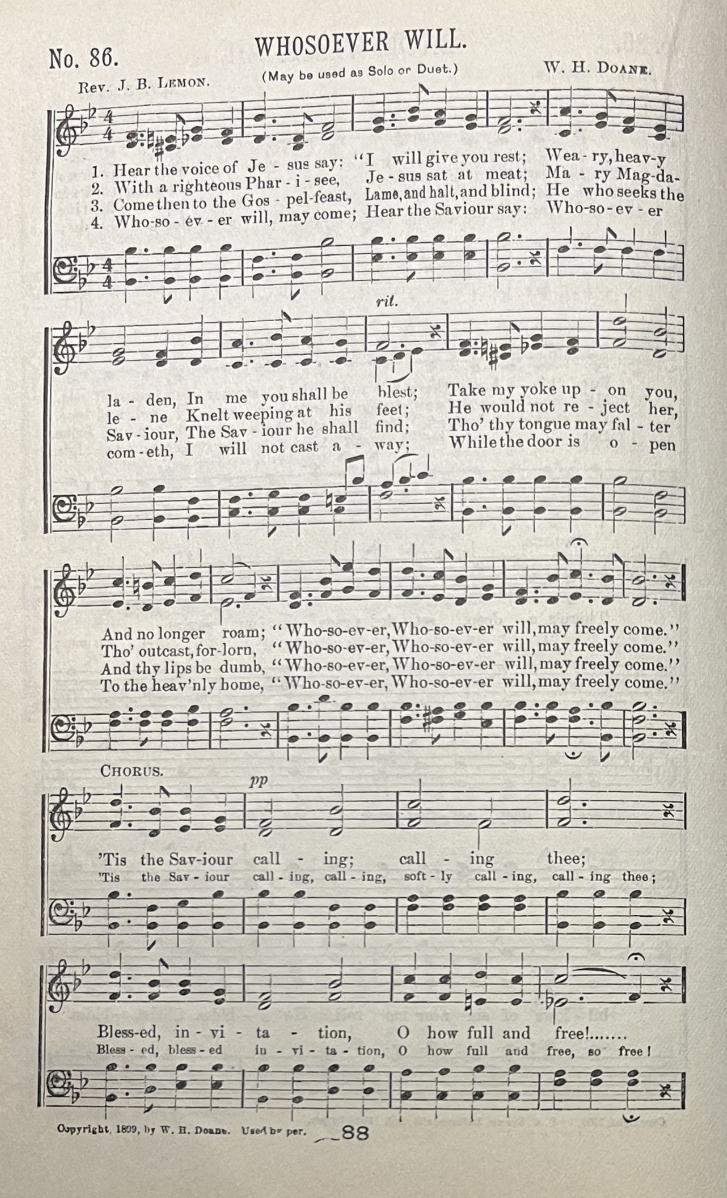
83

# No. 82. 'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.



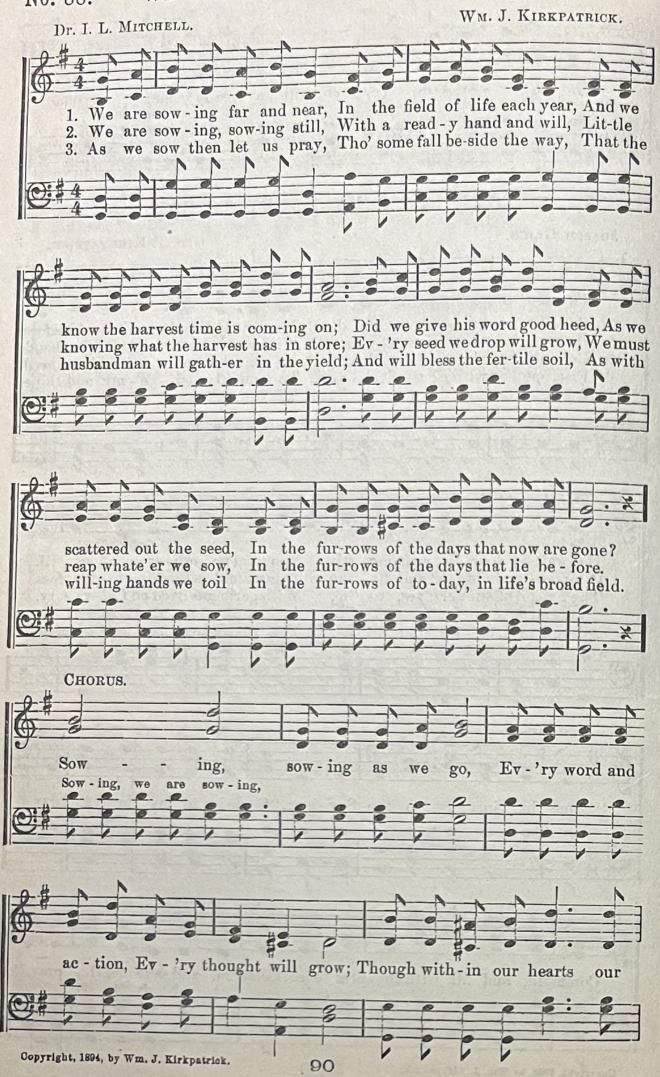
# No. 83. CLOSE TO THY CROSS, O CHRIST.





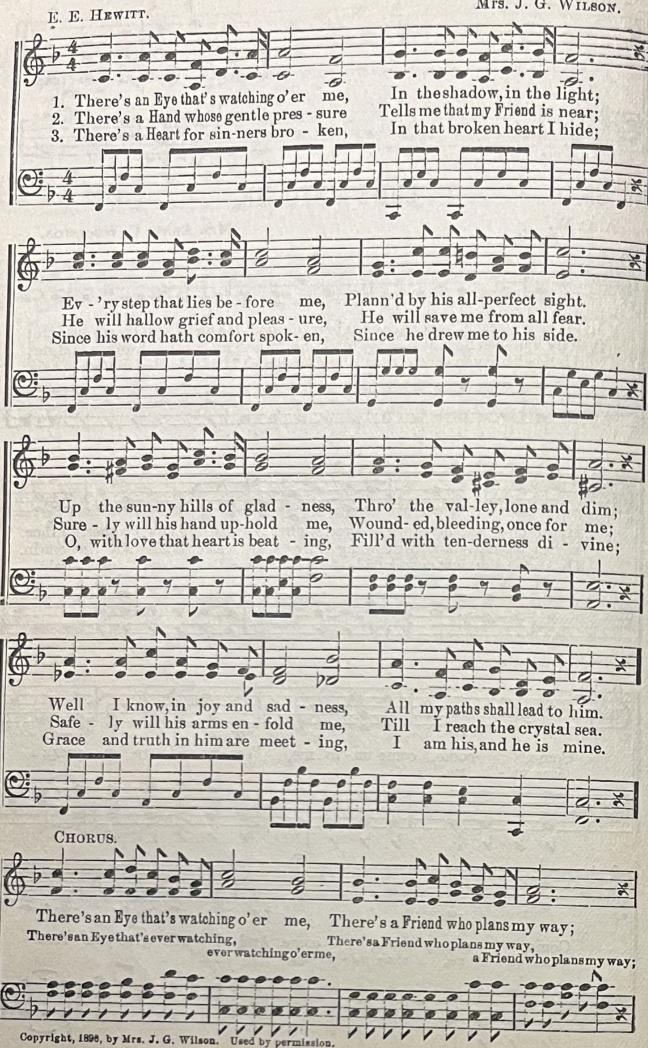


No. 88. WE ARE SOWING FAR AND NEAR.

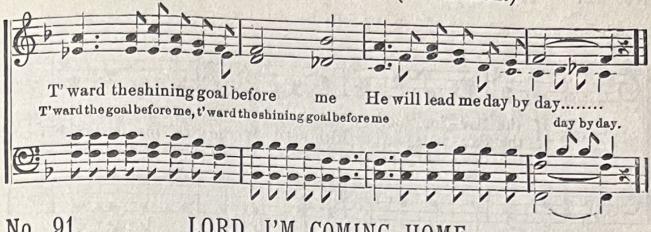




Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



# THE WATCHFUL EYE. (Concluded.)



No. 91.

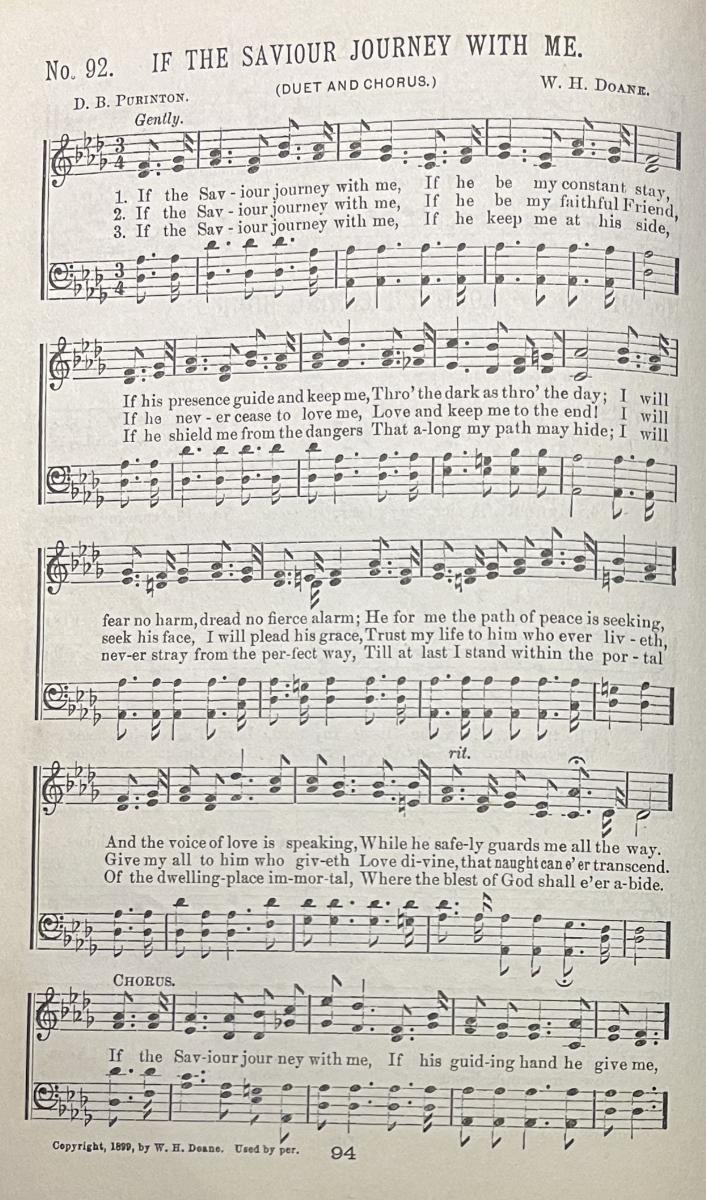
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#### LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

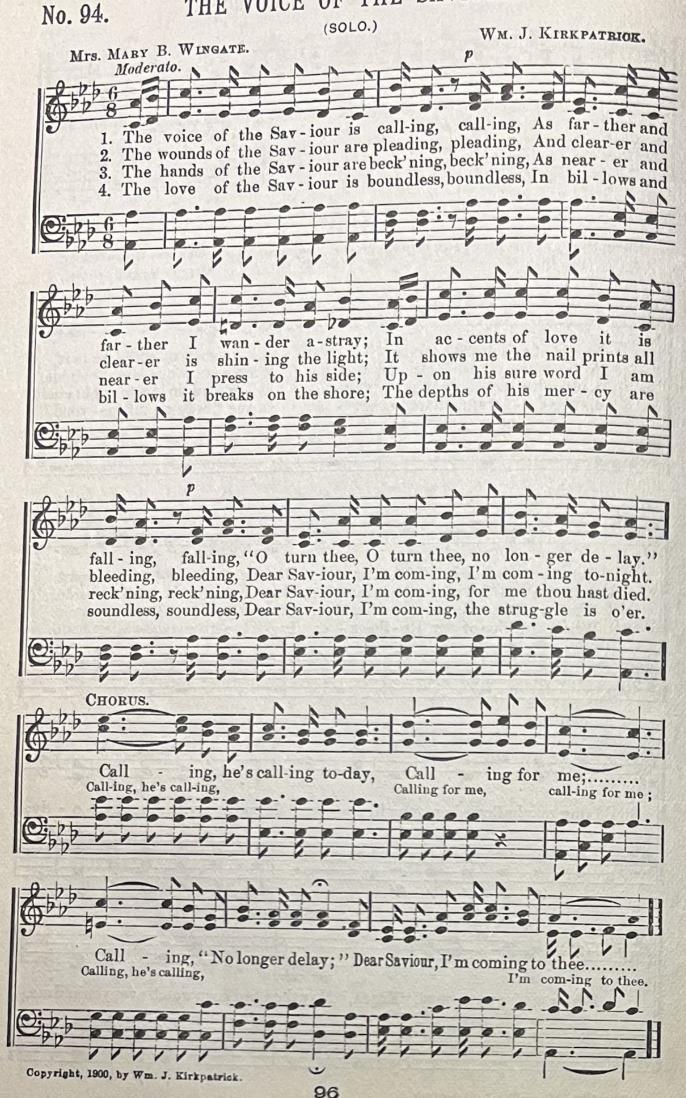
(MAY BE USED AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

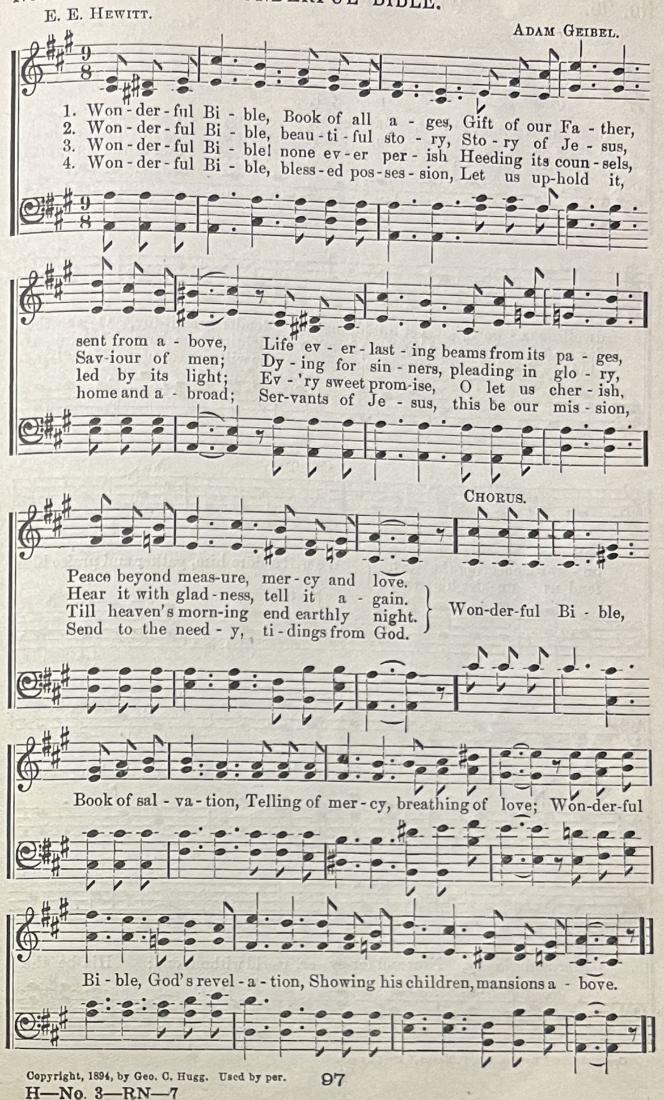


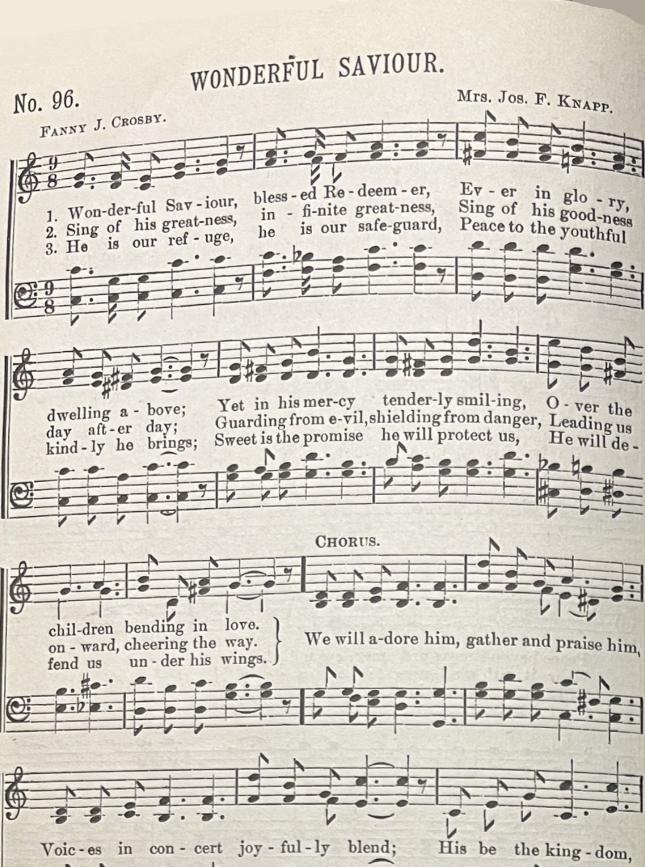
93



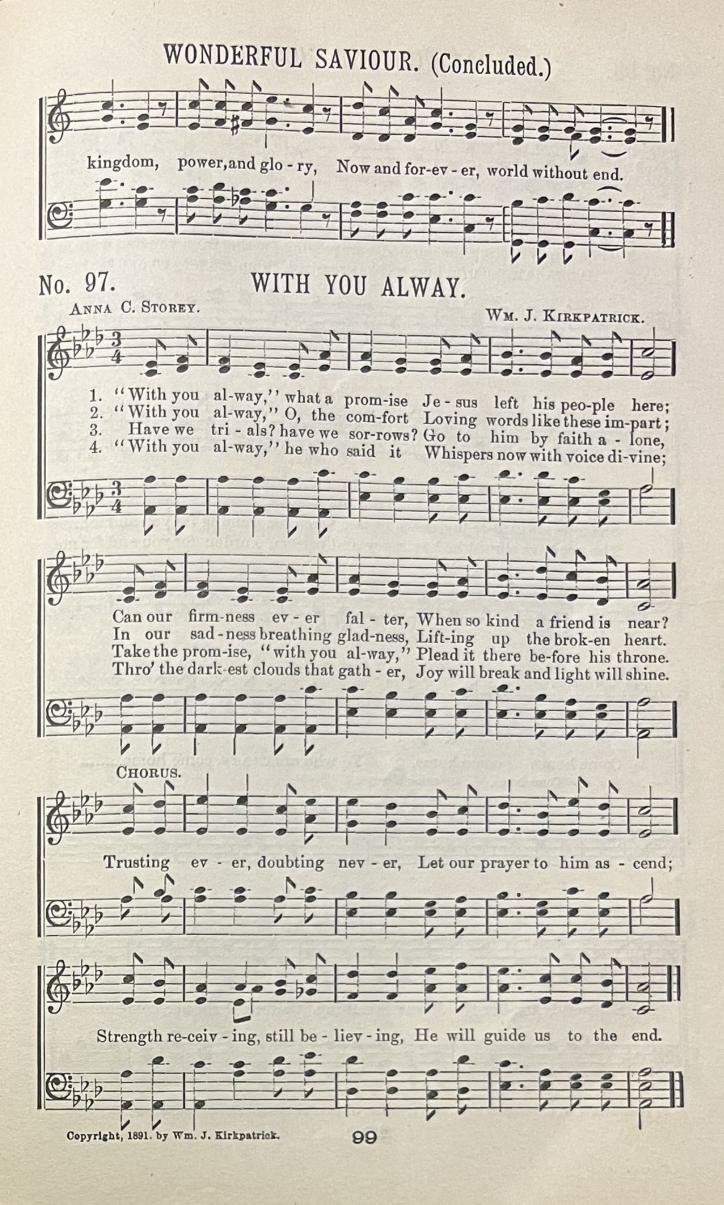




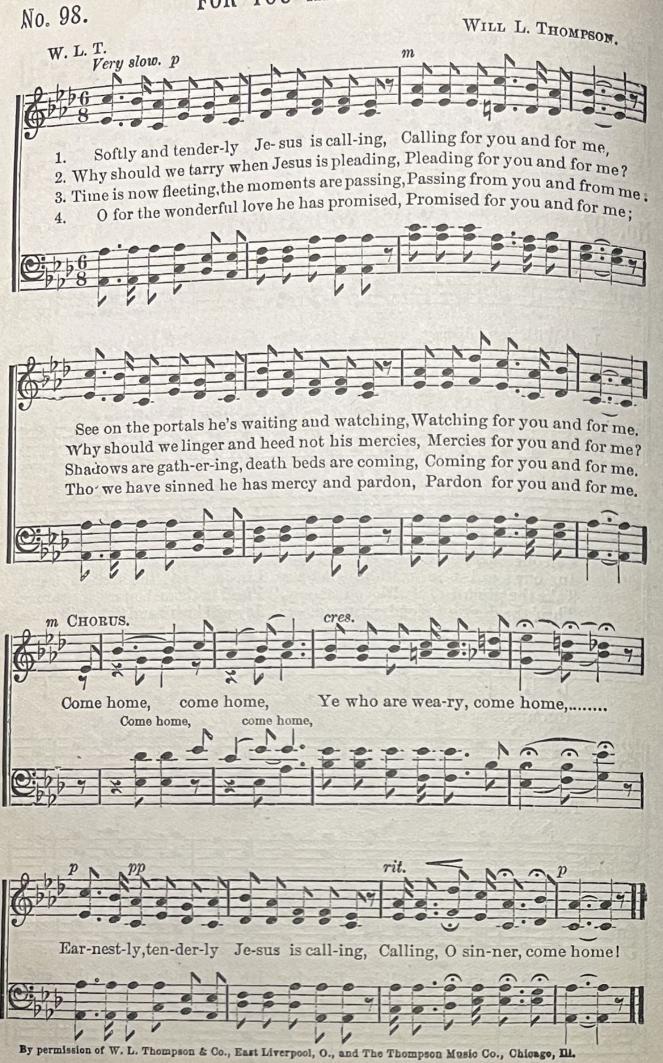








# FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

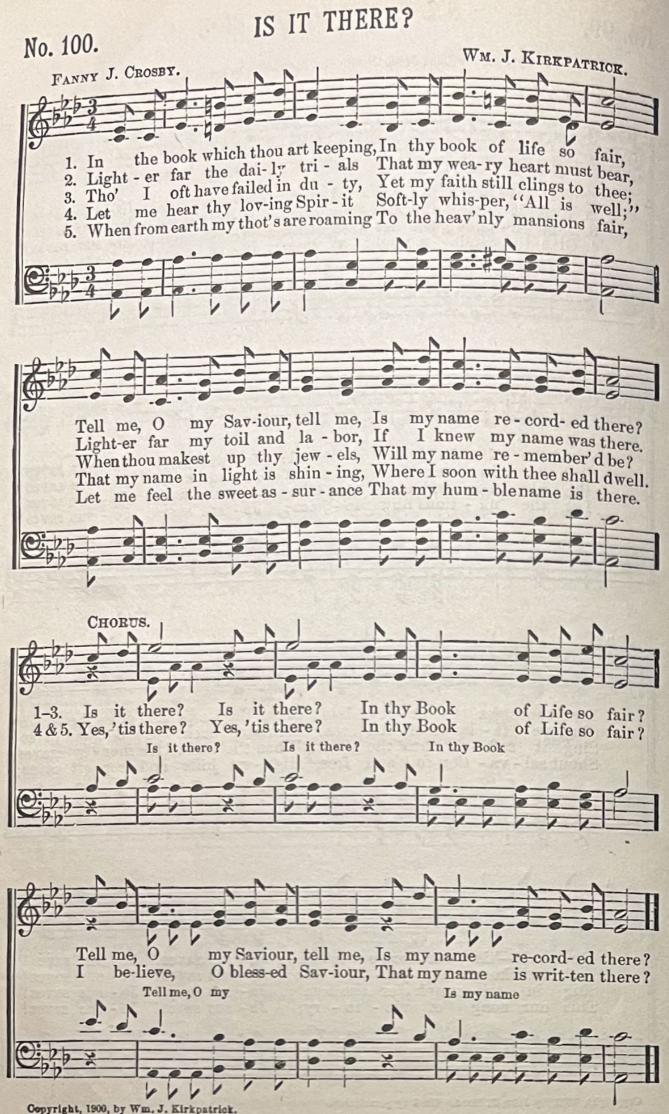


#### JESUS SAVES!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."-Acre xvi. 31.



Copyright, 1882, by John J. Hood. Used by permission.

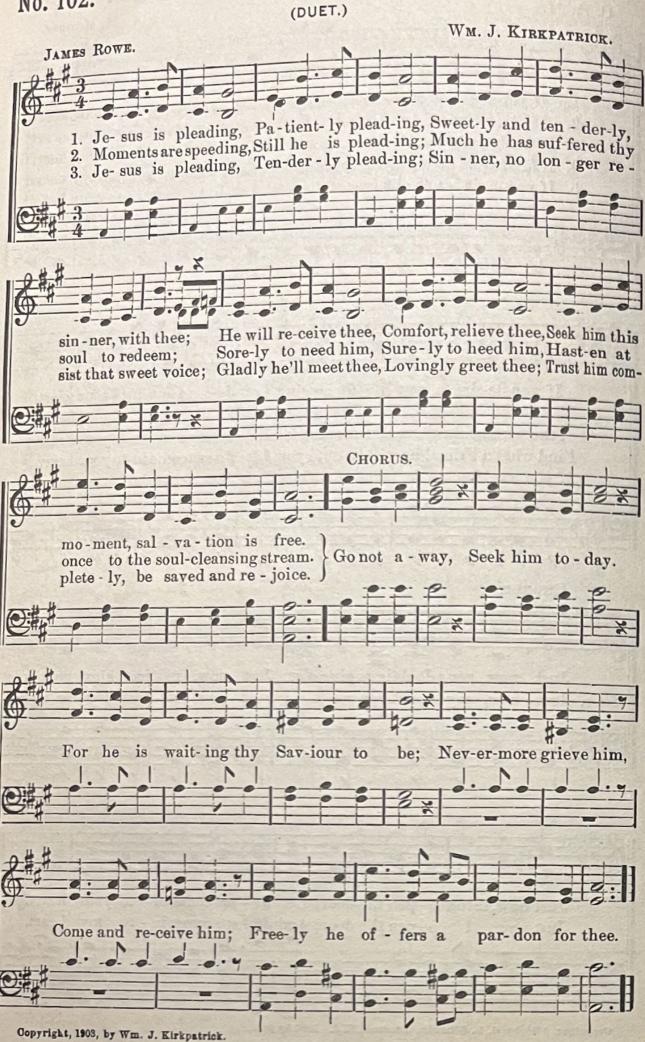


#### No. 101. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.



#### No. 102.

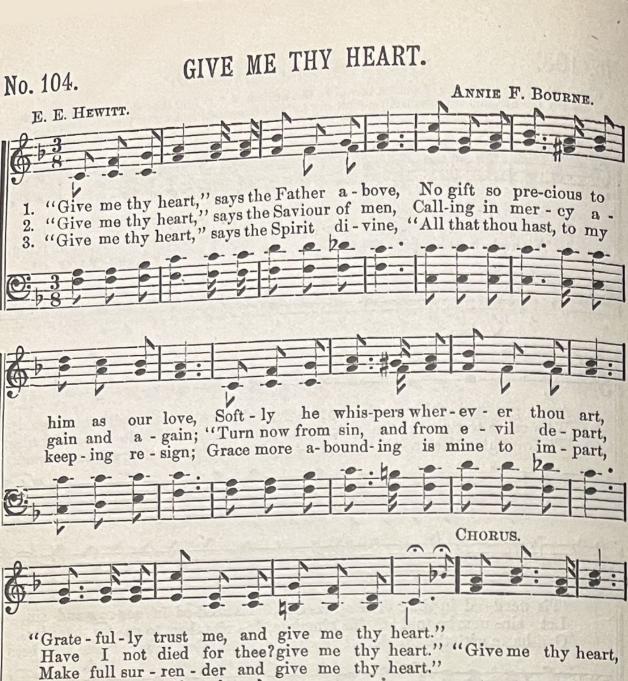
# PATIENTLY PLEADING.

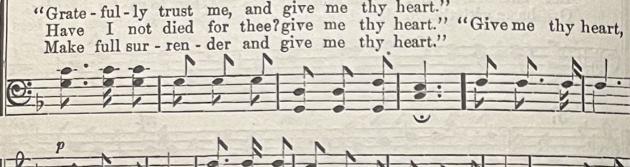


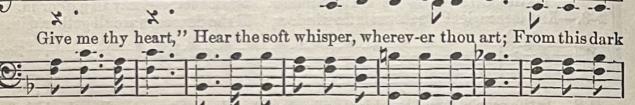
104

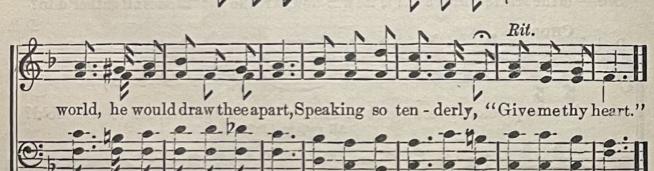
### THE SCARLET THREAD.







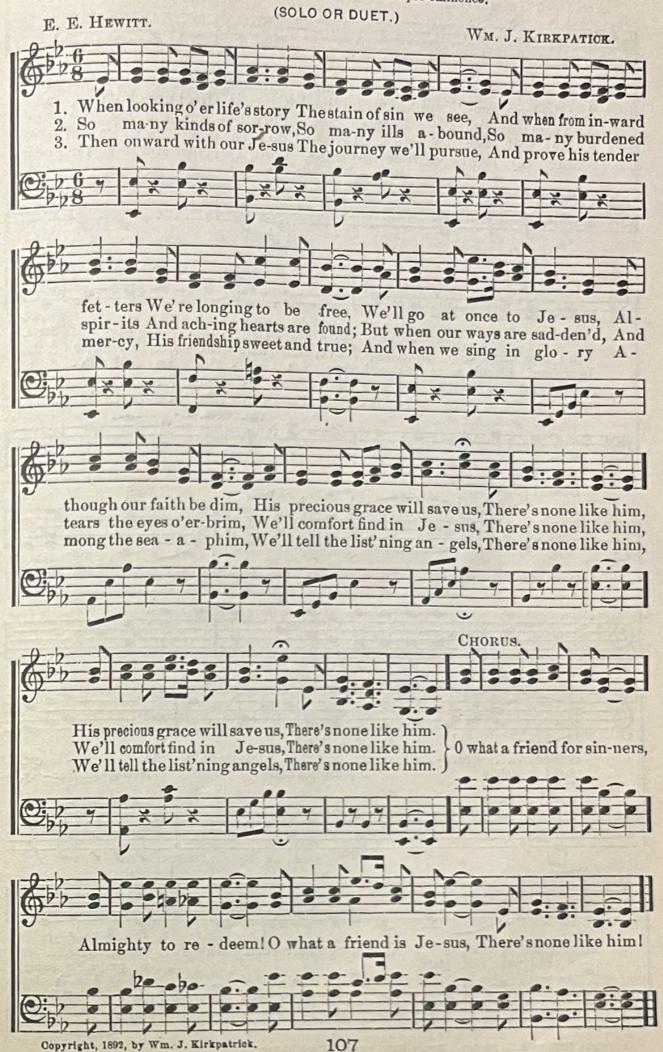


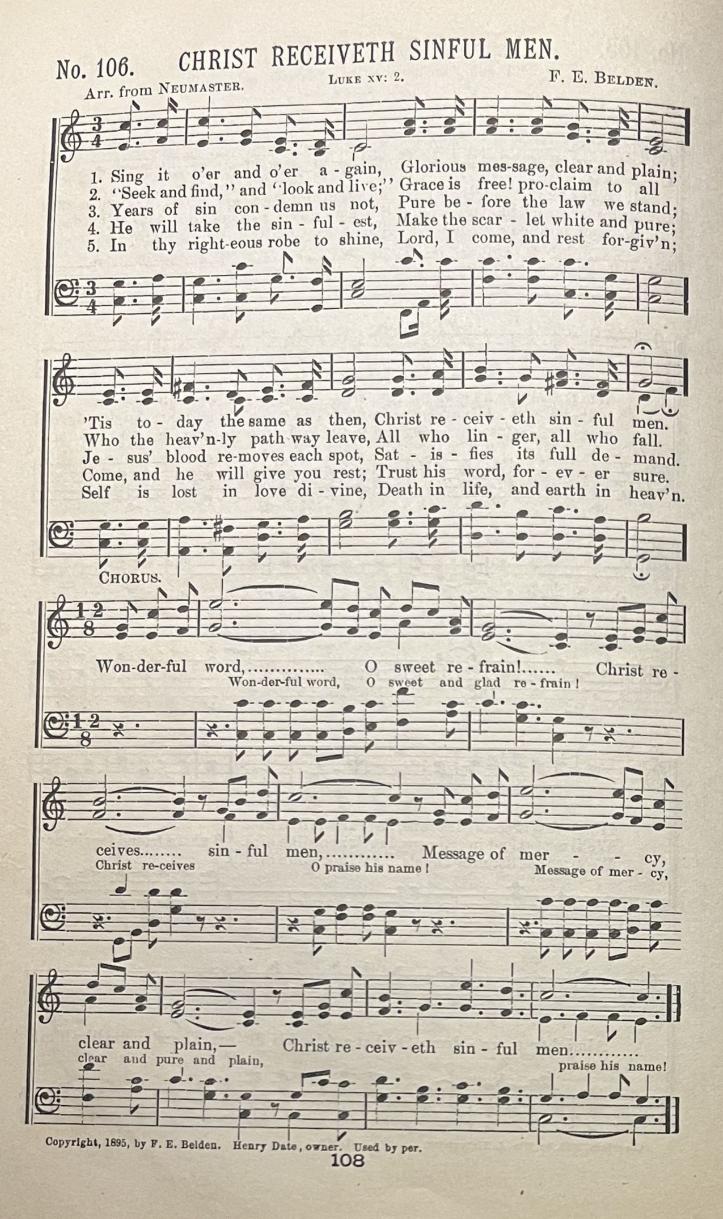


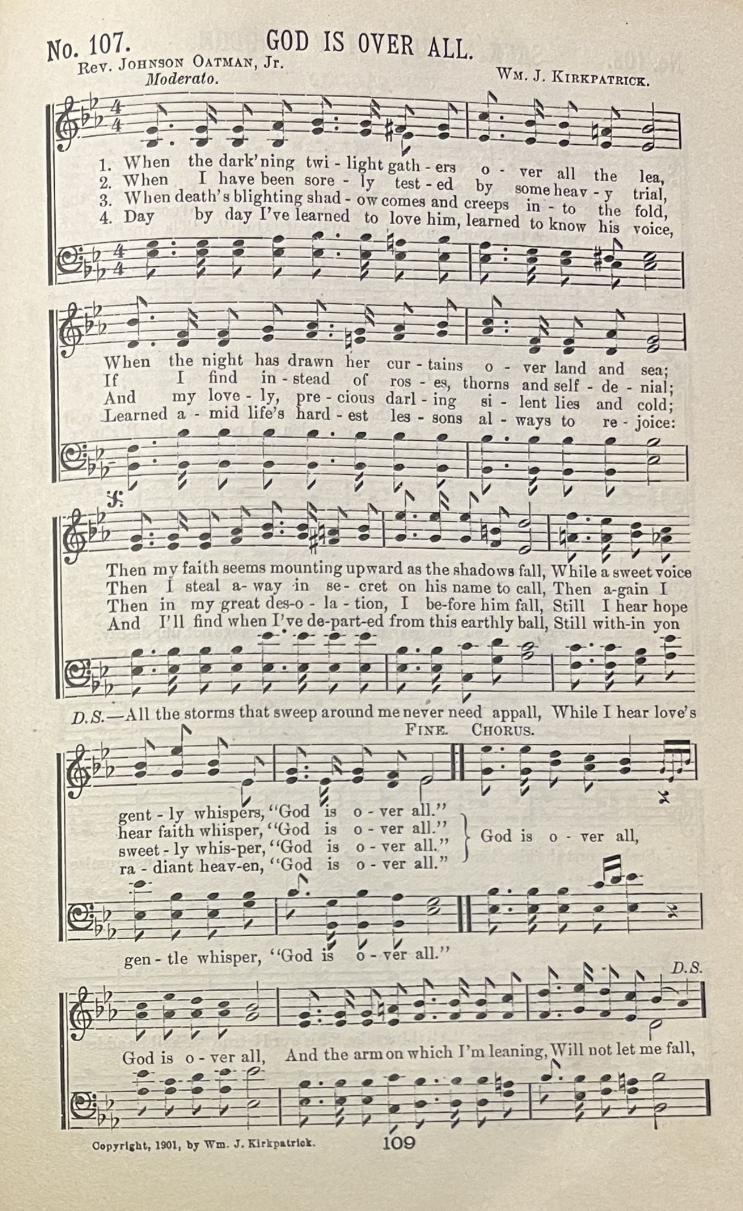
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#### NONE LIKE HIM.

"That in all things he might have the pre-eminence."



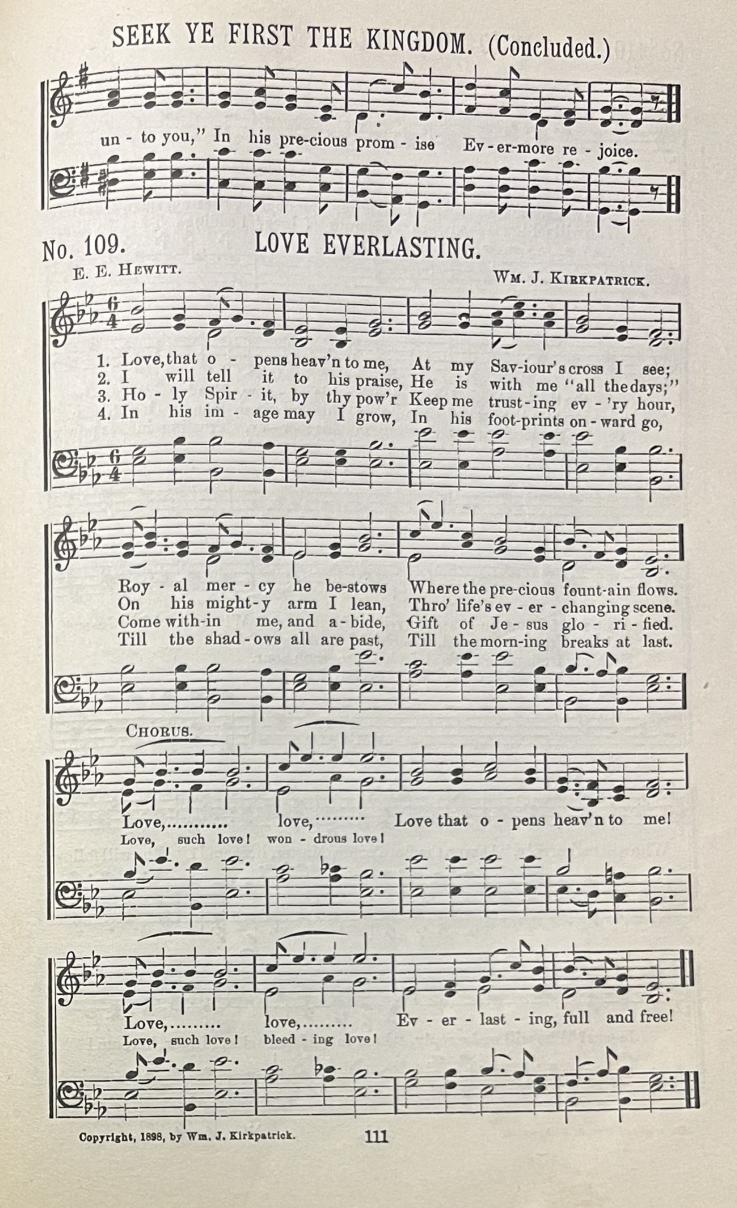




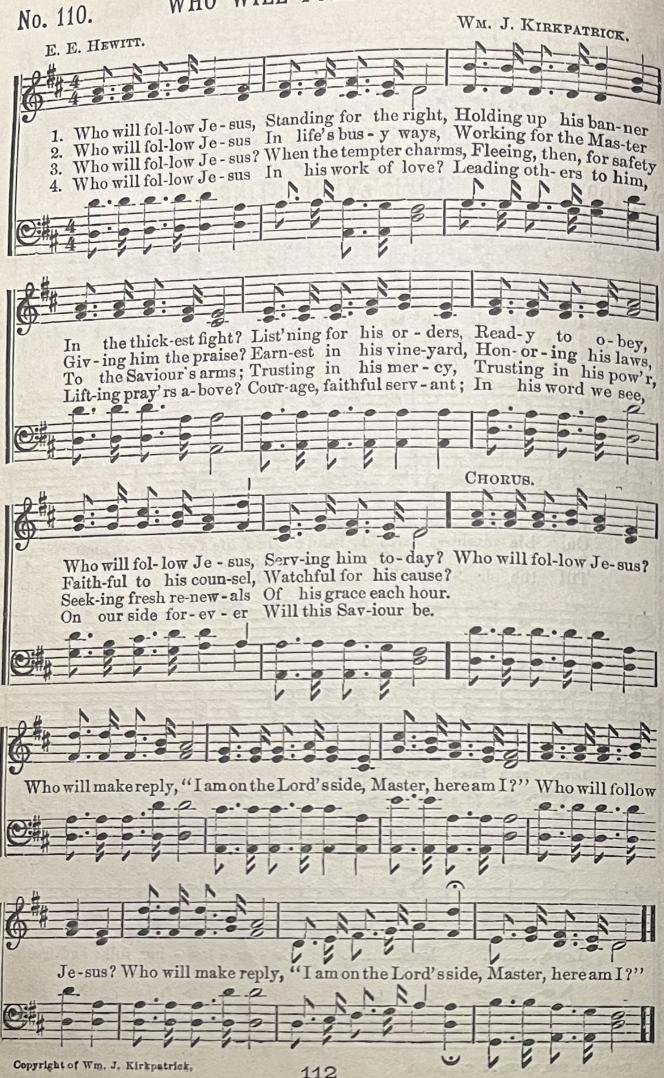
SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM. No. 108. (SOLO OR DUET.) JNO. R. SWENEY. E. E. HEWITT. Seek ye first the king-dom; Not the things of
 Seek ye first the king-dom; Ev - er - last-ing
 Seek ye first the king-dom; Seek the "Gift of Price-less are the earth, Woos you to the love 'Tis the Saviour's God;" Like a flit-ting shad-ow, Time will immor-tal worth. Par - don and re-new - al, Rig Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be treasures From the land a - bove. Righteousblessings Purchased by his blood. of - fer, Change not, nor de-cay. But the heav'nly rich - es pass a - way, Grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Joys that nev-er cease. ness and peace, Him to serve and hon - or, Trust-ing in his life's sweet aim, CHORUS. Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise

Ev - er-more re - joice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added

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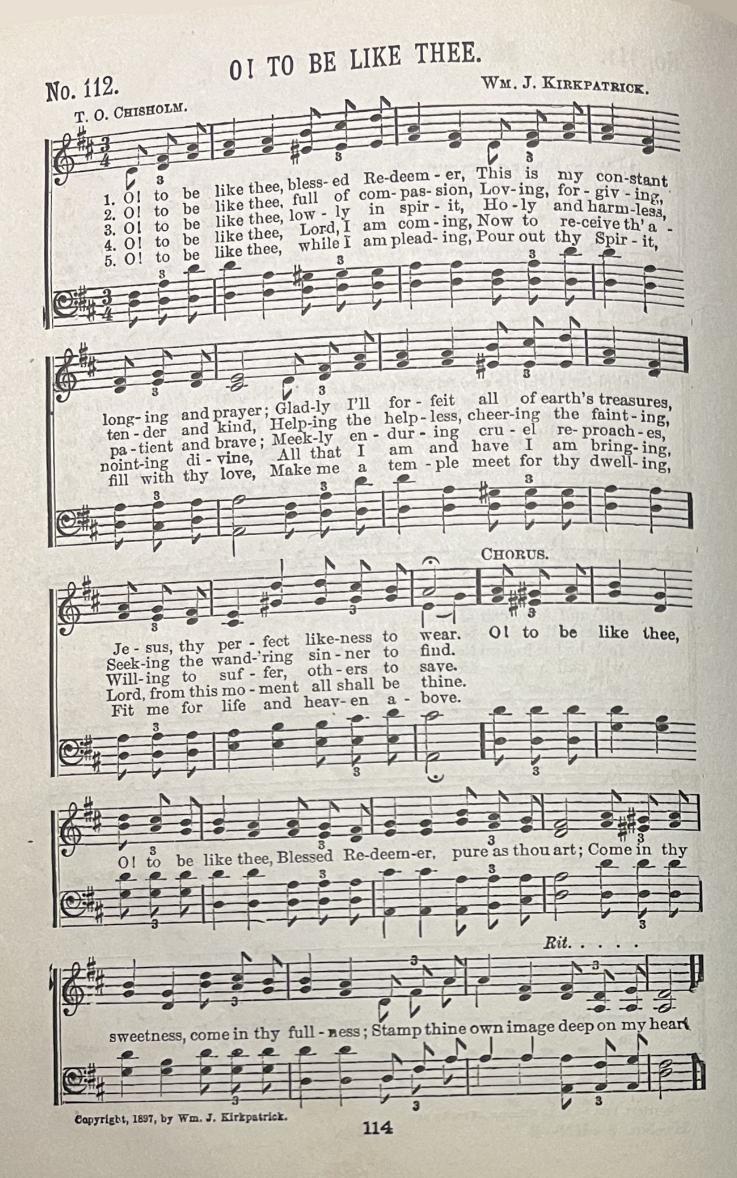


JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE. No. 111. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris. 1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high There is ref-uge near, and 2. Not a cloud so dark but his love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but his 3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows, And his great heart throbs with our 4. Nev-er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Never yet in vain was the shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the roll-ing wave Is Je - ho - vah face we view; For his arm is strong and his heart is kind, All who in him bit - ter woes; For he knows our flesh and our fee-ble frame, Ev-ery pang we blood applied; Who-so-ev - er will may in him be blest, Who-so - ev - er CHORUS. still and is strong to save. trust shall a Sav - iour find. Mighty to save and strong to de-liv-er, feel, he has known the same. will find a per - fect rest. to save and strong to de - liv - er, Je-sus Mighty Je-sus is mighty to save; Might-y to save and might might - y yes, save; He is might-y to save. de - liv - er, Je - sus strong to Je - sus might is yes, might-y to save. у,

113

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H-No. 3-RN-8





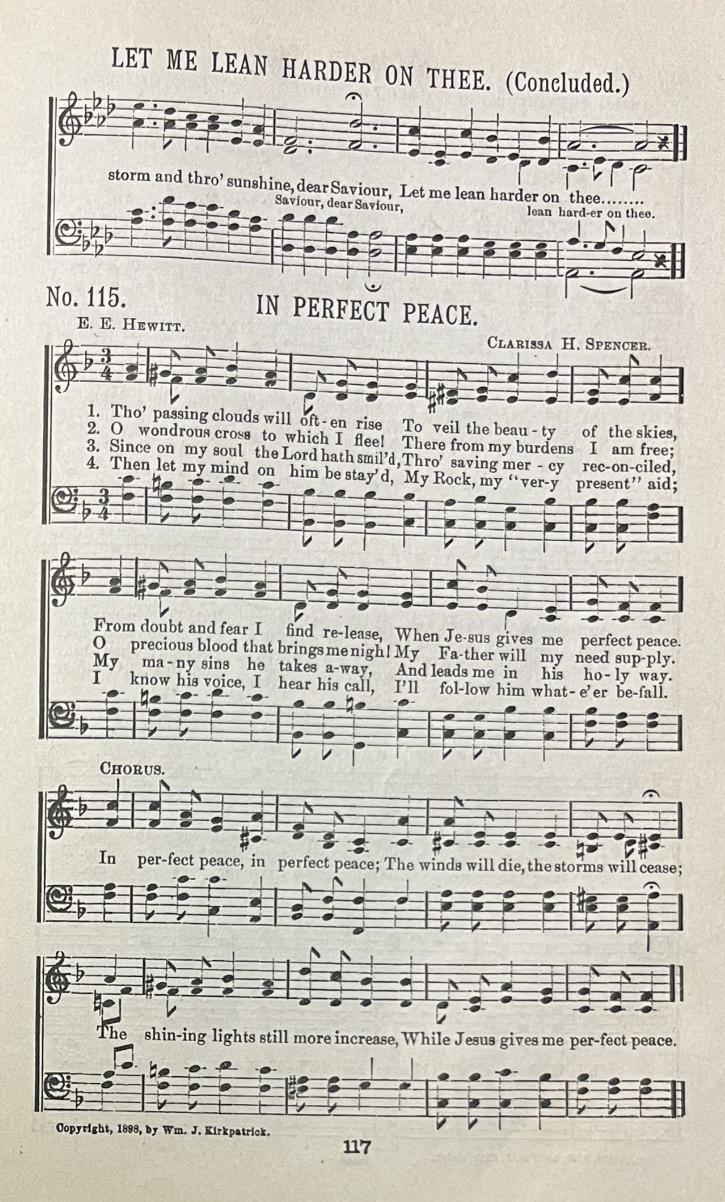
# No 114 LET ME LEAN HARDER ON THEE.

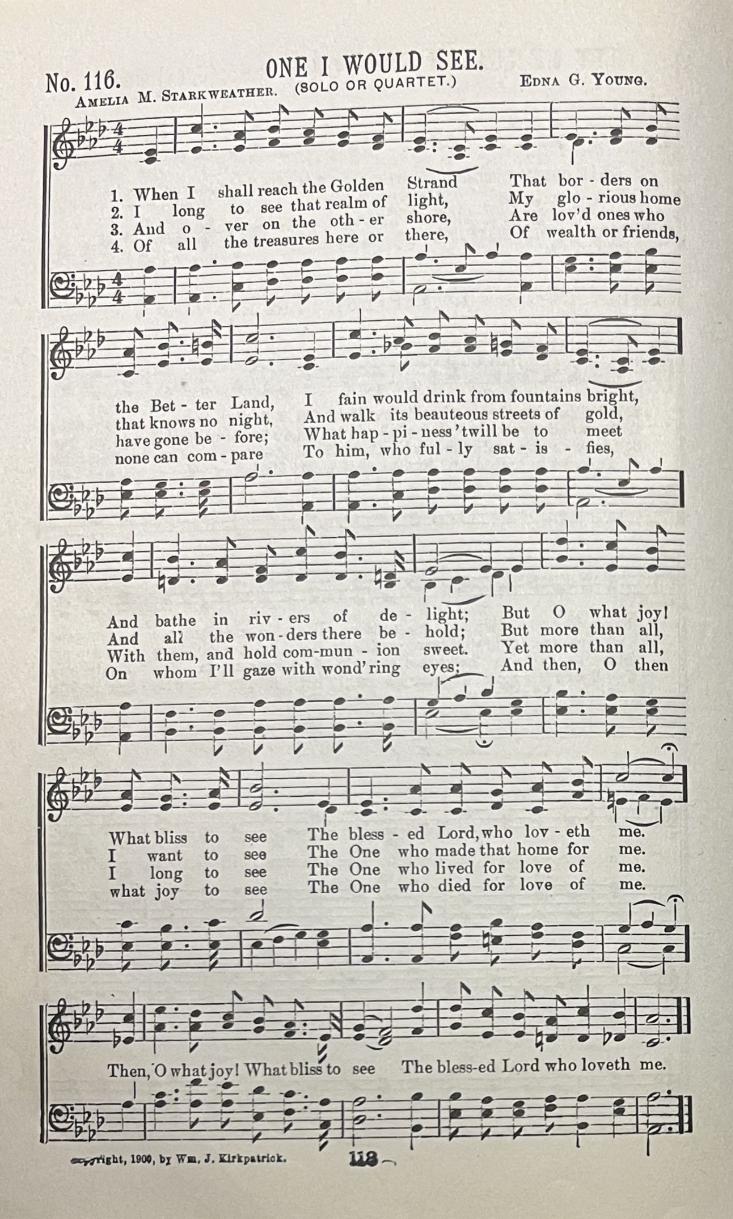
No. 114. (MAY BE SUNG AS SOLO AND CHORUS.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. E. E. HEWITT. Moderato. 1. Veiled is the fu-ture be-fore me; Life's checkered pathway I climb,
2. Earth's dearest ties must be bro - ken, Time's sweetest ro-ses de - cay;

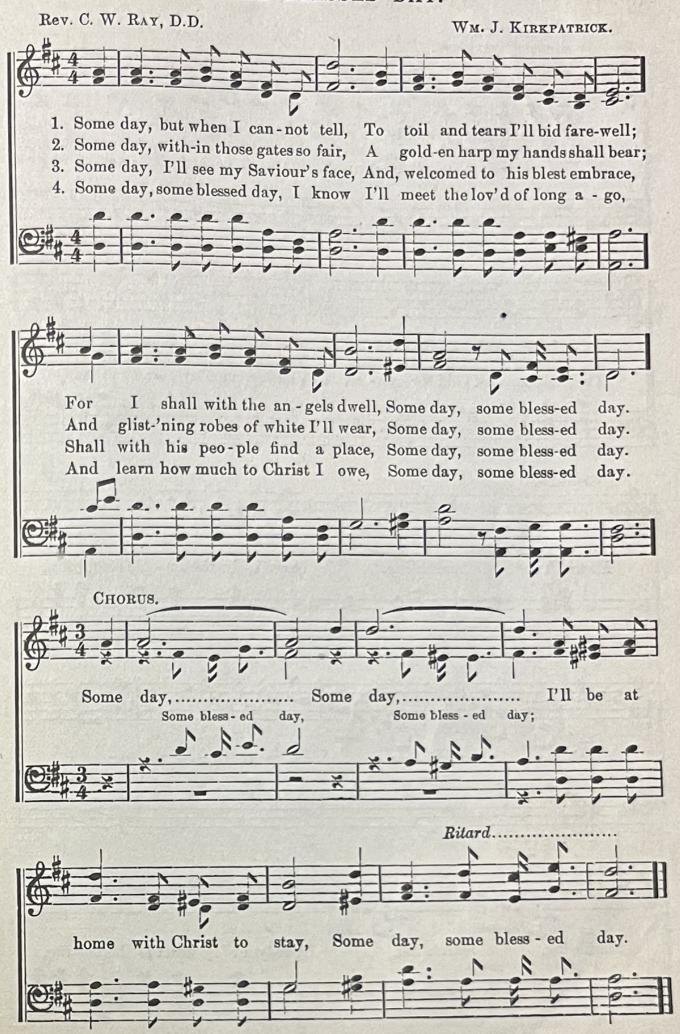
Where a grim shadow is the state of the control of th 2. Earth's dearest ties must be said a val - ley, Where a grim shadow is thrown; On - ly one step at a in his goodness re-veal - ing time. Evening will fol-low the day. Words of farewell must be spok - en, Leave me, O Lord, not a - lone! human friend can go with me, -0-Will it bring sunshine to me? Will the to-mor-row be cloud - ed? Still, waves of joy roll a-round me, Swelling from love's boundless sea, Till that bright, beautiful morn - ing, When all the darkness shall flee, Let me lean harder, dear Sav - iour, Let me lean hard-er on thee. While I lean harder, dear Sav - iour, While I lean hard-er on thee. Let me lean harder, dear Sav - iour, Let me lean hard-er on thee. CHORUS. Much faster. Let me lean harder on thee, ..... Thro' Let me lean harder on thee, ..... hard - er on thee, Harder on thee,

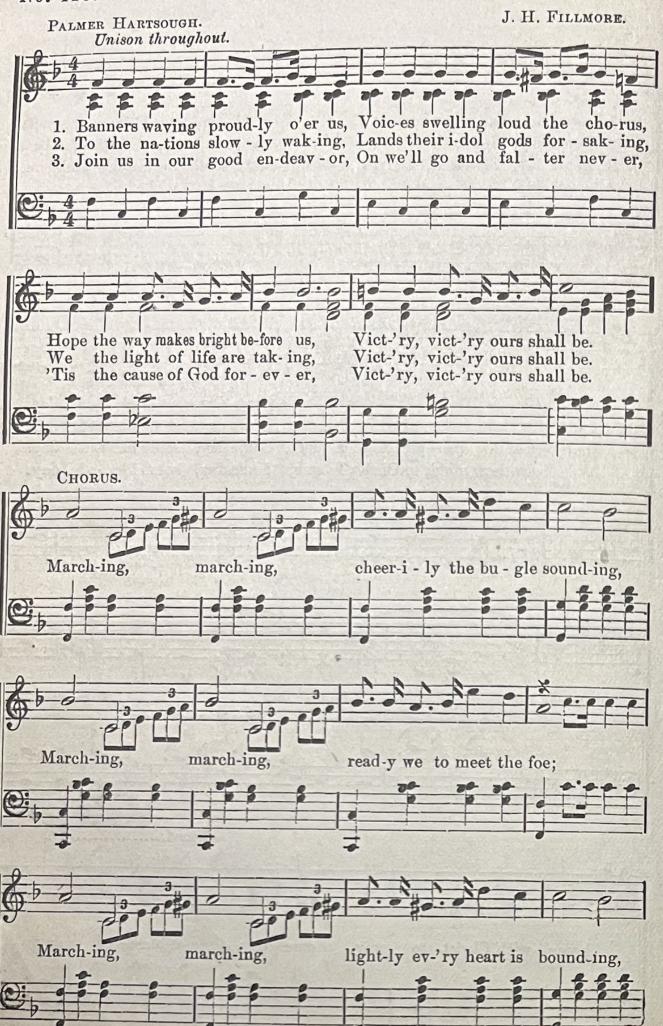
116

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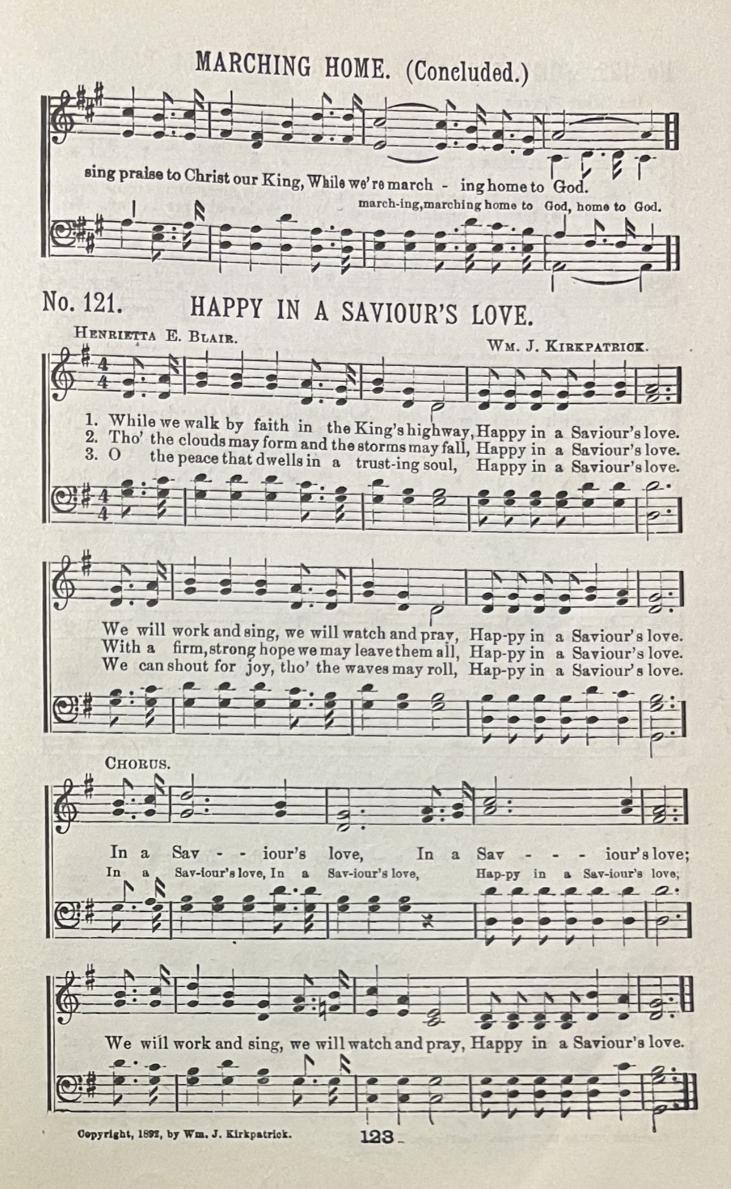




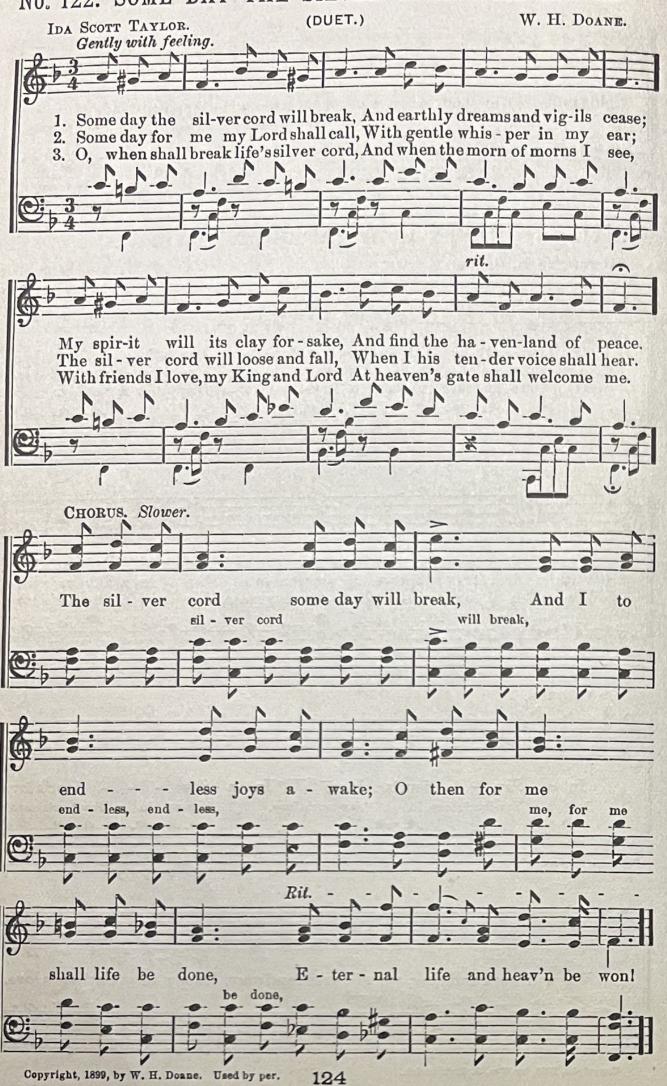
# VICT'RY OURS SHALL BE. (Concluded.)



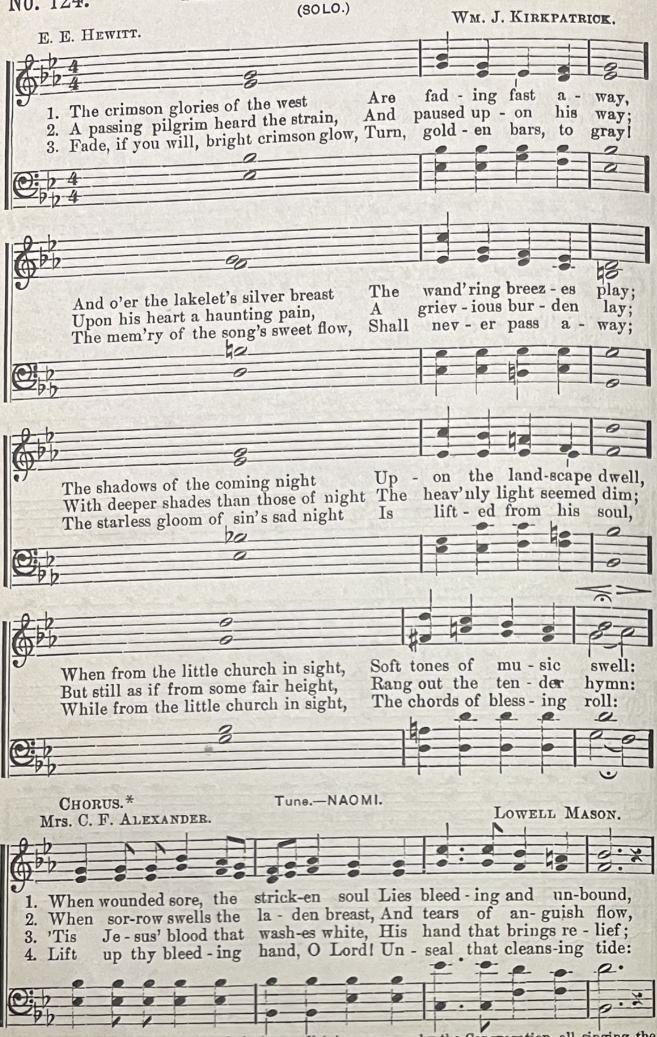




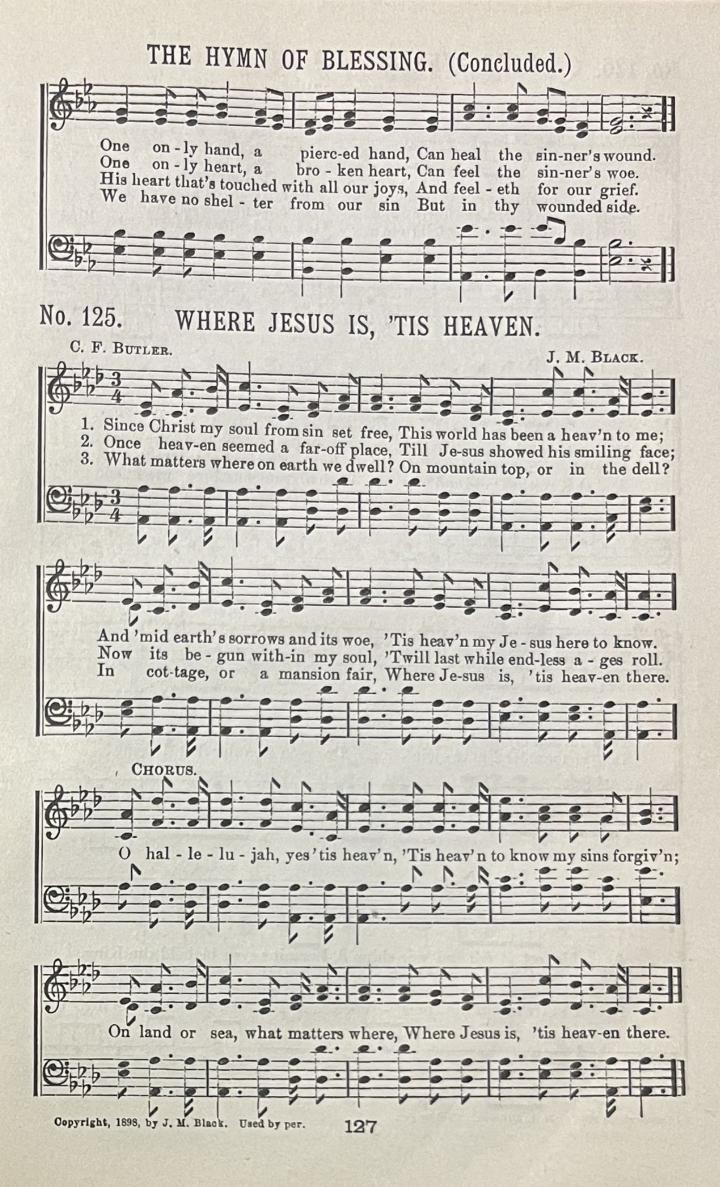
# No. 122. SOME DAY THE SILVER CORD WILL BREAK.

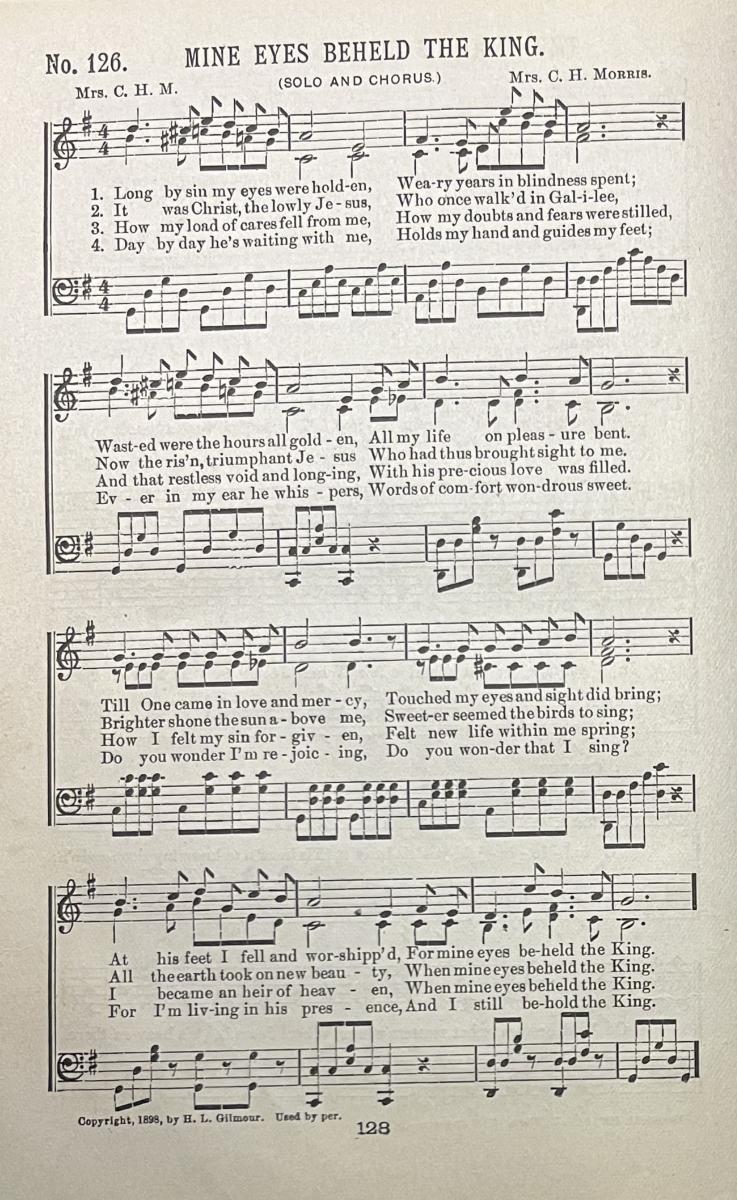






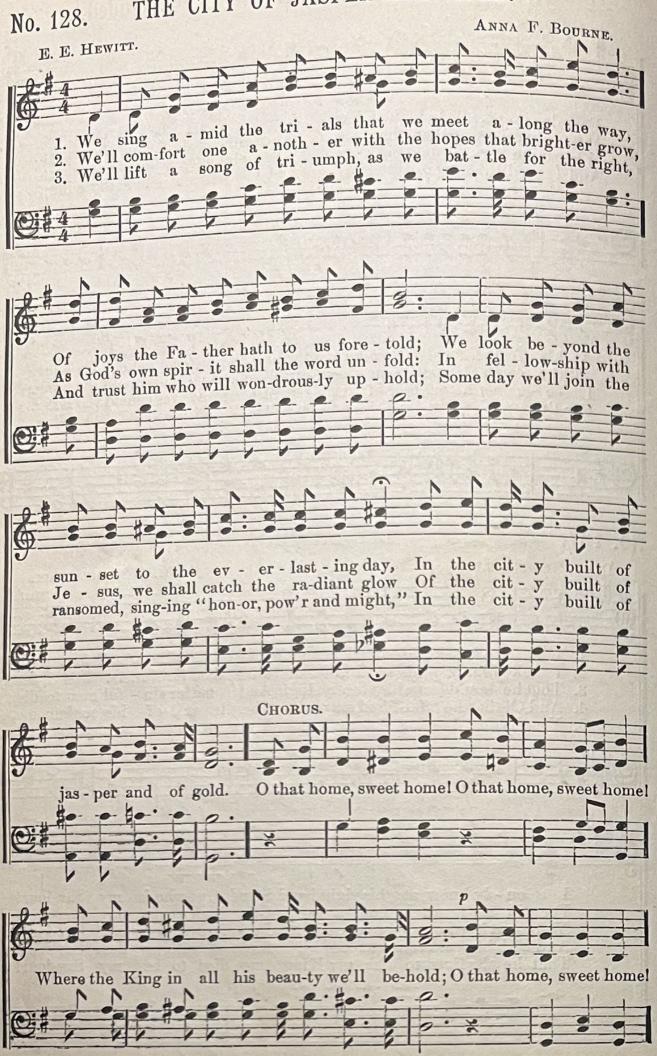
\* To be sung by a Quartet or Choir, in an adjoining room, or by the Congregation, all singing the fourth stanza.





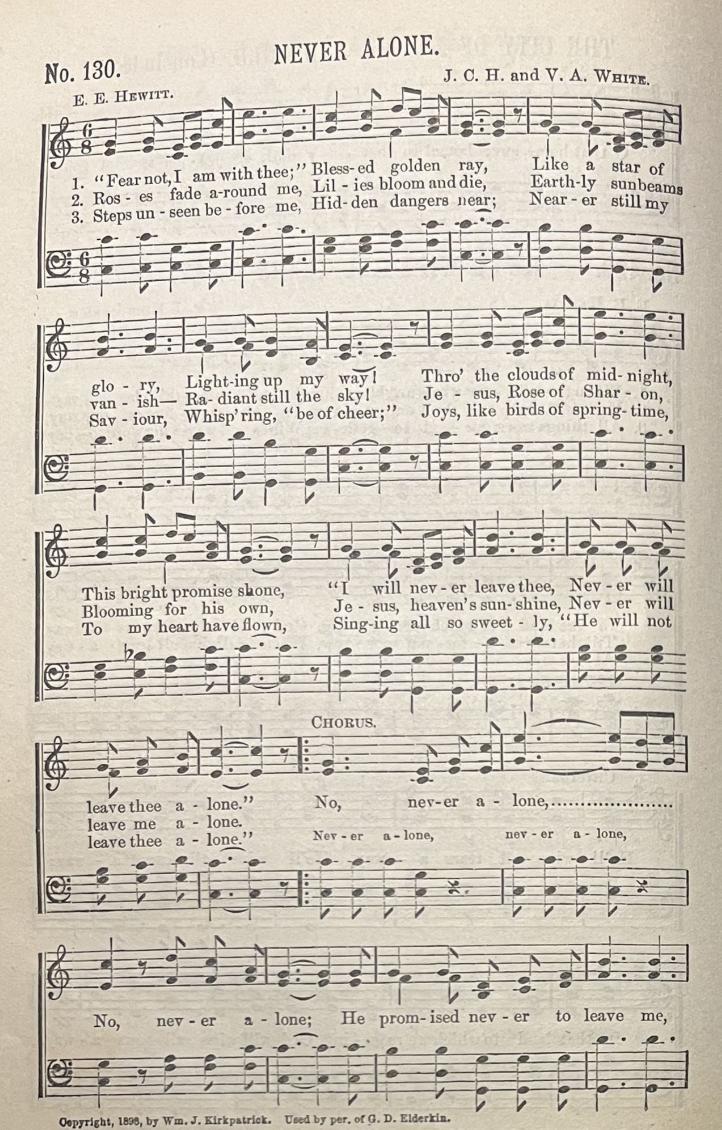
### MINE EYES BEHELD THE KING. (Concluded.)

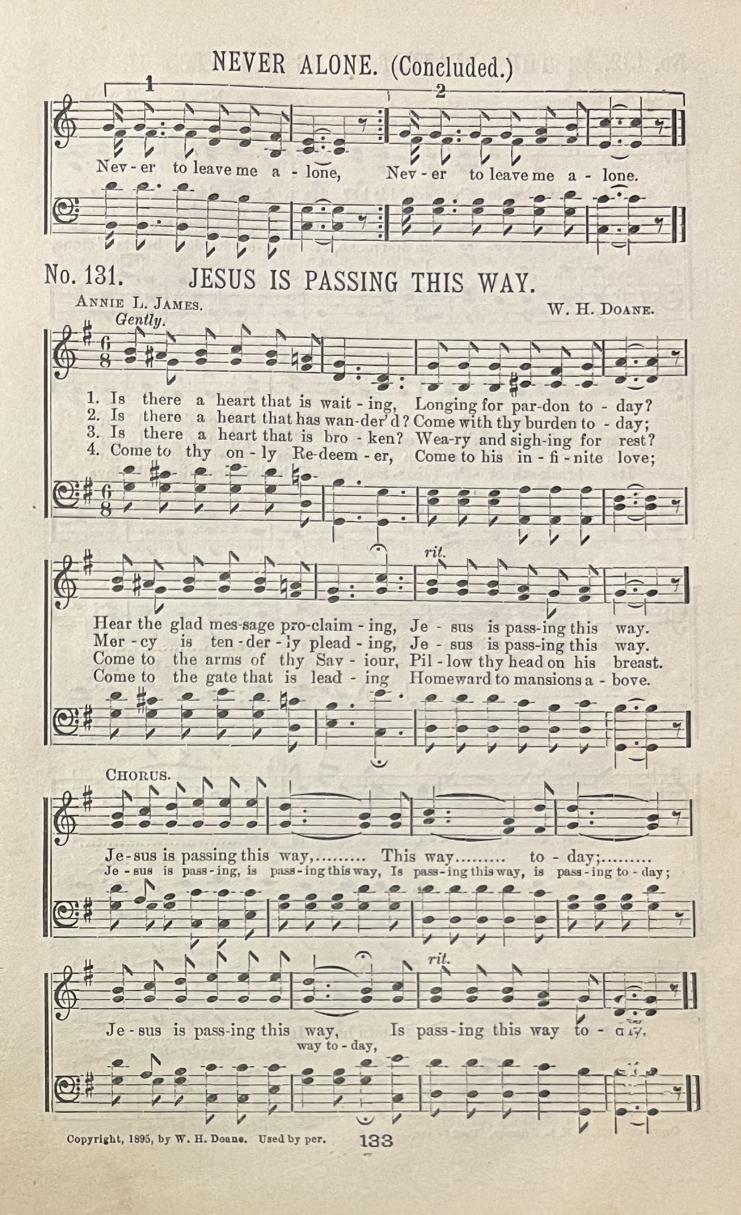




## THE CITY OF JASPER AND GOLD. (Concluded.)







THE GREATEST THING IS LOVE. No. 132. Mrs. C. H. Morris. C. H. M. matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me; ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one, makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet, sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone, 4. It I from the bro- ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der- ful Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der- ful love. love. Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der-ful love. break-eth ev - 'ry bar- rier down, This love, won-der-ful love. CHORUS. great-est thing in earth be - low Is love ... The won-der-ful love, The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love ...... won - der - ful love, grace in God's own heart Is The great - est love,.... love, won - der - ful Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

134

## THE GREATEST THING IS LOVE. (Concluded.)



No. 133.

#### SURRENDER ALL.



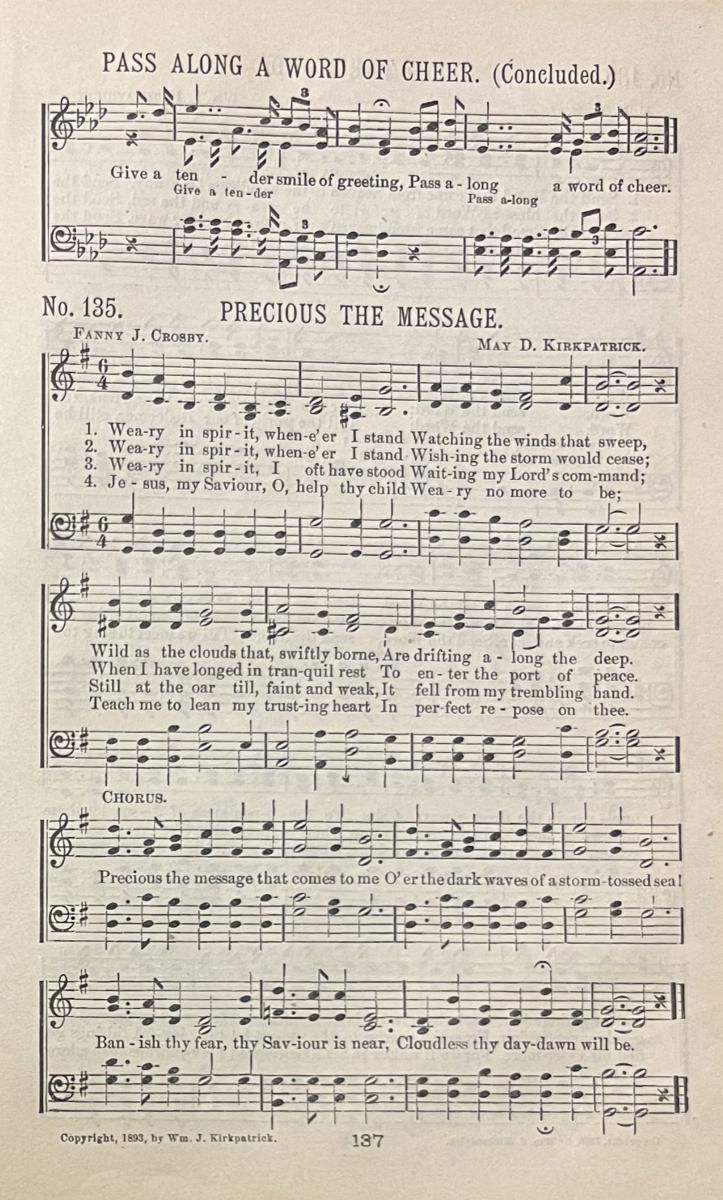
Copyright, 1896, by Weeden & Van De Venter. Used by permission.

4 All to Jesus I surrender, Lord, I give myself to thee; Fill me with thy love and power, Let thy blessing fall on me.

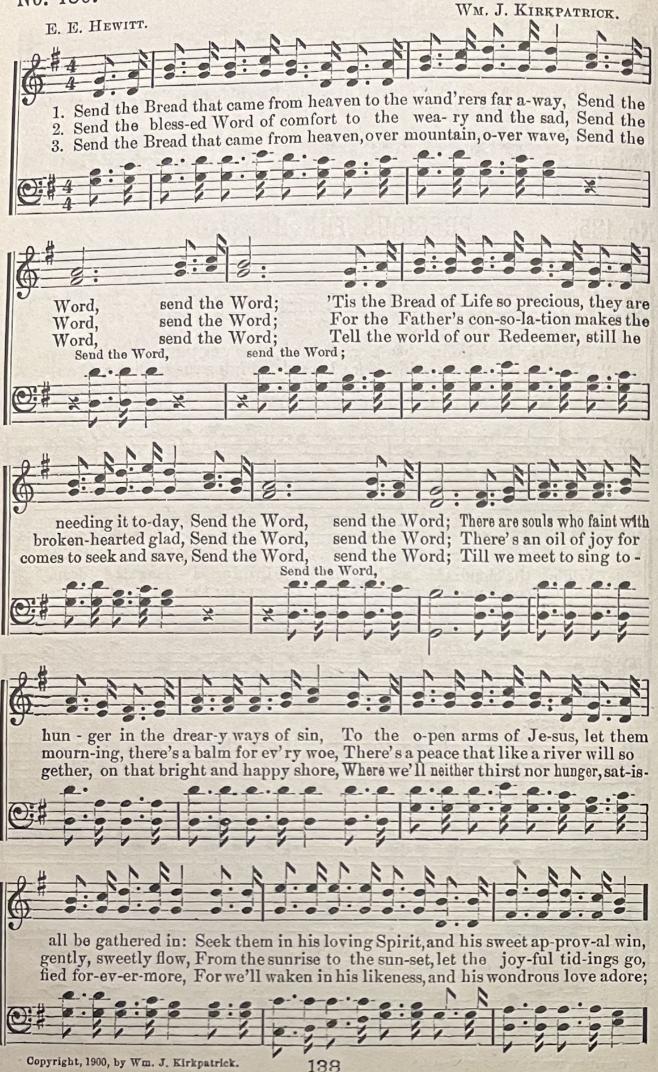
5 All to Jesus I surrender, Now I feel the sacred flame; O the joy of full salvation! Glory, glory to his name!

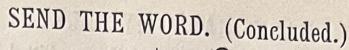
135

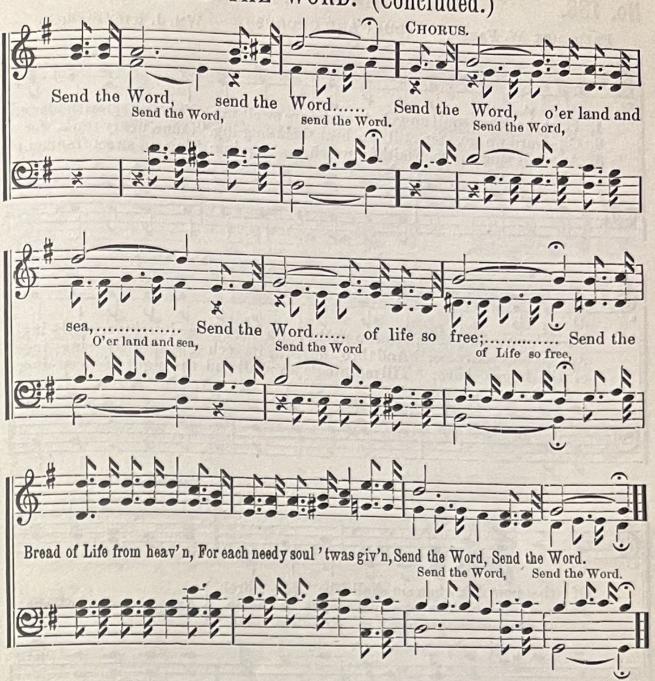




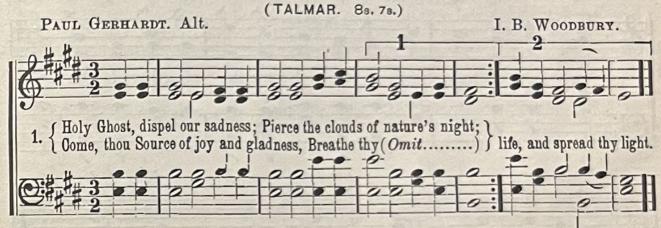








#### No. 137. HOLY GHOST, DISPEL OUR SADNESS.



- 2 From the height which knows no measure, As a gracious shower descend, Bringing down the richest treasure Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Author of the new creation, Come with unction and with power; 139

Make our hearts thy habitation; On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication, Blessed Spirit, God of Peacel Rest upon this congregation, With the fullness of thy grace.

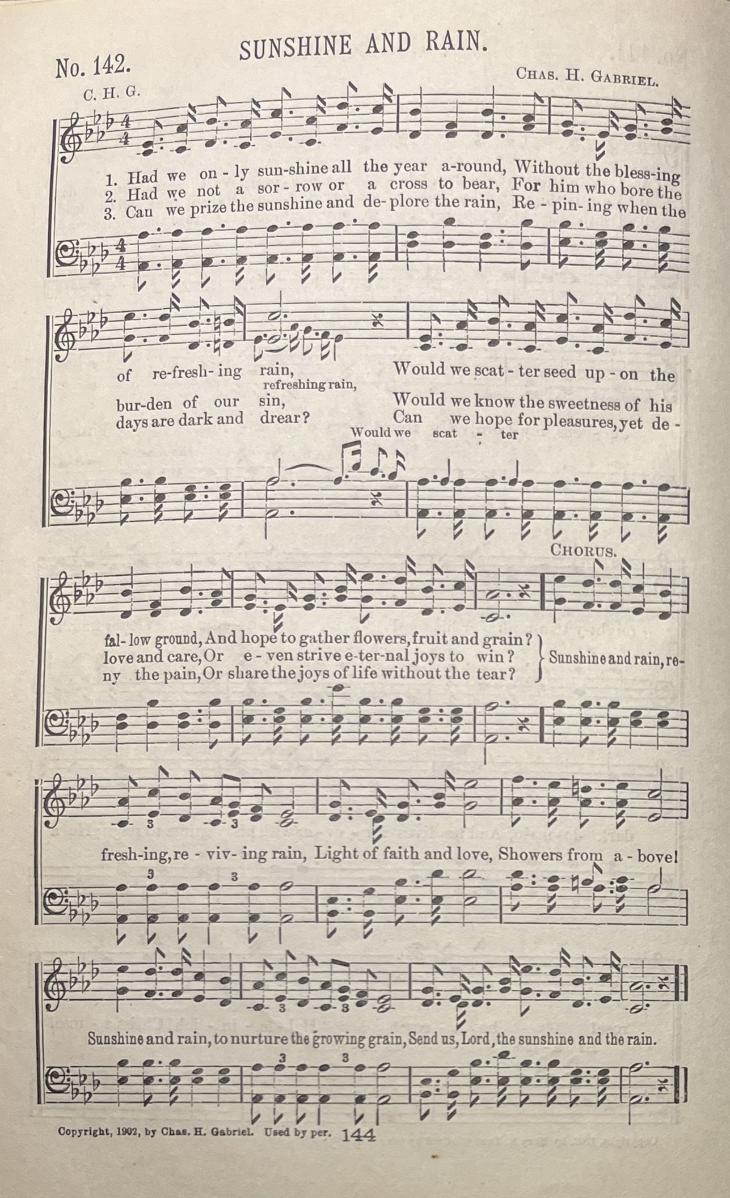
#### HARK, HARK, MY SOUL!. (Concluded.) DUET OR QUARTET, (in the distance ad lib. 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ing ing, at length, though life peal 4. Rest comes be long and drear у; Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, The voice of And la - den souls, by The day must dawn, and darksome night be past; All jour-neys end in D.S. Chorus. thousands, meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. No. 139. PILOT ME. (78. 61.) Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD. FINE. O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea; 1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild; near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar 3. When at last Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, will pi - lot thee. "Fearnot, I D.C.-May I hear thee say to me, D.C. Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal; Unknown waves be-fore me roll, When thou say - est to them, "Be still!" will Boist' rous waves o - bey thy Then while leaning on thy breast, rest, 'Twixt me and the peaceful -

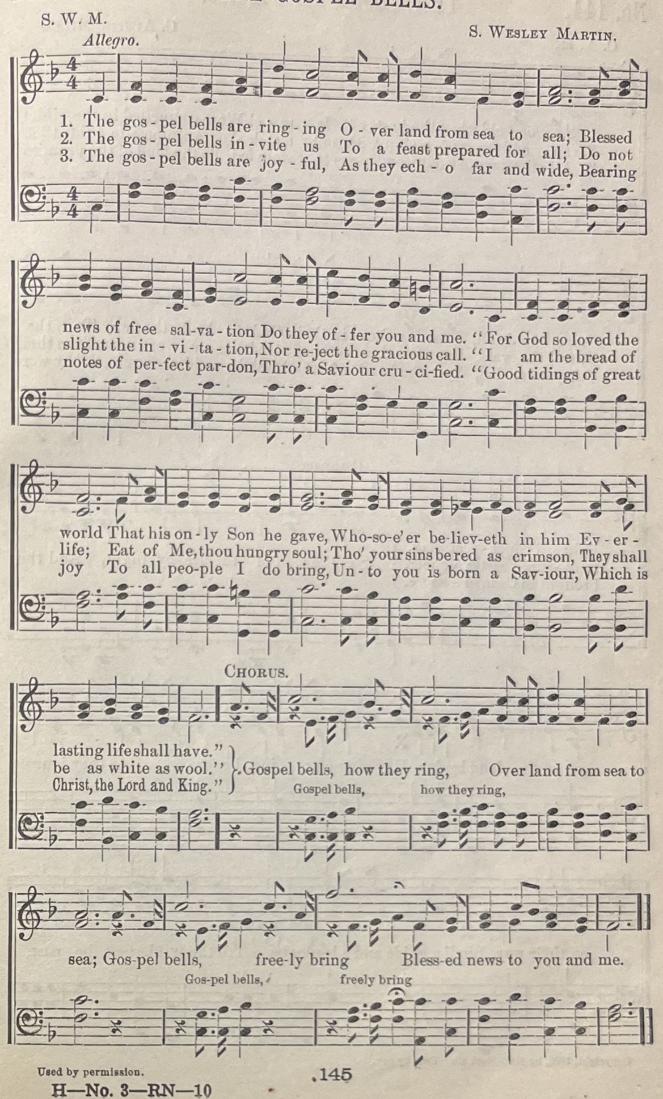
141

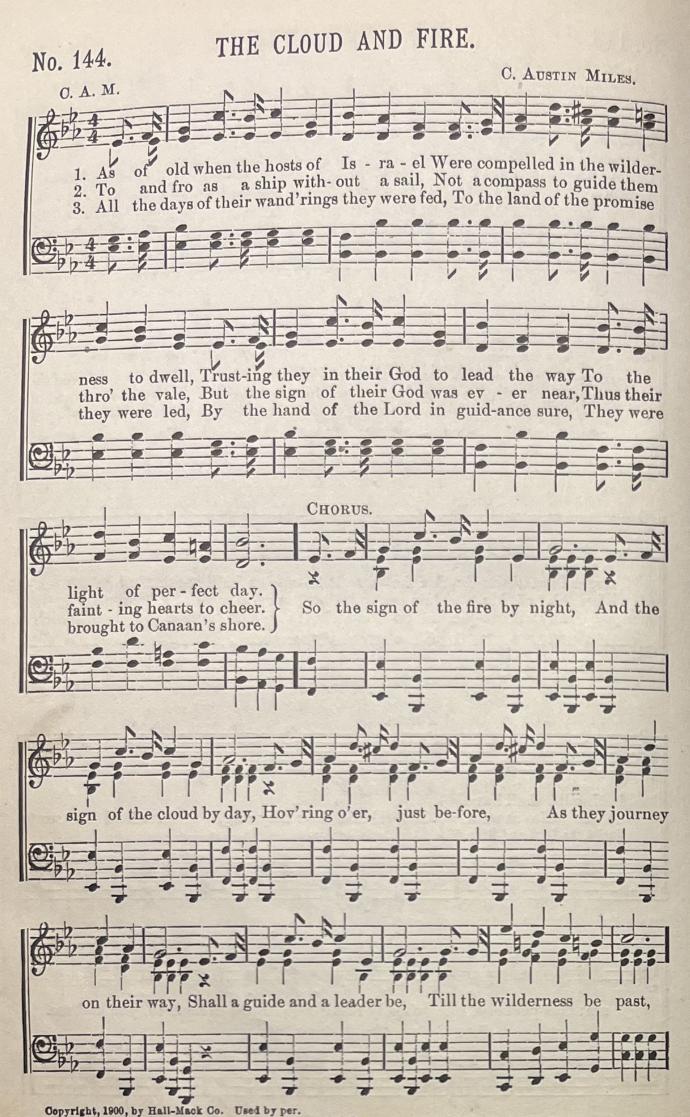
### SING THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

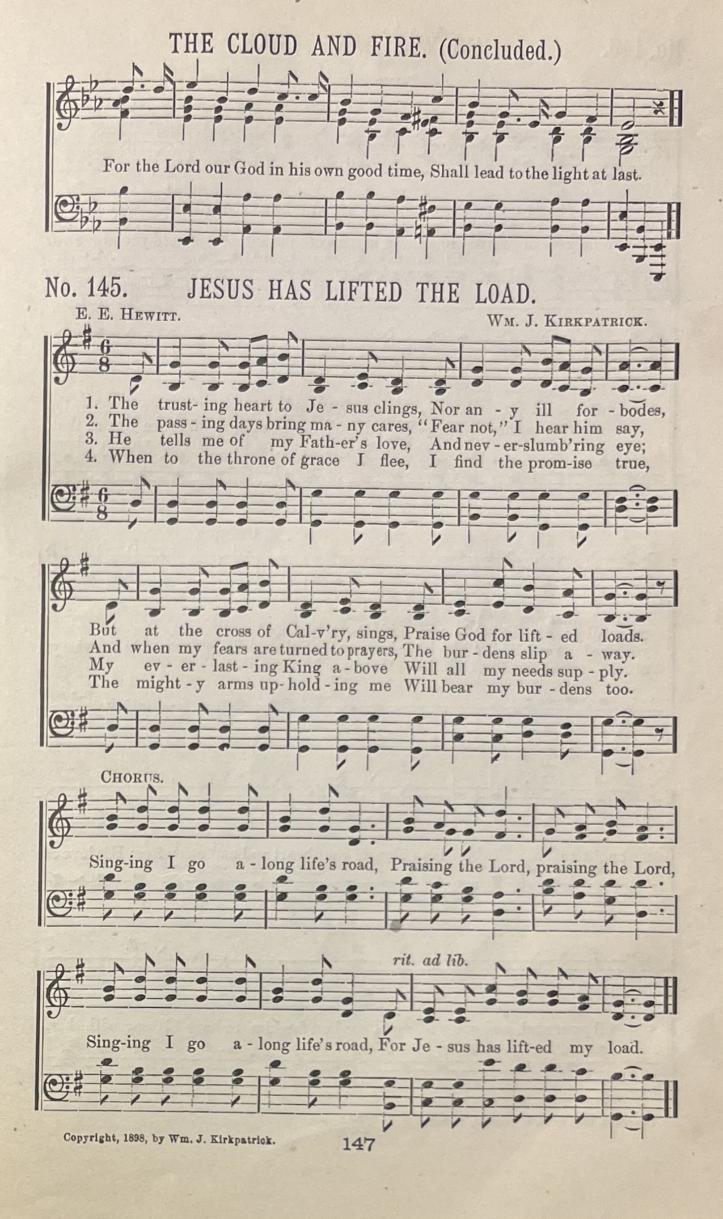




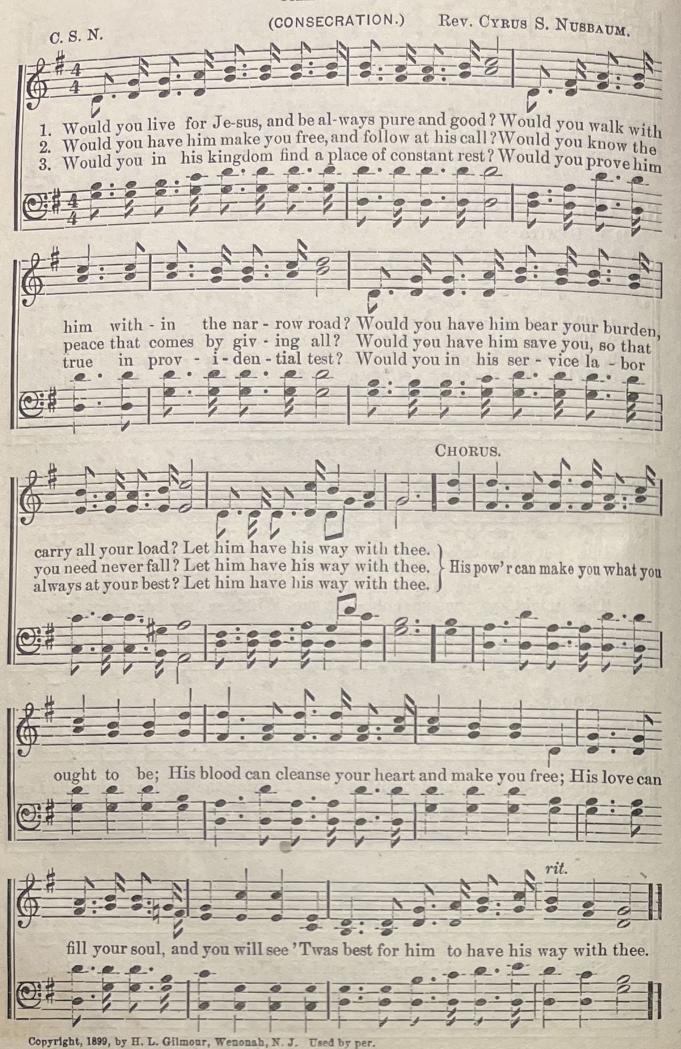




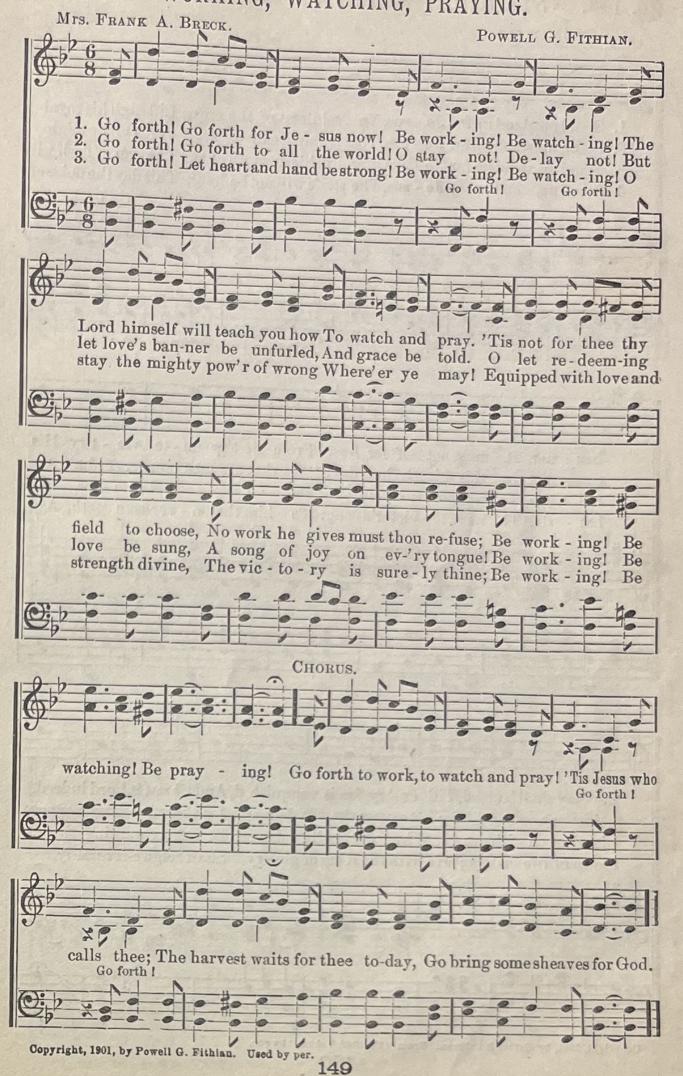


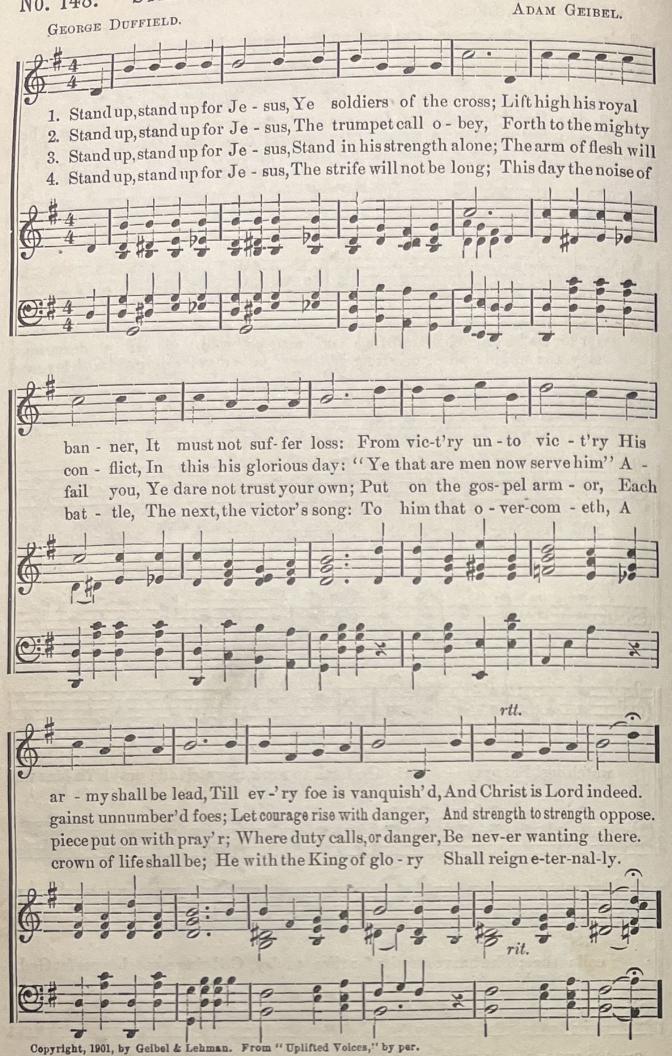


PSALM XXXVII: 5.

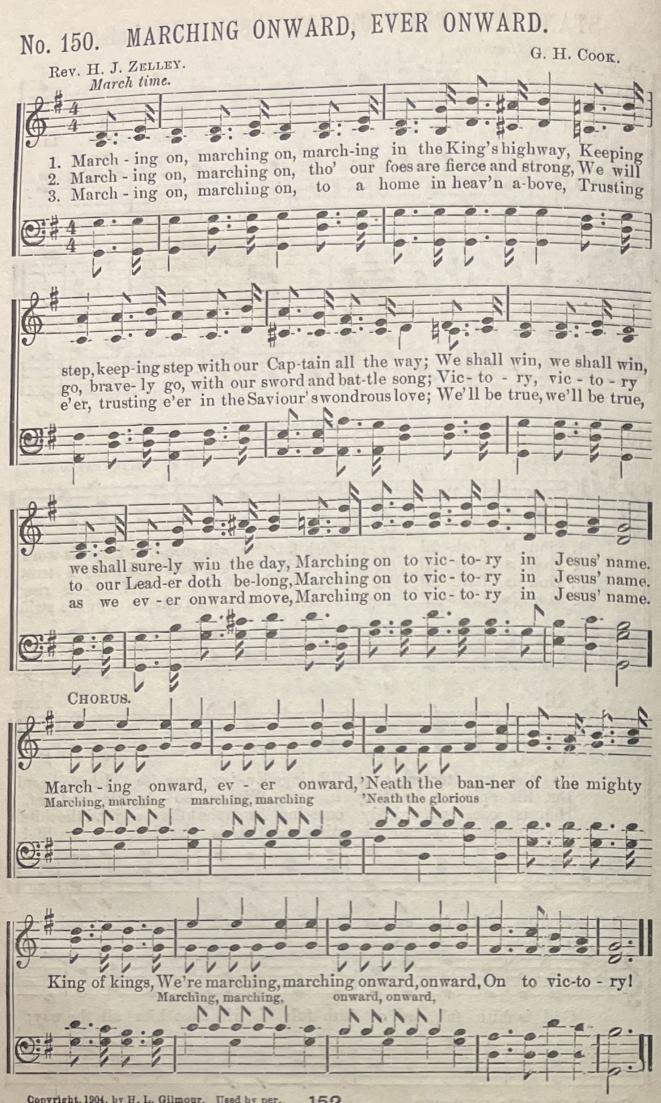


No. 147. WORKING, WATCHING, PRAYING.



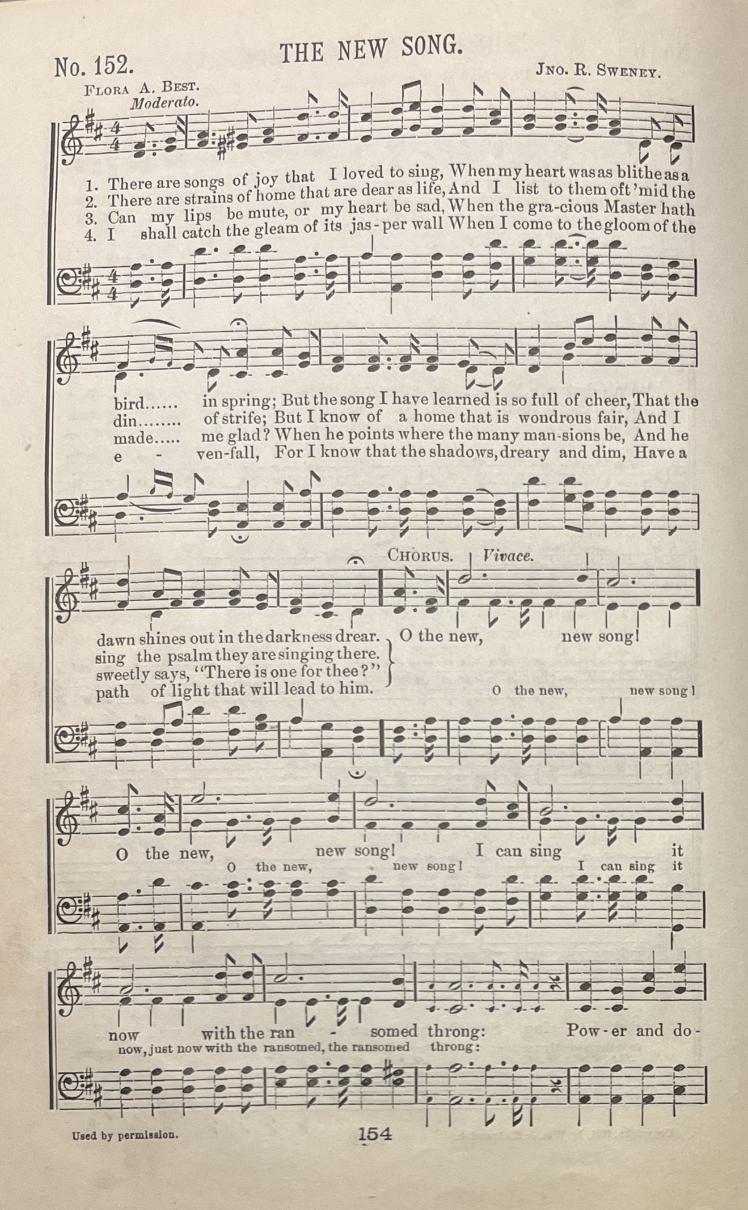






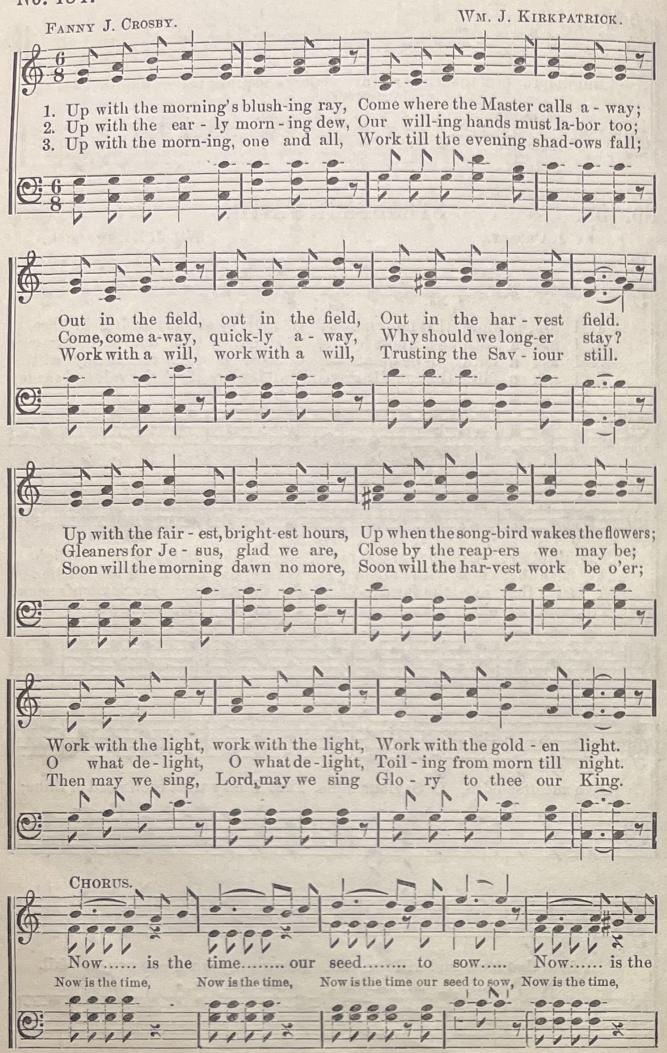
### THE EVERLASTING ARMS.







#### UP WITH THE MORNING.





No. 156. EXALT THE LORD OF GLORY.



## EXALT THE LORD OF GLORY. (Concluded.)

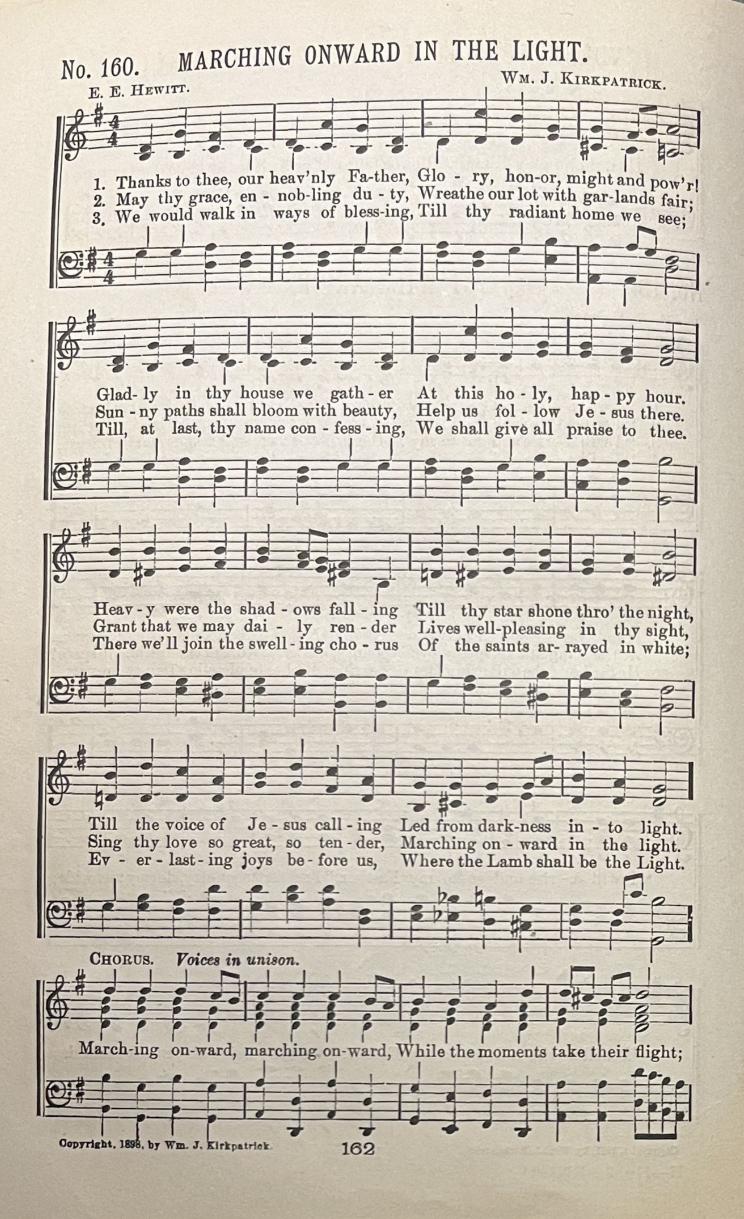




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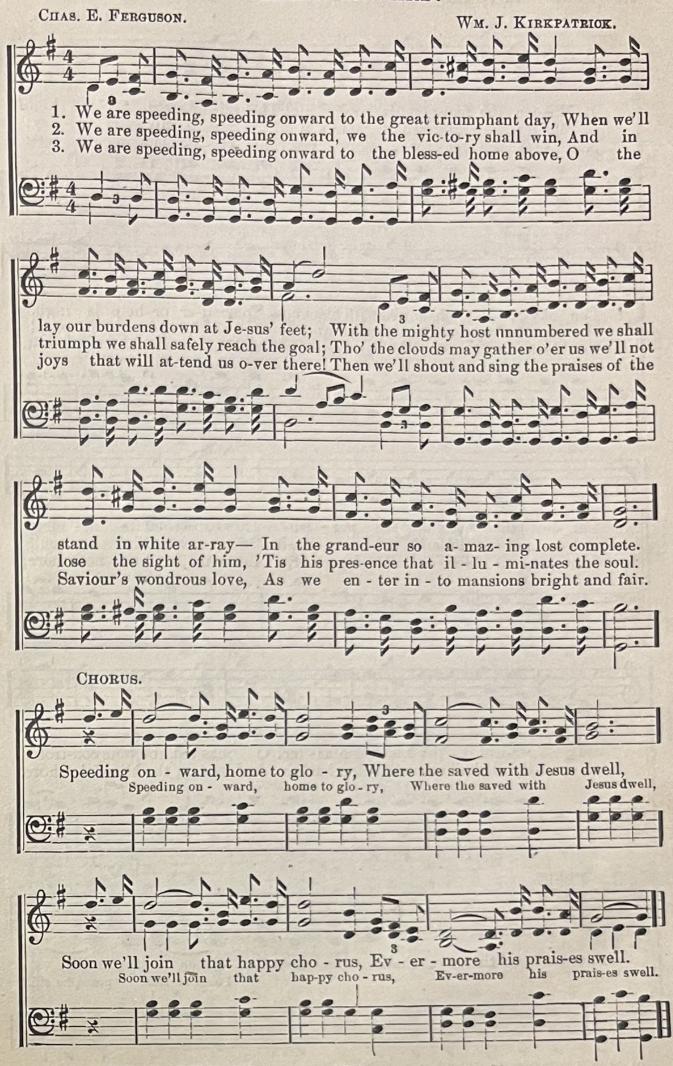
#### VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT! (Concluded.)

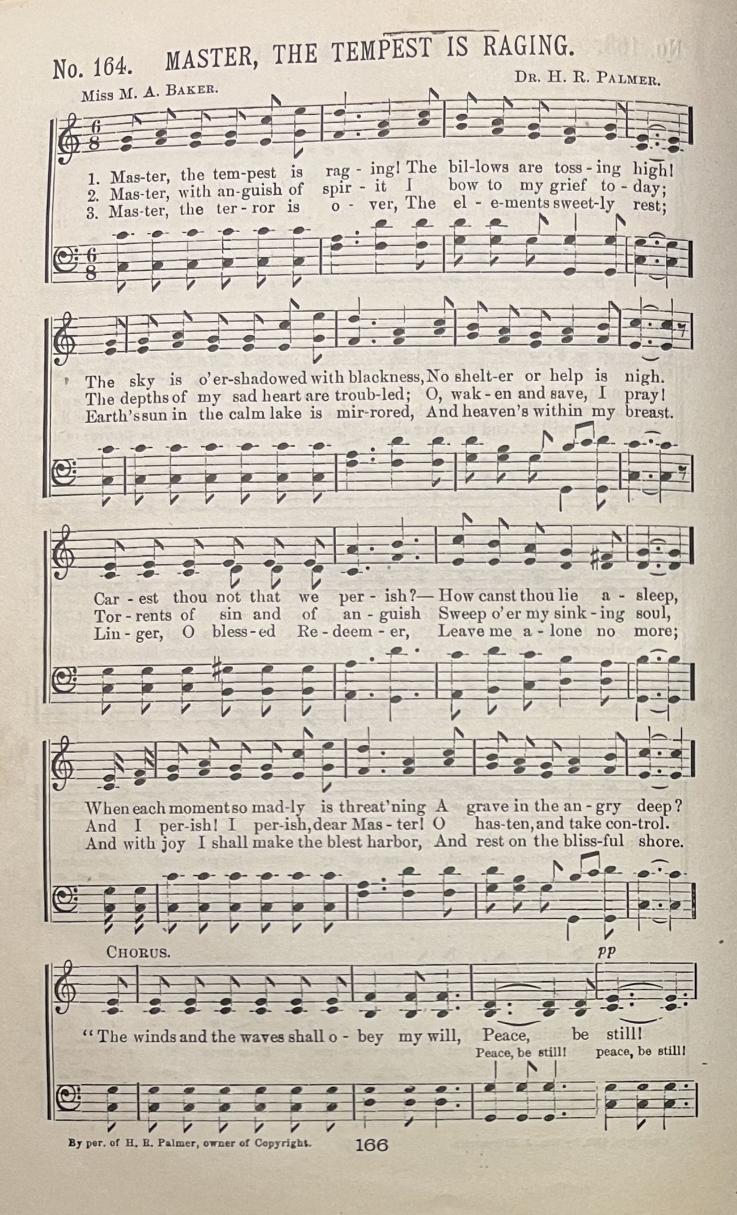




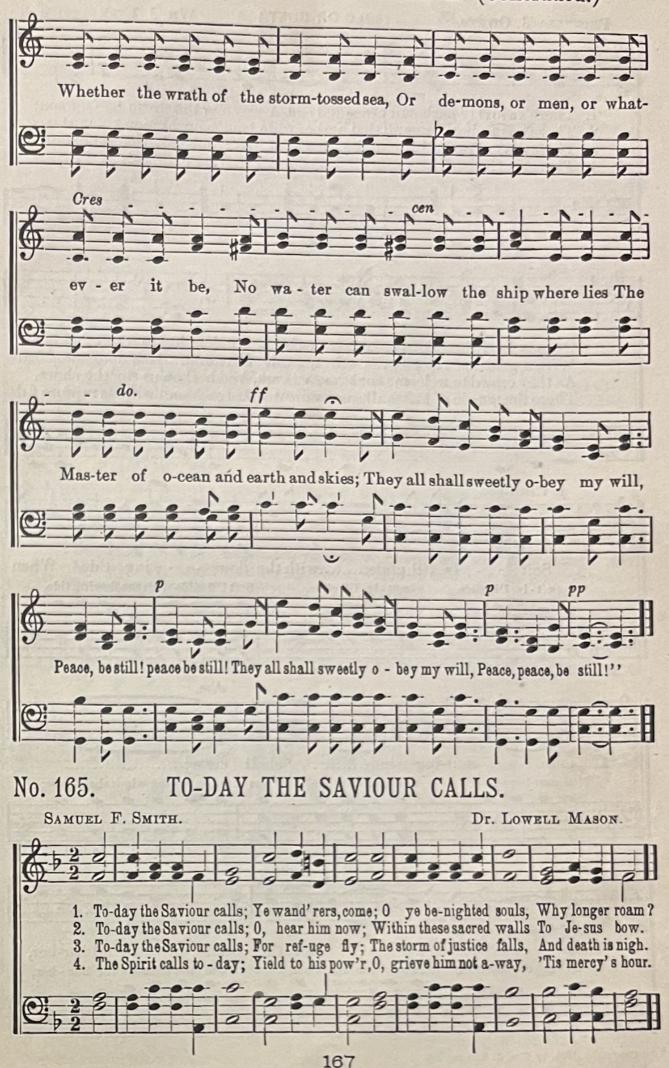


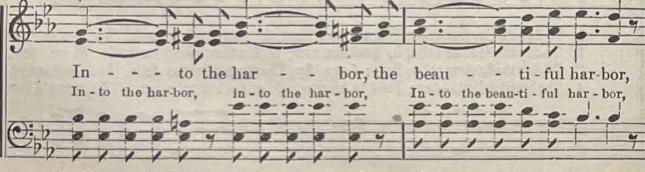
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. No. 162. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. S. BARING-GOULD. f Briskly. 1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the 2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the 3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can In the tri-umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and sus Je of cross Je sus Church of ces ours your voi Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own promise, hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This through countless a - ges CHORUS. See, his ban-ners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to And that can-not fail. Men and an- gels sing. -0be - fore. Je Go - ing on With the cross of - sus war,





# MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING. (Concluded.)





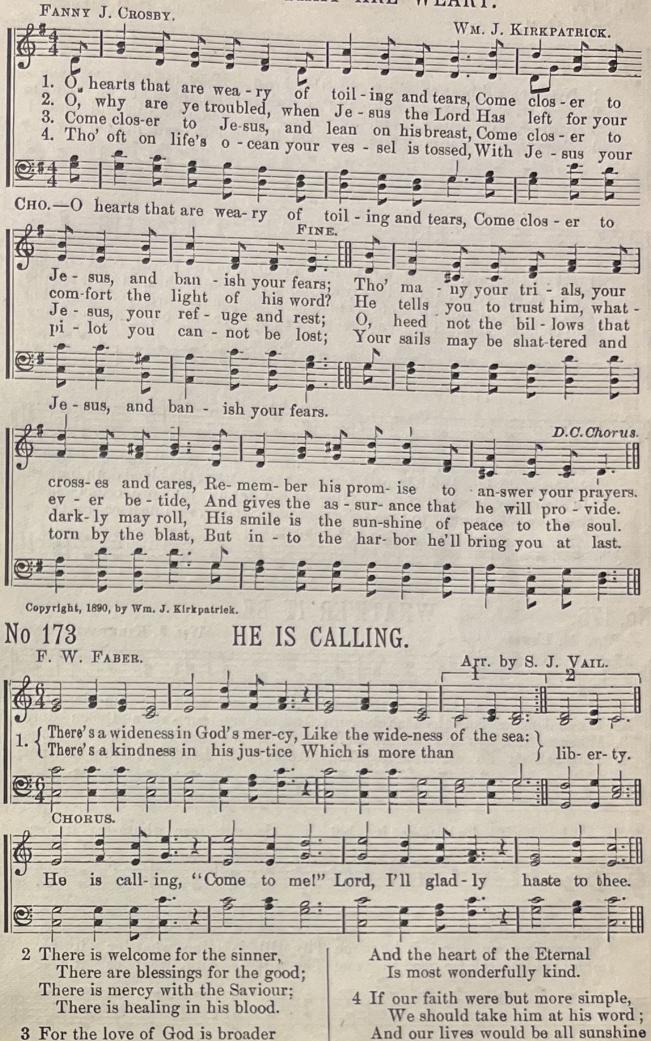
# THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR. (Concluded.)



## I'll BE THERE. (Concluded.)

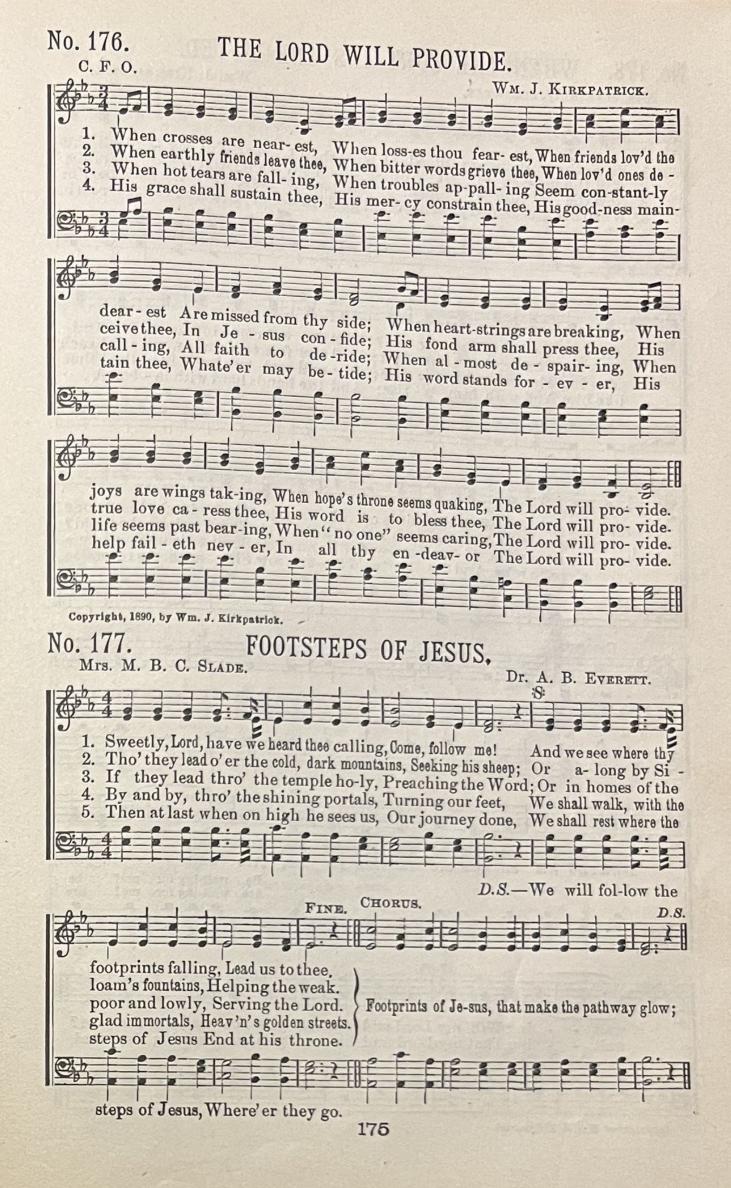


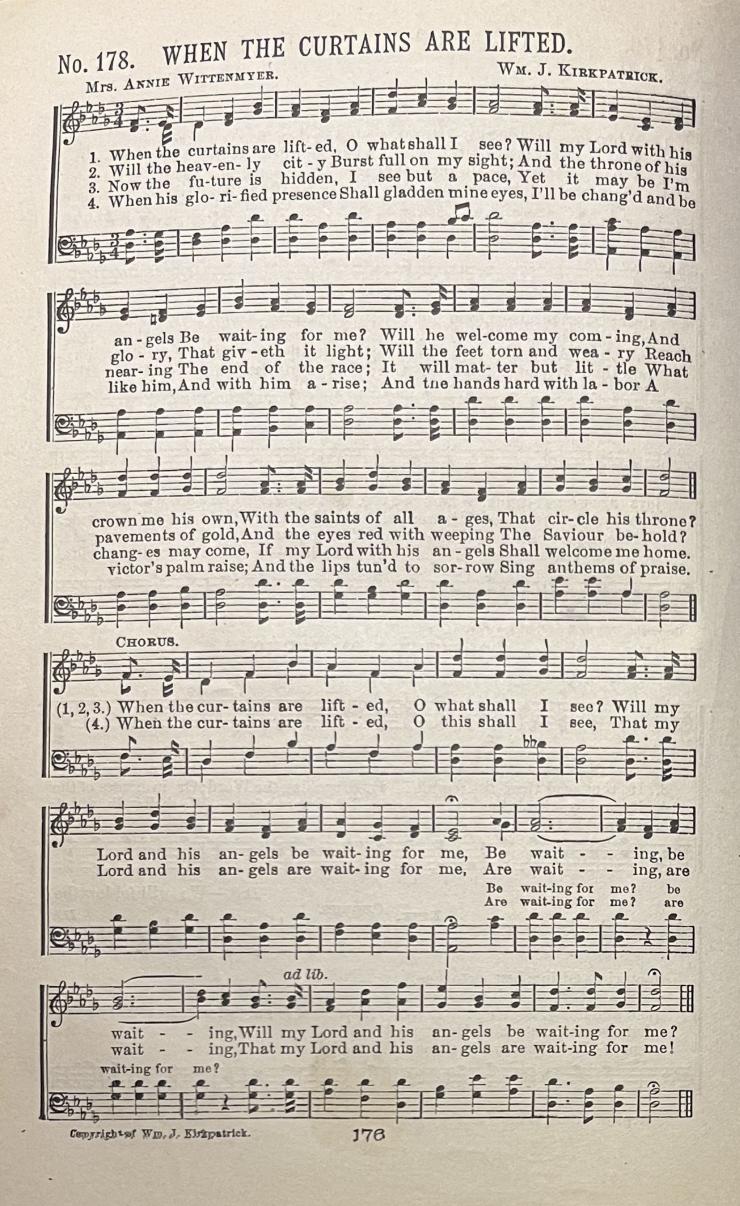




Than the measure of man's mind;

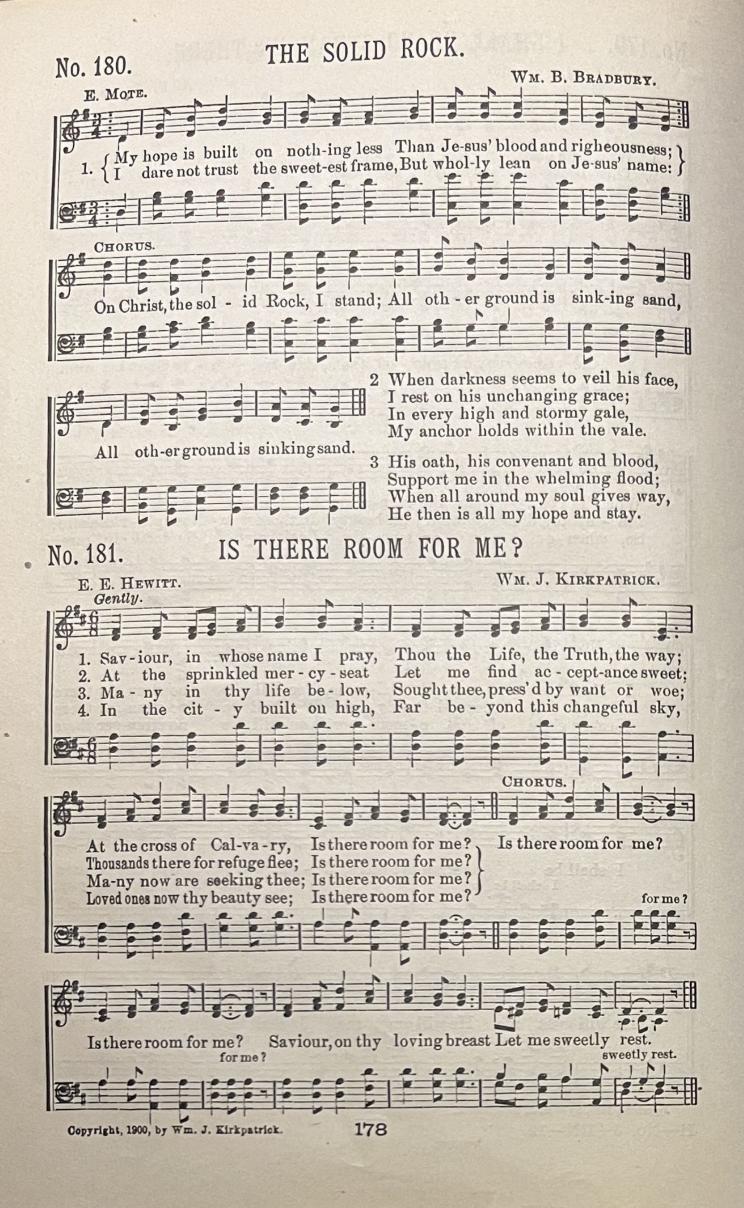
In the sweetness of our Lord.

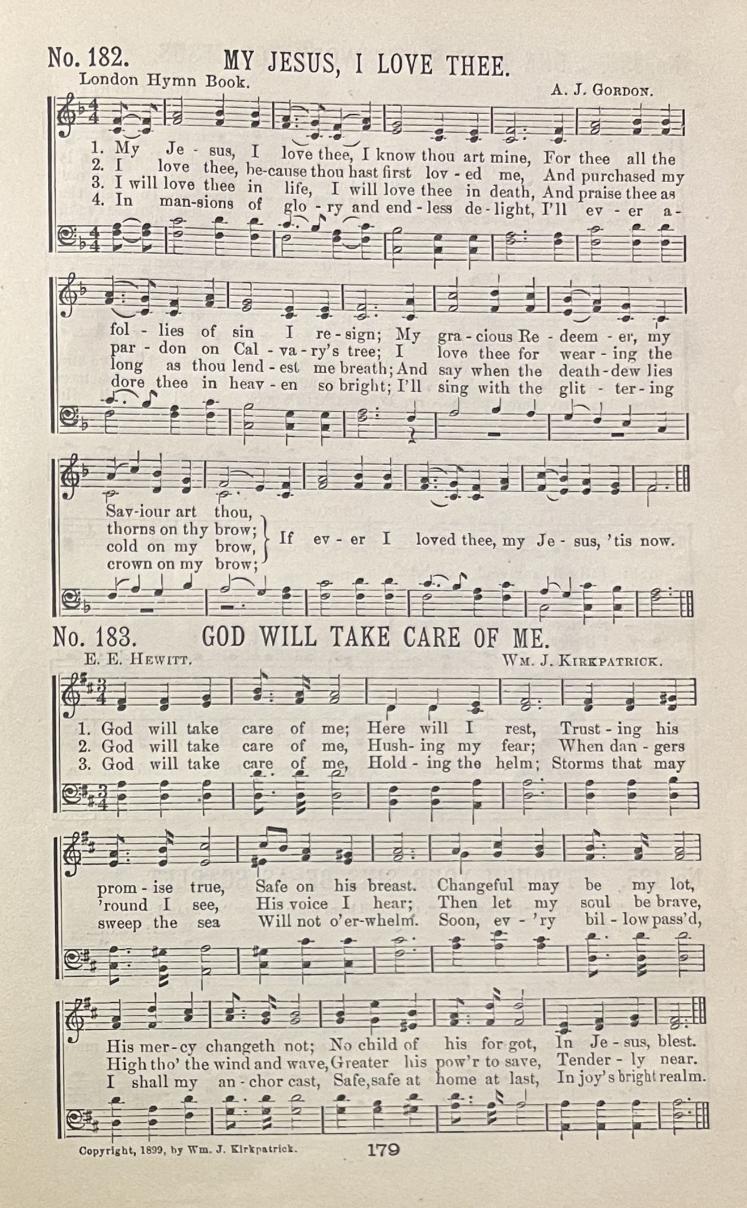




## No. 179. I SHALL BE NO STRANGER THERE.



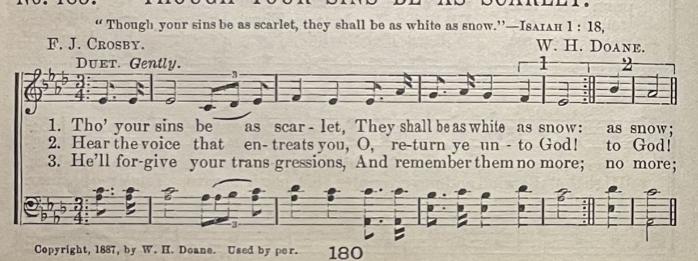




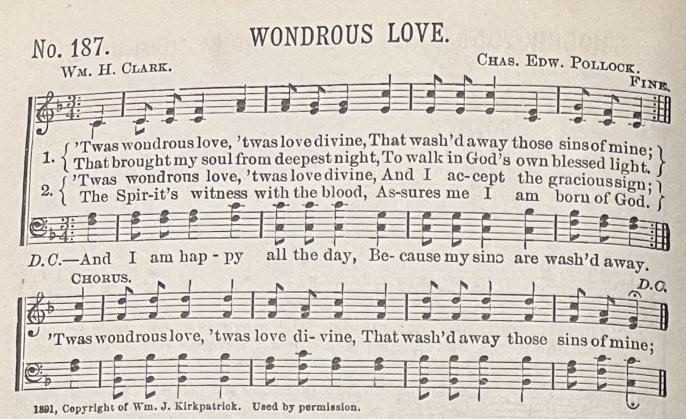
# No. 184. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.



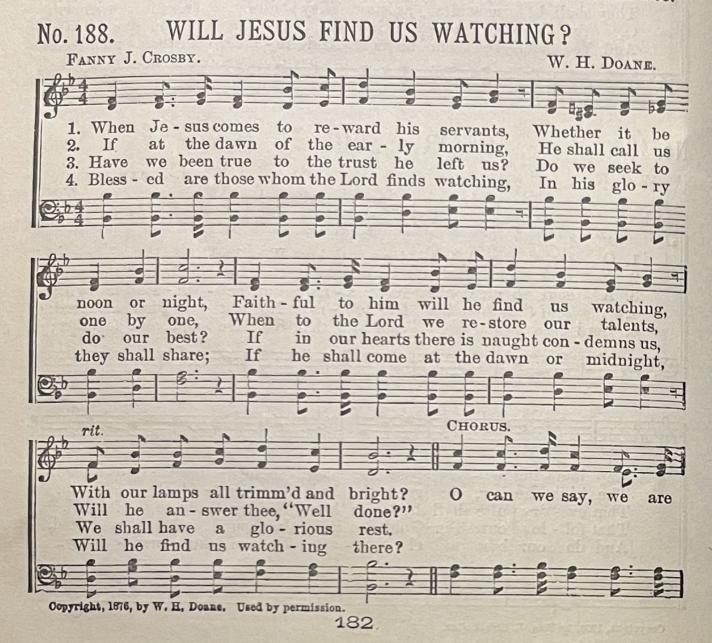
#### No. 185. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.





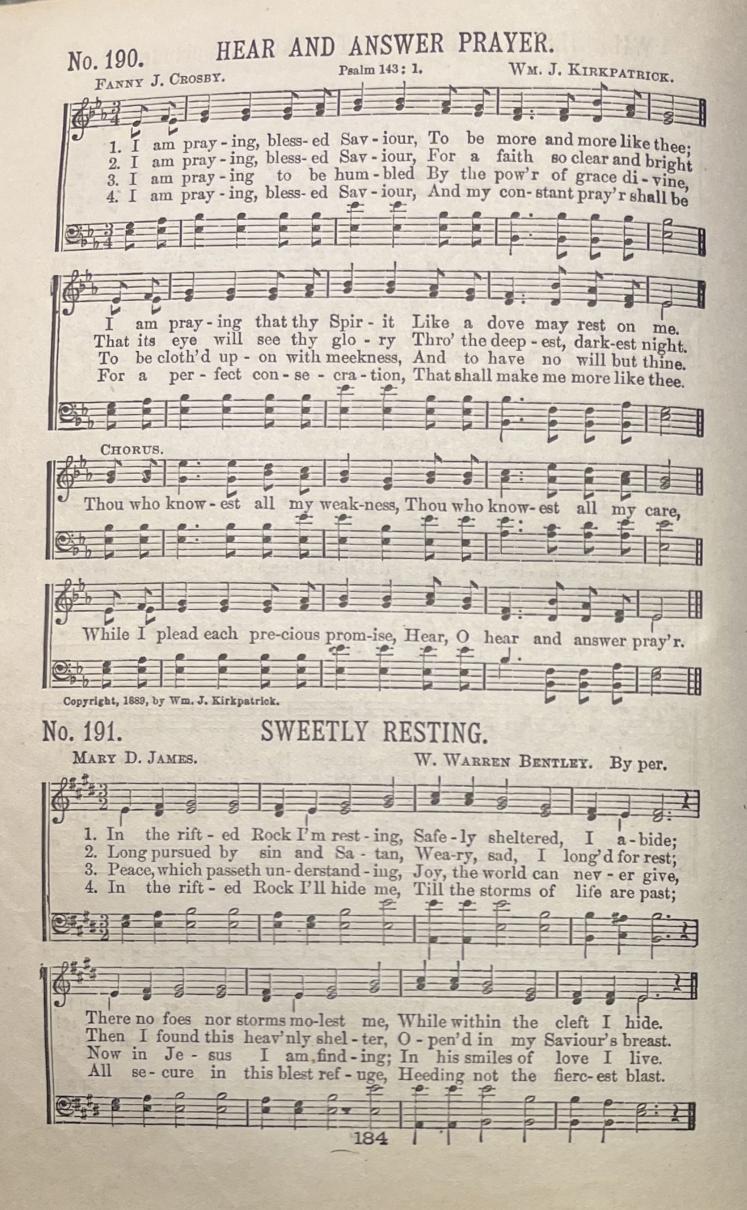


- 3 'Twas wondrous love,' twas love divine,
  That drew this wand'ring heart of mine
  To thee, dear Lord, that I may be
  A branch that beareth fruit for thee.
- 4 'Twas wondrous love,'twas love divine,
  'Twas God the Father's grand design;
  And heaven is filled with joy to know
  A soul's redeemed from endless woe.



# WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? (Concluded.)



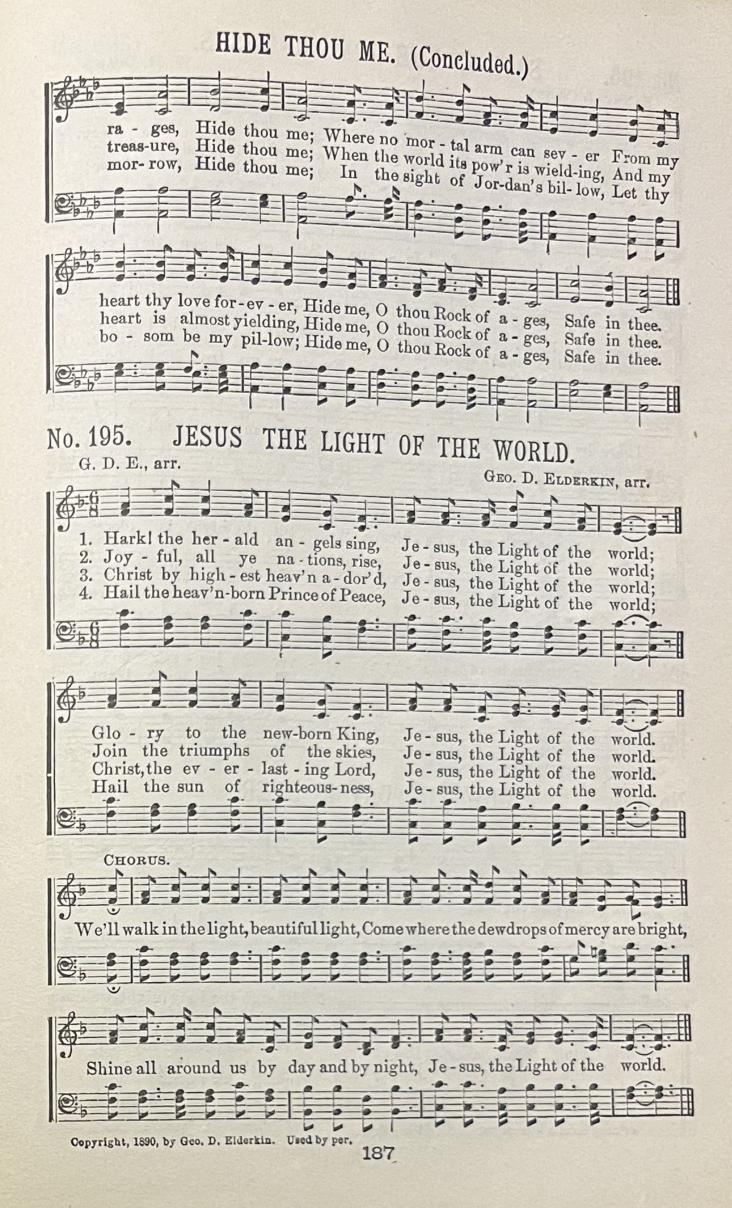


SWEETLY RESTING. (Concluded.) CHORUS. Now I'm rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me: Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in thee. No. 192. PRECIOUS NAME. Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. DOANE. 1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe:

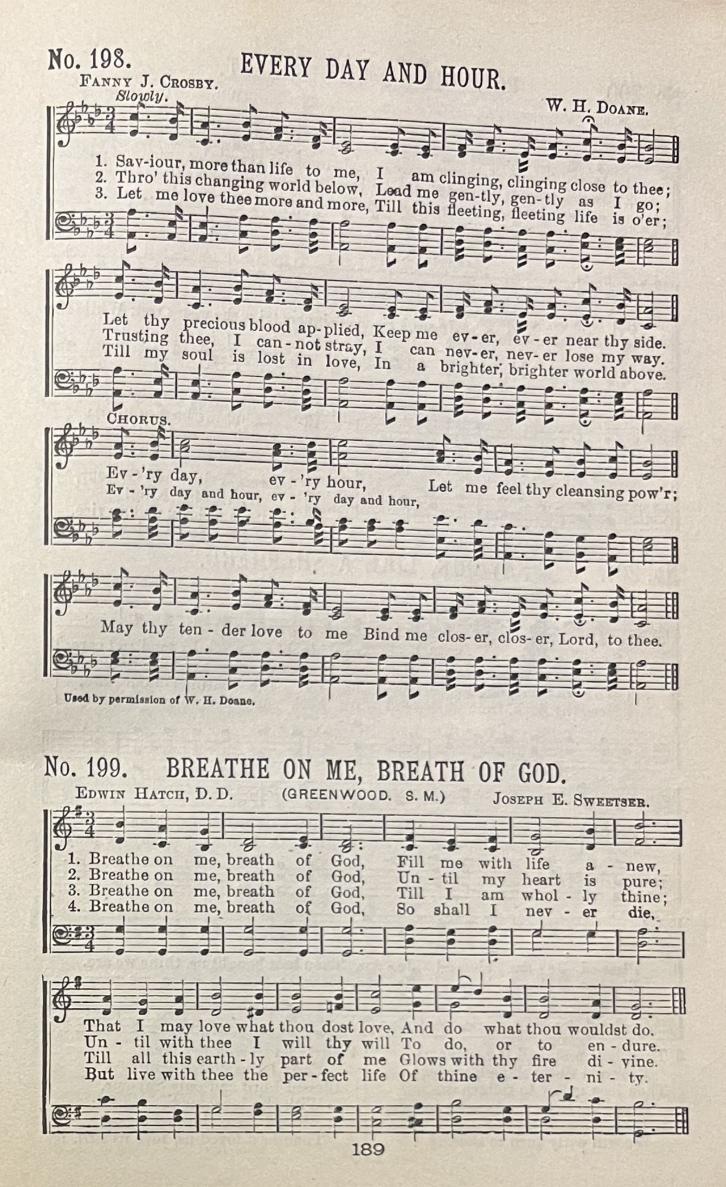
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;

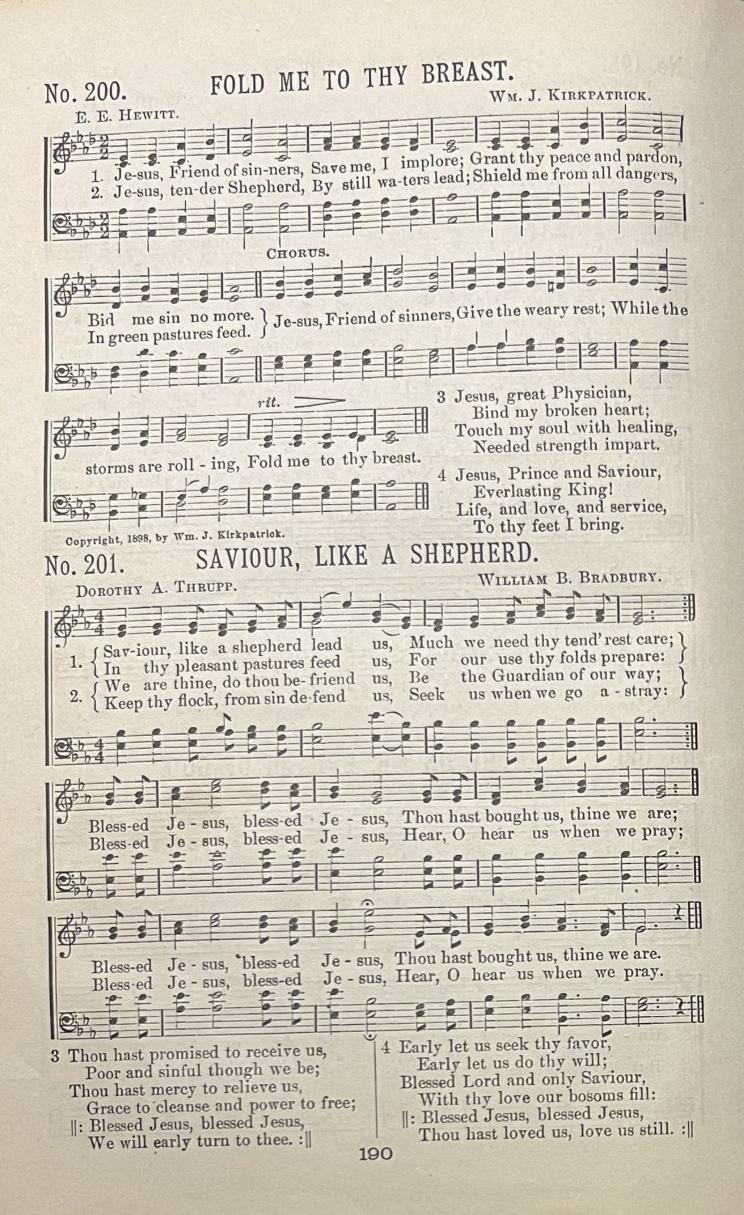
3. O! the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at his feet, will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go. It If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When his lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ! King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour - ney is com-plete. CHORUS. Precious name. O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy Precious name, O how sweet Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n. Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet, Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. 185



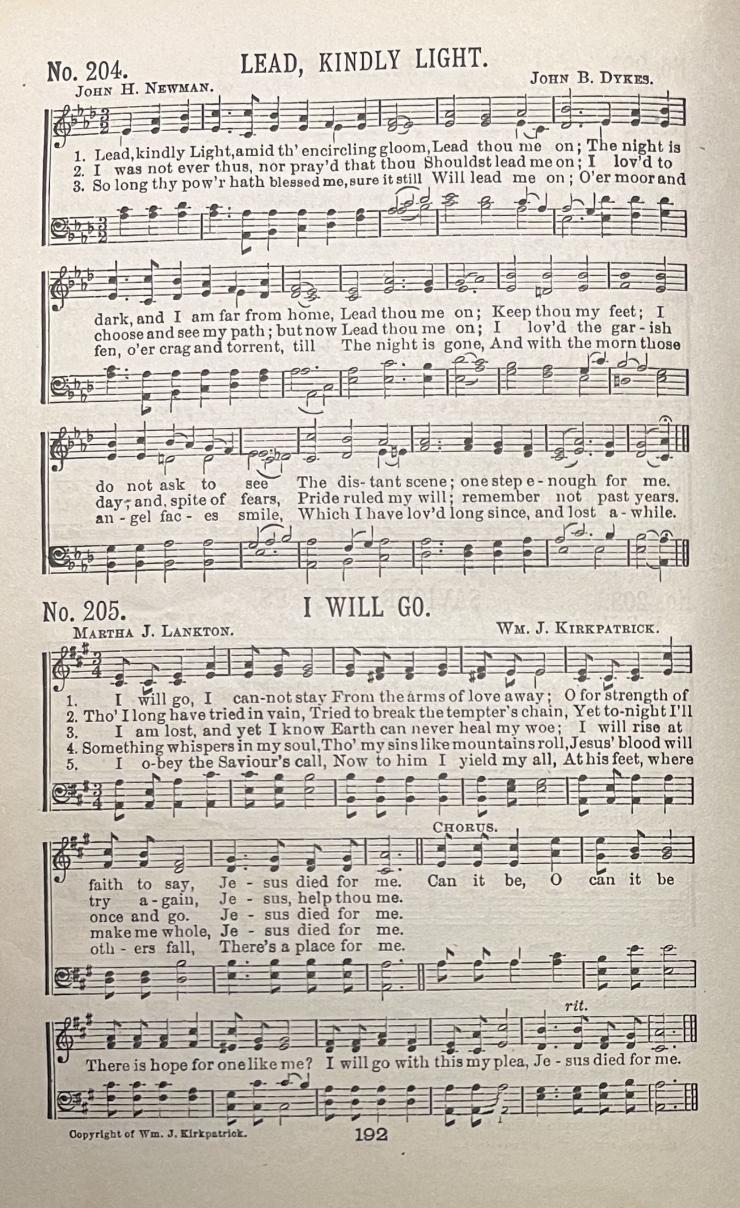




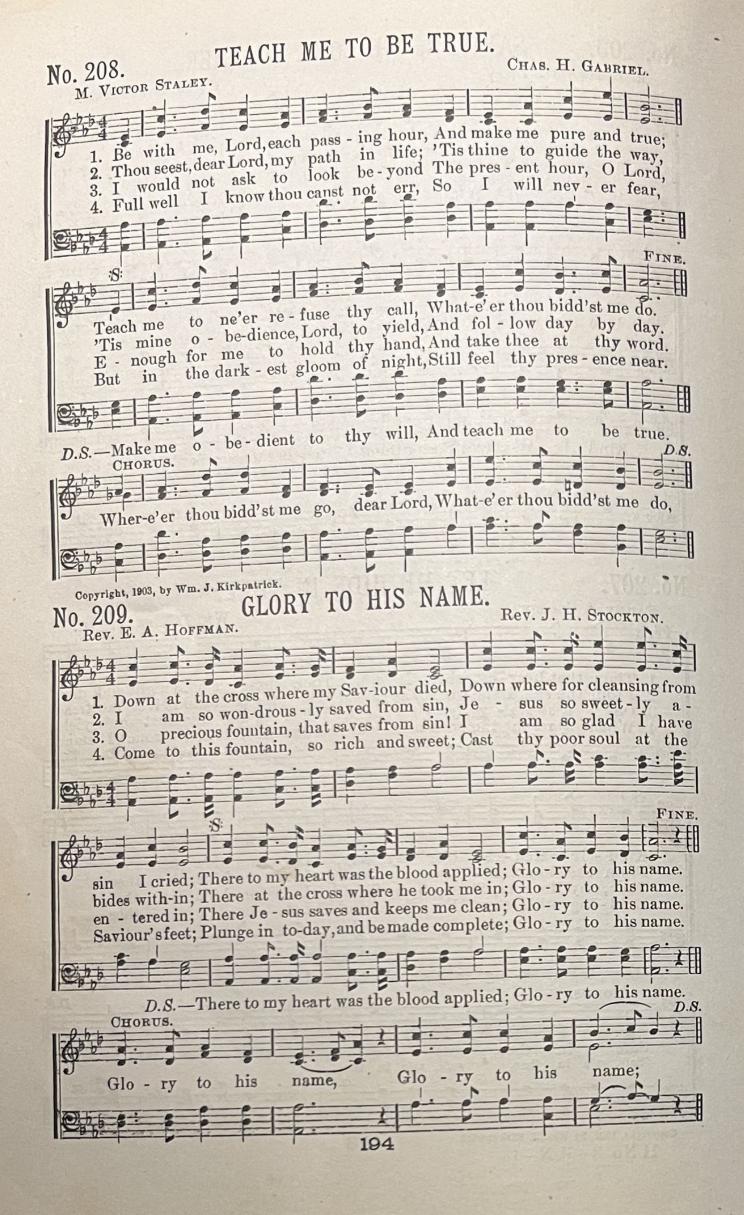




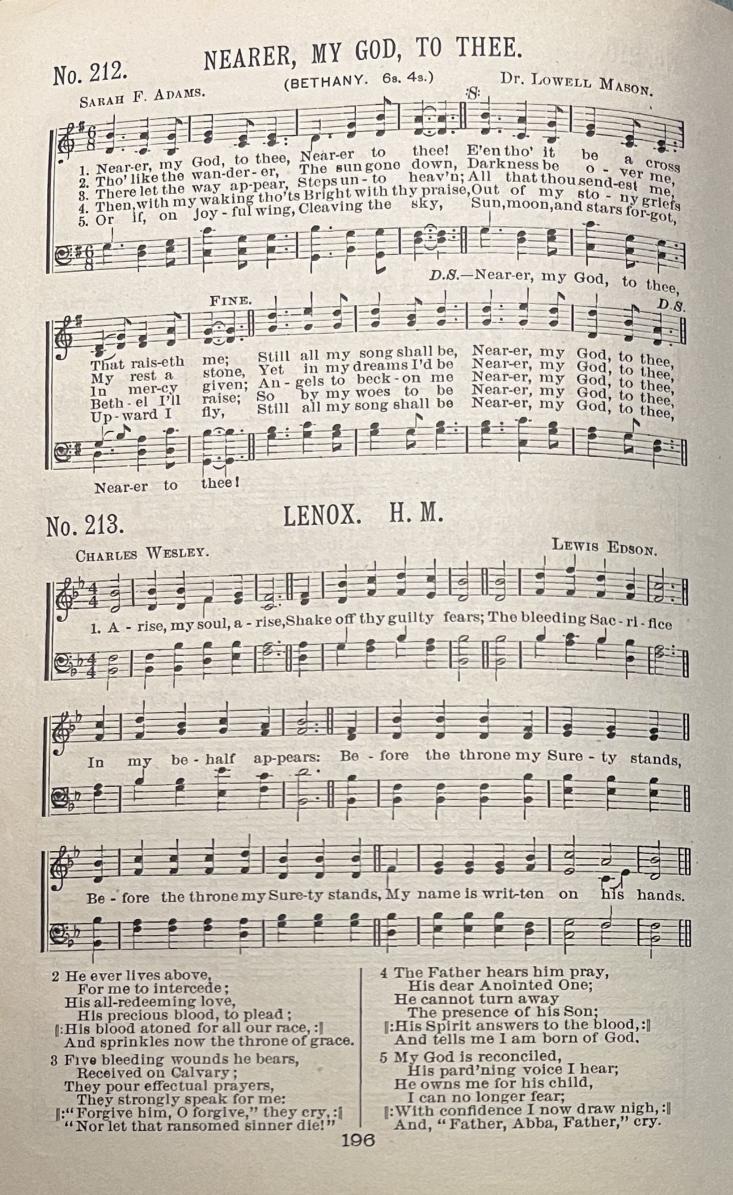














No. 215. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
  That saw the Lord arise;
  Welcome to this reviving breast,
  And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day: Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
  Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
  Is sweeter than ten thousand days
  In sinful pleasures spent.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
  In such a frame as this,
  And sit and sing herself away
  To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 216. How Gentle God's Commands!

- 1 How gentle God's commands!

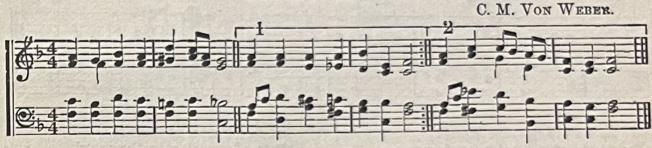
  How kind his precepts are!

  Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,

  And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
  His saints securely dwell;
  That hand which bears all nature up
  Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? Haste to your heavenly Father's tl. rone, And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day: I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE,

### SEYMOUR. 7s.



## No. 217. Softly Now the Light of Day.

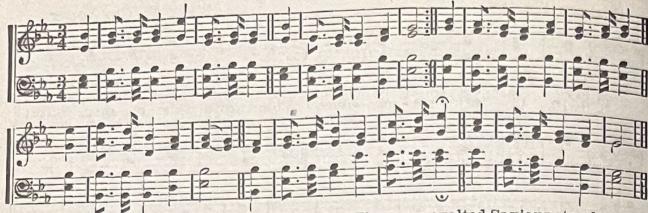
- 1 Softly now the light of day
  Fades upon our sight away:
  Free from care, from labor free,
  Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou whose all-pervading eye Naught escapes, without, within, Pardon each infirmity, Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon from us the light of day
  Shall forever pass away;
  Then, from sin and sorrow free,
  Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

  GEORGE W. DOANE.

### No. 218. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

- 1 Day by day the manna fell: O to learn this lesson well! Still by constant mercy fed, Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 Lord! my times are in thy hand: All my sanguine hopes have planned, To thy wisdom I resign, And would make thy purpose mine.
- Thou my daily task shalt give:
  Day by day to thee I live;
  So shall added years fulfill,
  Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.



No. 219. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:

There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 220. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M. HANDEL.

No. 221. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love. NO. 222. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

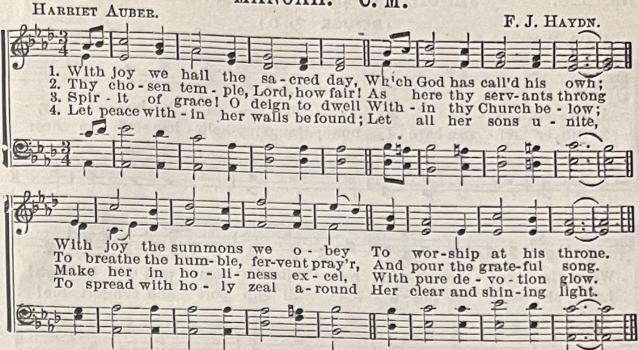
2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find, Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.

3 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord, Be thou forever near; Teach me to love thy sacred word, And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

ISAAC WATTS.



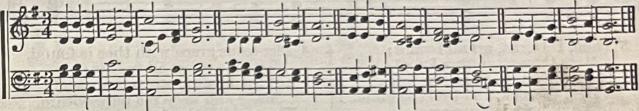
No. 224. There is No Sorrow.

- 1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to thee: There is no anxious care too slight To wake thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road Wilt share each small distress The love which bore the greater load Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe But meets thine ear divine; And every cross grows light beneath The shadow, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within, The heart would overflow, But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe. JANE CREWDSON.

No. 225. Thou Art the Way.

- 1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
  True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
  Proclaims thy conquering arm;
  And those who put their trust in thee
  Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
  Grant us that Way to know,
  That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
  Whose joys eternal flow. GEORGE W. DOANE,

ST. AGNES. C. M. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 226. There is An Eye.

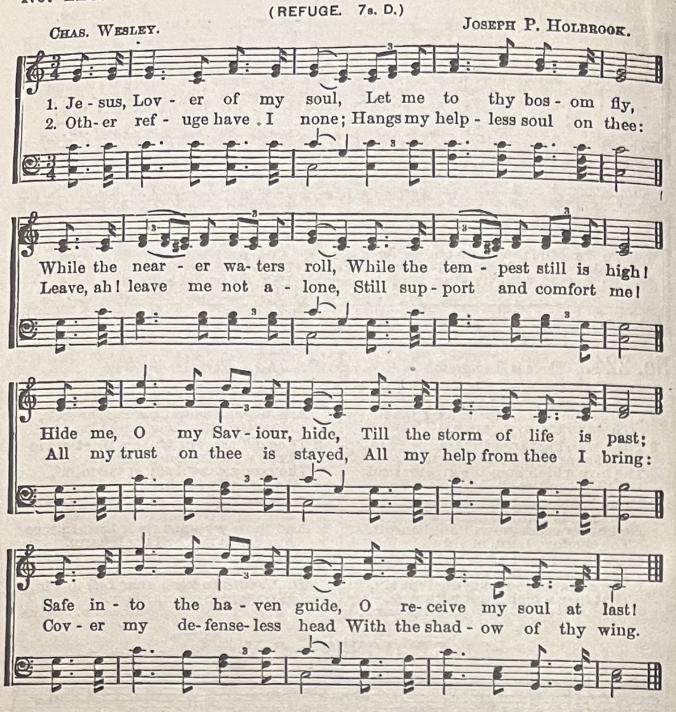
- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps Beneath the shades of night; There is an ear that never shuts, When sink the beams of light,
- 2 There is an arm that never tires, When human strength gives way; There is a love that never fails, When earthly loves decay.
- 3 But there's a power which man can wield, When mortal aid is vain, That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That list'ning ear to gain.
- 4 That power is prayer, which soars on high, Through Jesus, to the throne, And moves the hand which moves the | world, To bring salvation down. JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

No. 227. Jesus, the Very Thought.

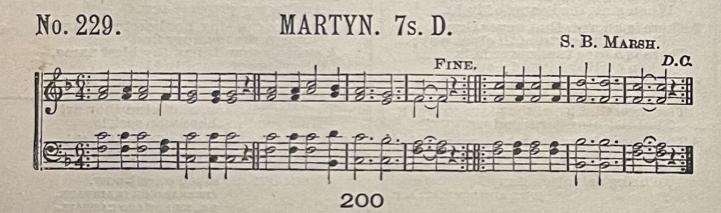
- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek, To those who ask, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Jesus, what it is, None but his loved ones know. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL

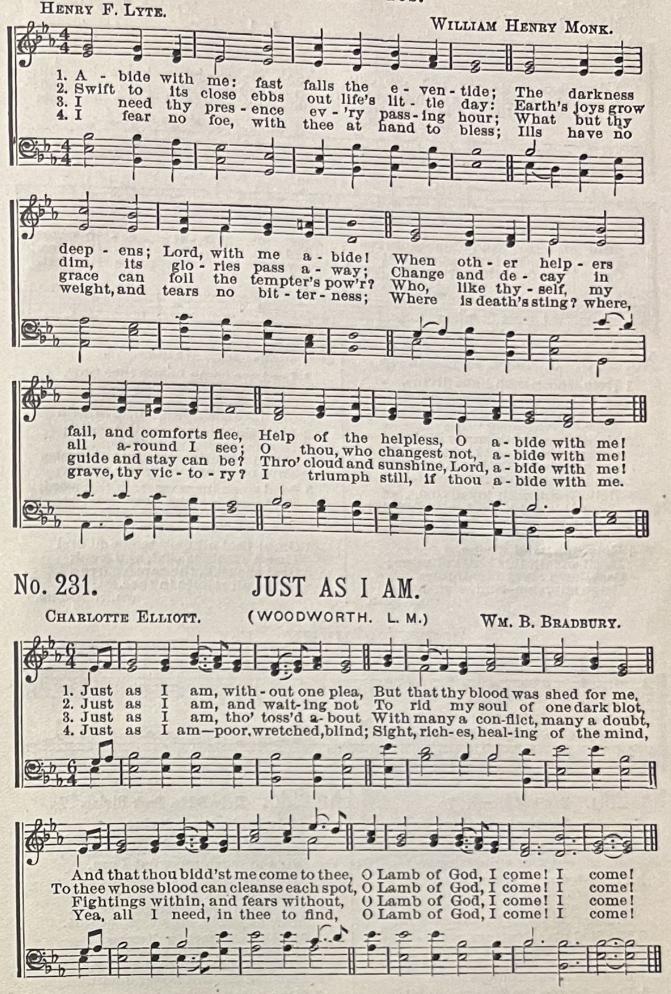
No. 228.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

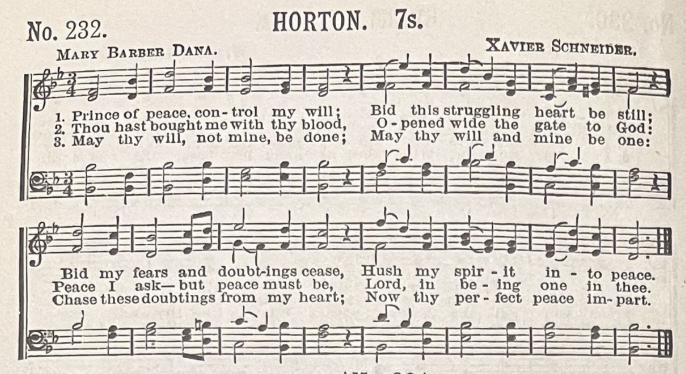


- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in thee I find;
  Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
  Just and holy is thy name;
  I am all unrighteousness:
  False, and full of sin, I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin:
  Let the healing streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within.
  Thou of life the fountain art;
  Freely let me take of thee:
  Spring thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity!





- 5 Just as I am thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken ev'ry barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



No. 233. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down every idol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone. ANDREW REED.

No. 234. Lord, We Come.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O! do not our suit disdain; Shail we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend: In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gracious God, and kind; Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.



No. 235. Depth of Mercy. 78.

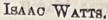
- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are; Me he now delights to spare; Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands, Shows his wounds, and spreads his God is love! I know, I feel; [hands; Jesus weeps and loves me still.

No. 236. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O thou holy book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

CHARLES WESLEY





No. 238. Jesus Shall Reign. L.M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at his feet; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms, of every tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

name.

No. 239. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crowa?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
ISAAC WAFTS.

## HAMBURG. L. M.



### No. 240. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

- 1 Lord, Lam thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine would I be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die, Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past, beyond repeal, Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God, Thee my new Master now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
  The great engagement to perform;
  Thy grace can full assistance lend,
  And on that grace I dare depend.

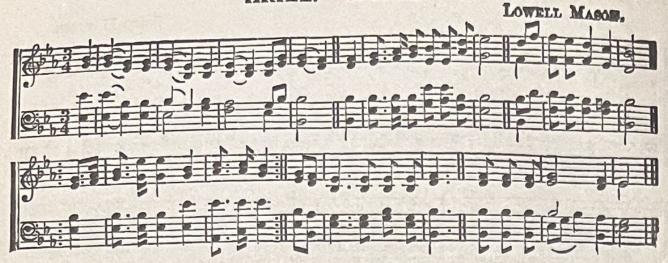
  SAMUEL DAVIES.

## No. 241. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon: "Tis midnight with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

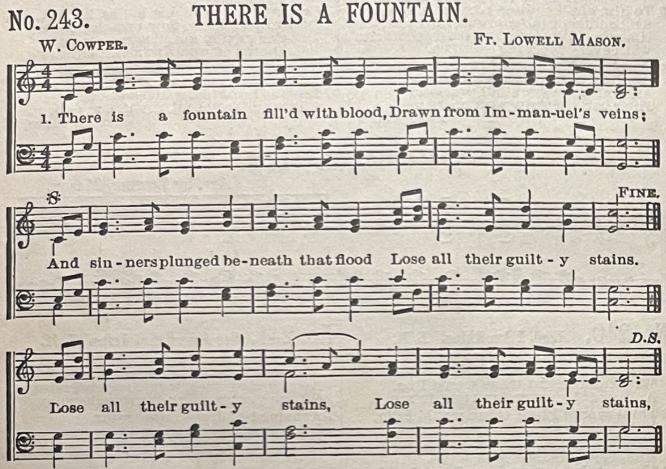


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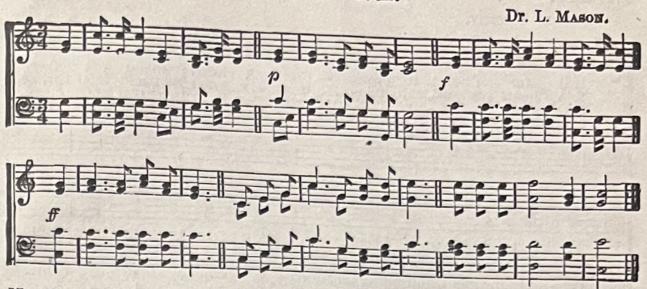
O Could I Speak.

- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
  O could I sound the glories forth,
  Which in my Saviour shine!
  I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
  And vie with Gabriel while he sings
  In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
  My ransom from the dreadful guilt
  Of sin and wrath divine:
  I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
  In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
  My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
  And all the forms of love he wears,
  Exalted on his throne:
  In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
  I would to everlasting days
  Make all his glories known.
- Well, the delightful day will come
  When my dear Lord will bring me home,
  And I shall see his face;
  Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
  A blest eternity I'll spend,
  Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
  And there may I, though vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power Till all the ransomed Church of Gcd Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I'll sing thy power to save,
  When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.



No. 244. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace, For evermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.

8 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

No. 245. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

And press with vigor on:

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey: Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way. 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

No. 246. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one To bless the sacred name Of him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTE.

No. 247.

### I'M GOING HOME.

WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.

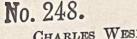


- 2 My Father's house is built on high: Far, far above the starry sky; When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 8 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,

Be mine a happier lot, to own A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, All nature sink and cease to be, That heavenly mansion stands for me.







### No. 249. O for a Faith. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by ev'ry foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God;
- 8 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this; And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

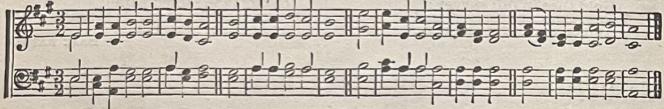
### No. 250. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord: I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

#### C. M. AZMON.

C. G. GLASER.



## No. 251. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own: Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th'atonement of thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

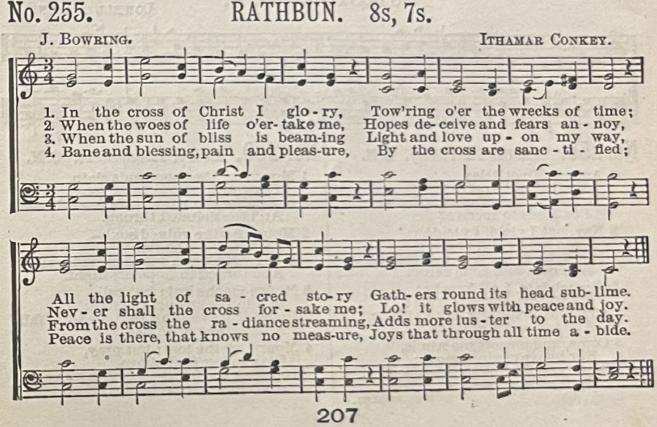
### No. 252. The Dearest Name. C. M.

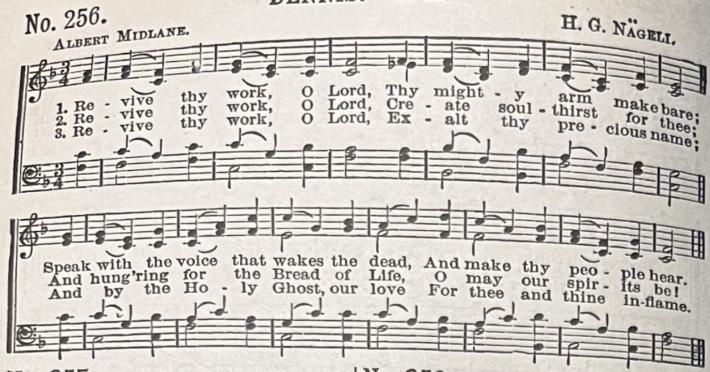
- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place; My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring! JOHN NEWTON,







No. 257. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

IOHN FAWCETT.

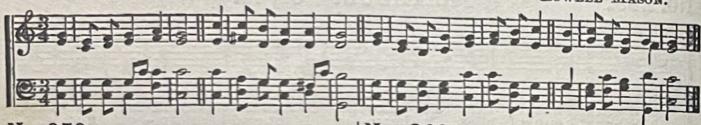
No. 258. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill,
  O may it all my powers engage,
  To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And O. thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely,
  Assured, if I my trust betray,
  I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

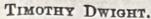
LOWELL MASON.

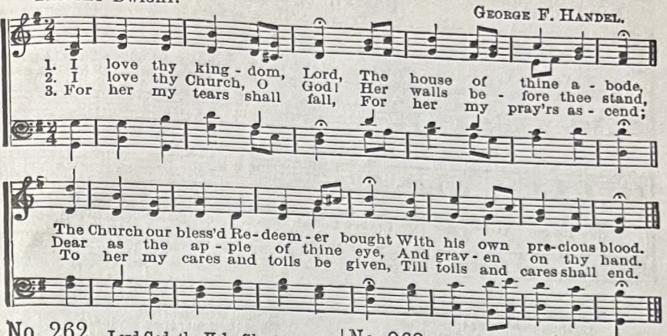


No. 259. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
  My little all to give?
  To tear my soul from earth away For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
  I can hold out no more:
  I sink, by dying love compelled,
  And own thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake; My friends, my all resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, O take, And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence again remove: Settle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love. CHAS. WESLEY.

- No. 260. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.
  - 1 Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign. And the deluded throng.
  - 2 Mourn for the ruined soul-Eternal life and light Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.
  - 3 Mourn for the lost; but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the refuge flee.
  - 4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
    Pray to our God above,
    To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his saving love.





No. 262. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost! In this accepted hour, As on the day of Pentecost, Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord In our appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind: One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

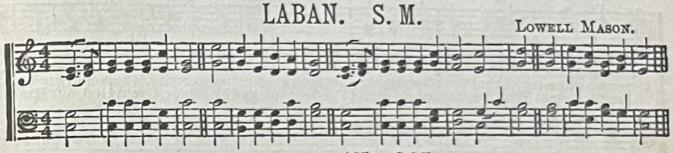
No. 263. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to my ear! Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heavenly road And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise. P. DODDRIDGE.



No. 264. Spirit of Faith.

> 1 Spirit of faith, come down, Reveal the things of God; And make to us the Godhead known, And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t'apply, And give us eyes to see, Who did for every sinner die Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know The all-atoning Lamb! Spirit of faith, descend, and show The virtue of his name.

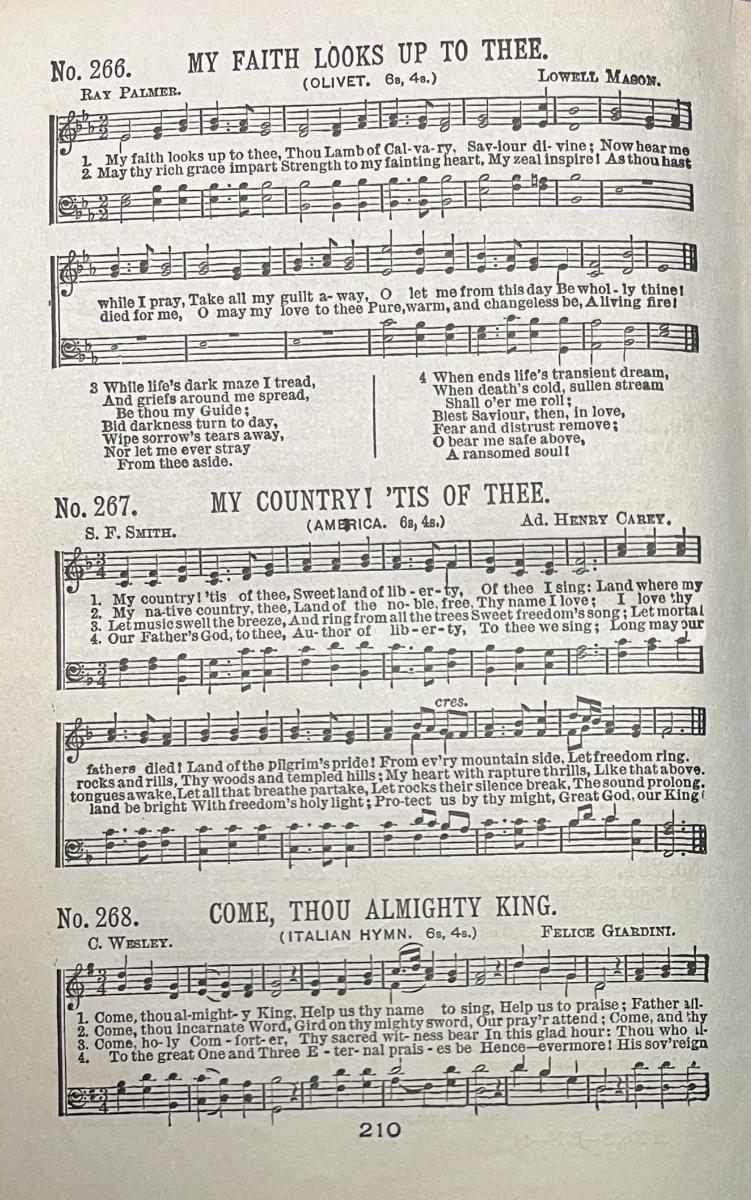
4 The grace which all may find, The saving power, impart; And testify to all mankind, And speak in every heart, CHARLES WESLEY. No. 265. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise, The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

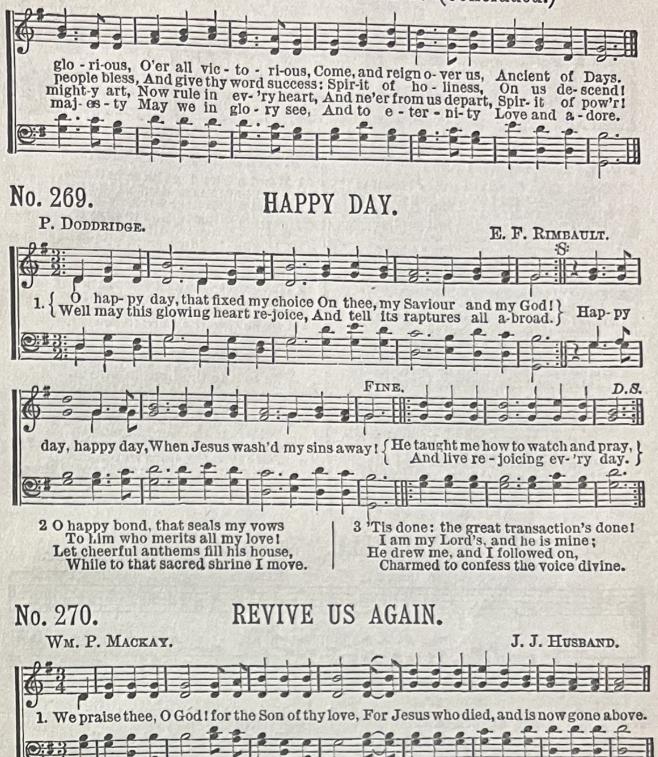
2 O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er, Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

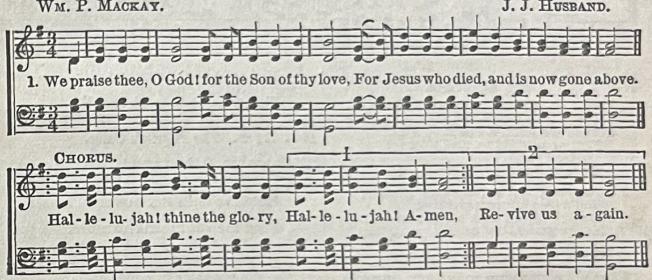
8 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down: The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To his divine abode. GEORGE HEATH,



## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)





- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace. Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.



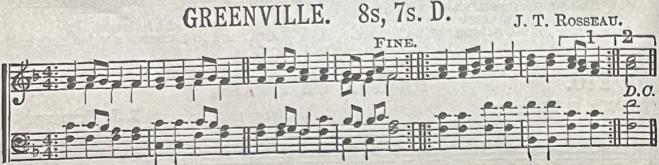
### No. 271. Come. Thou Fount.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
  Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
  Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
  Call for songs of loudest praise.
  Teach me some melodious sonnet,
  Sung by flaming tongues above;
  Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
  Mount of thy redeeming love!
- And I hope, by thy help, I'm come;
  And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
  Safely to arrive at home.

  Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
  Wand'ring from the fold of God:
  He, to rescue me from danger,
  Interposed his precious blood!
- 2 O! to grace how great a debtor,
  Daily I'm constrained to be!
  Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
  Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
  Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
  Prone to leave the God I love;
  Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
  Seal it for thy courts above.
  R. ROBINSON.

## No. 272. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
  All our sins and griefs to bear!
  What a privilege to carry
  Everything to God in prayer!
  O what peace we often forfelt,
  O what needless pain we bear—All because we do not carry
  Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
  Is there trouble anywhere?
  We should never be discouraged,
  Take it to the Lord in prayer.
  Can we find a friend so faithful,
  Who will all our sorrows share?
  Jesus knows our every weakness,
  Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
  Cumbered with a load of care?
  Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
  Take it to the Lord in prayer.
  Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
  Take it to the Lord in prayer;
  In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
  Thou wilt find a solace there.
  JOSEPH SCRIVEN.



## No. 273. Come, Ye Sinners.

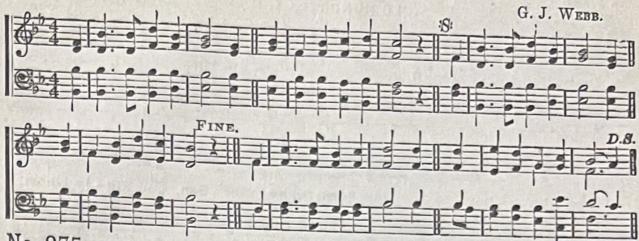
- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
  Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
  Jesus ready stands to save you,
  Full of pity, love, and power:
  He is able,
  He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- S Let not conscience make you linger,
  Nor of fitness fondly dream;
  All the fitness he requireth
  Is to feel your need of him:
  This he gives you;
  'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
JOSEPH HART.

### No. 274. The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
  Pilgrim through this barren land;
  I am weak, but thou art mighty;
  Hold me with thy powerful hand:
  Bread of heaven,
  Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
  Whence the healing waters flow;
  Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
  Lead me all my journey through:
  Strong Deliv'rer,
  Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
  Bid my anxious fears subside;
  Bear me through the swelling current;
  Land me safe on Canaan's side:
  Songs of praises
  I will ever give to thee.
  WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

## WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.



No. 275. Stand Up for Jesus !

0

- Ye soldiers of the cross;
  Lift high his royal banner,
  It must not suffer loss:
  From vict'ry unto vict'ry
  His army he shall lead,
  Till every foe is vanquished,
  And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
  Stand in his strength alone;
  The arm of flesh will fail you;
  Ye dare not trust your own:
  Put on the gospel armor,
  And, watching unto prayer,
  Where duty calls or danger,
  Be never wanting there.
- 8 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
  The strife will not be long;
  This day the noise of battle,
  The next the victor's song:
  To him that overcometh,
  A crown of life shall be;
  He with the King of glory
  Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. IR.

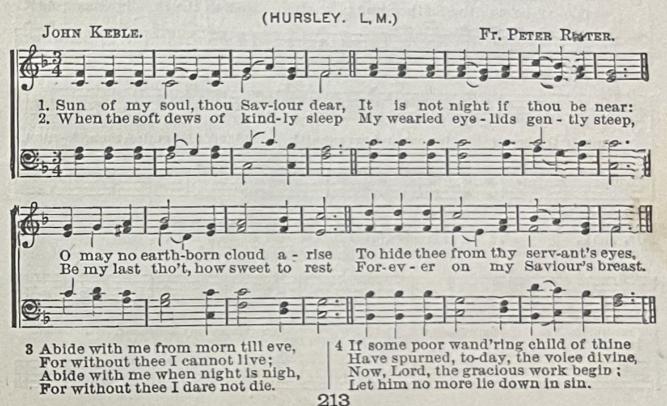
No. 276. The Morning Light.

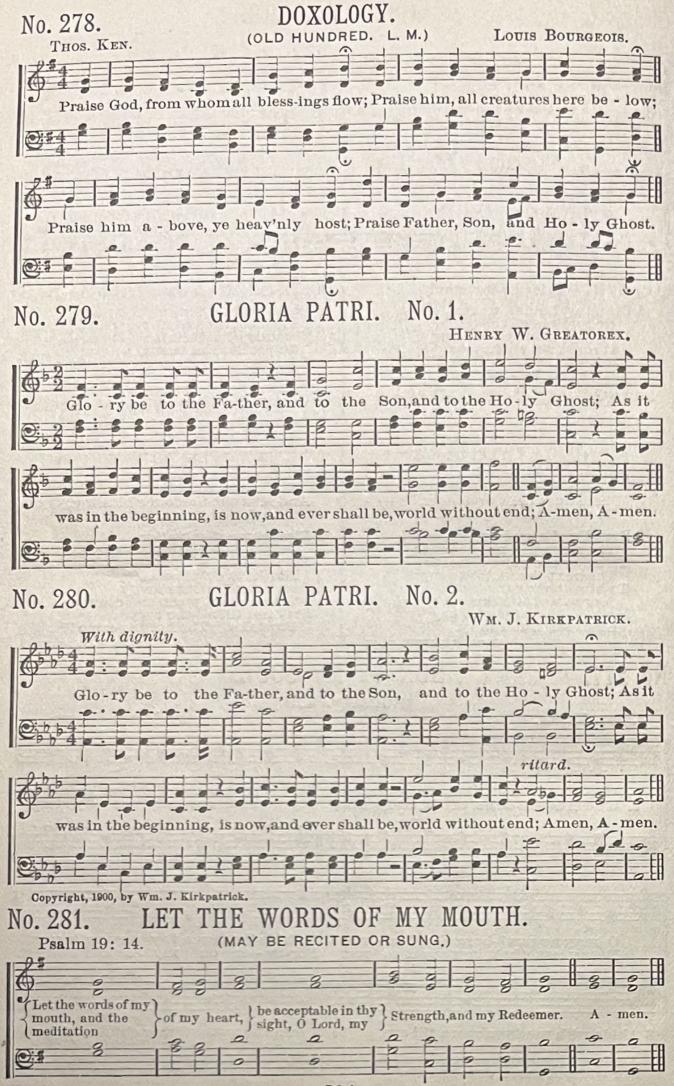
- 1 The morning light is breaking;
  The darkness disappears;
  The sons of earth are waking
  To penitential tears:
  Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
  Brings tidings from afar,
  Of nations in commotion,
  Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
- Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thine onward way;
  Flow thou to every nation,
  Nor in thy richness stay:
  Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
  Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

  SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 277.

### SUN OF MY SOUL.





I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the

right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

## No. 283. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX. 3-17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before | thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his

name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it

thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness

against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 284.

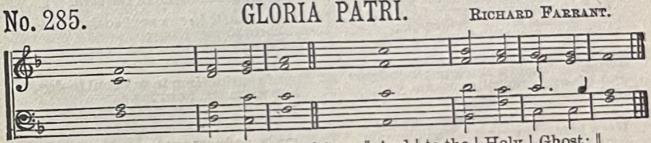
### THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ev-er. | A- | men.



HORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son: | And | to the | Holy | Ghost; | As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | World | without | end.

A- | men.

215

No. 286. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 167. Key Ab. No. 289. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 185. Key E. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Redeemed through his infinite mercy-His child, and forever, I am.

#### CHORUS.

Redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.

- 2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus; No language my rapture can tell, I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
- 3 I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long; I sing, for I cannot be silent— His love is the theme of my song.
- 4 I know I shall see in his beauty
  The King in whose law I delight,
  Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
  And giveth me songs in the night, FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 287. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 139. Key D. 1 Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.

### CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, Cleanse me in its purifying flood; Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be Thine henceforth eternally.

- 2 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only for my King.
- 3 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages for thee; Take my silver and my gold—Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Tak my intellect, and use Every power as thou shalt choose. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 288. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 141. Key Dp.

1 God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you, With his sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet again.

### CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again!

- 2 God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you, Daily manna still provide you; God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms unfailing round you; God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again! Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before vou

God be with you till we meet again. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away. It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity, grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay

  The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my self away-'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 290. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 23. Key A. 1 All praise to him who reigns above, In majesty supreme; Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man redeem.

### CHORUS.

- : Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!:
- 2 His name above all names shall stand, Exalted more and more, At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts adore.
- 3 His name shall be the Counselor, The mighty Prince of Peace; Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.
- 4 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man Once ruined by the fall, Thou hast devised salvation's plan, For thou hast died for all.

W. H. CLARK.

No. 291. Tune.-Y. P. H. No. 1, 11. Key Ab. 1 There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glorious and bright Than glows in any earthly sky, For Jesus is my light.

O, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine, While the peaceful, happy moments roll: When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day, A carol to my King; And Jesus, listening, can hear

The songs I cannot sing.

- 3 There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace appear.
- 4 There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love, For blessings which he gives me now, For joys laid up above.

E. E. HEWITT.

No. 292. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 10. Key Db.

1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed example-

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring!

CHORUS.

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the

Stepping in the light, stepping in the

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

Pressing more closely to him who is leading

When we are tempted to turn from the way

Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us-

Happy, how happy, our praises each

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbear-Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and love:

Looking to him for the grace freely promised-

Happy, how happy, our journey above! E. E. HEWITT.

## No. 293. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 45. Key Ab.

1 More about Jesus would I know, More of his grace to others show, More of his saving fullness see, More of his love who died for me.

### CHORUS.

More, more about Jesus. More, more about Jesus; More of his saving fullness see, More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn, More of his holy will discern; Spirit of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus, in his word Holding communion with my Lord; Hearing his voice in ev'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus, on his throne Riches in glory all his own, More of his kingdom's sure increase, More of his coming, Prince of Peace. E. E. HEWITT.

No. 294. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 236. Key G.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne, While ye surround his throne.

#### CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; : But children of the heavenly King: : May speak their joys abroad .: |

3 The hill of Zion yields

A thousand sacred sweets : Before we reach the heavenly fields: |: Or walk the golden streets.:|

4 Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; |: We're marching through Immanuel's ground : |: To fairer worlds on high.:|

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 295. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 91. Key D.

1 Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a foretaste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

### CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight; Angels, descending, bring from above Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love. Filled with his goodness, lost in his love. FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 296. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 133. Key C.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone. In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath. When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown And behold thee on thy throne-Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee. A. M. TOPLADY.

No. 297. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 183. Key Ab.

I Pass me not, O gentle Saviour! Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.

### CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth beside thee? Whom in heaven but thee? FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 298. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 93. Key Ap.

1 What a fellowship, what a joy divine!

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms;

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine!

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

#### CHORUS.

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

2 O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way! Leaning on the Everlasting Arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day!

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms? I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms, REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 299. Tune.—Y.P.H.No.1,101. Key C.

1 O spread the tidings round,
Wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts
And human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue
Proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!

#### CHORUS.

The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come—
The Holy Ghost from heaven,
The Father's promise given;
O spread the tidings round,
Wherever man is found,
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past,
The morning breaks at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail
And fury of the blast
As o'er the golden hills
The day advances fast—
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo, the great King of kings,
With healing in his wings,
To every captive soul
A full deliverance brings!
And through the vacant cells
The song of triumph rings:
The Comforter has come!
F. BOTTOME, D.D.

No. 300. Tune.-Y. P. H. No. 1, 121. Key Ap.

1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word,
Just to rest upon his promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

#### CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him!
How I've proved him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust him more!

2 O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust his cleansing blood, Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest and joy and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

No. 301. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 119. Key Ex

1 On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er
Meet me there.
Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

#### CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming Meet me there. When the storms of life are o'er On the happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain!
But in heaven no throb of pain,
Meet me there.
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight,
Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring
And the blest forever sing,
In the palace of the King,
Meet me there;
Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart and friend with friend,
In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

No. 302. Tune.—Y. P. H. No. 1, 126. Key Ab.

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal,
bright, and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

#### CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glory of the resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be

J. M. BLACK.

there.

No. 303. Tune.-Y. P. H., 178. Hey Bb.

1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward, Dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS. Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you: He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain: Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus. He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown: Through faith we shall conquer, Though often cast down. He who is our Saviour Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

No. 304. Tune.-Y. P. H., 184. Key F. 1 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone Can turn our hearts from sin; His power alone can sanctify And keep us pure within.

> CHORUS. O Spirit of faith and love! Come in our midst, we pray, And purify each waiting heart; Baptize us with power to-day.

2 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone Can deeper love inspire; His power alone within our souls Can light the sacred fire.

3 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer; His voice can words of comfort speak And still each wave of care H. E. BLAIR,

No. 305. Tune, -Y. P. H., 180. Key A. 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole, I want thee forever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe, Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow! O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies

And help me to make a complete sacri-

fice; I give up myself and whatever I know, O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly en-I wait, blesséd Lord, at thy crucified feet. By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood

flow. O wash me, and I shall be whiter than JAMES NICHOLSON. snow!

No. 306. Tune.-Y. P. H., 167. Key Ab.

Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the story, It did so much for me; And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story: Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it More wonderfully sweet. I love to tell the story, For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy Word.

KATE HANKEY.

No. 307. Tune.-Y.P.H., 153, Key F.

1 My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me; O may I ever faithful be, My Saviour and my God!

CHORUS. I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be! I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God.

2 I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live; And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!

3 O thou who died on Calvary To save my soul and make me free, I consecrate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God! R. E. Hudson.

No. 308. Tune.-Y. P. H. 65. Key Bo.

I Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave, Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

CHORUS. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,

Wakened by kindness Chords that were broken will vibrate once FANNY J. CROSBY. more.

## TOPICAL INDEX.

ACCEPTANCE.	No.	
No.	Crosses twiels 179 175 178	No.
	0105505, 011415 112, 110, 110,	Deeper yet 202
Can it be205, 235	61, 204, 250, 155	Told me to the breast one
Decision259, 213, 94	Day by day the manna 218	Gracious Spirit, love di- 25
I come to thee, 81	Down at the cross 209	Hear and answer prayer 190
Is it there 100	Faith153, 249, 264, 266	Hide thou me
Is there room for me 181	Fellowship257, 294, 298	I am thing
I surrender all 133	God is over all 107	I am thine
I sull erice and go 150 205	God will take care of me 183	Is there room for me? 181
I will arise, and go159, 205		1 Sufferiuer all 199 950
Jesus, Friend of sinners 200	Grace	1 2 2 3 7 9 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1 9 1
Just as I am 231	Had we only sunshine 142	i House the three one
Lord, I'm coming home 91	Happy in a Saviour's 121	Let me lean harder on 114
Make me a child of thine 157	He healeth the broken 39	
Pass me not 297	His grace is sufficient for 8	Make me a child atti
	I belong to the King 111	Make me a child of thine 158
ADMONITION.		My Jesus, I love thee 182
Behold a stranger at the 87	I cannot drift beyond his 43	53 174 010
Give me thy heart 104	If the Saviour journey 92	O Sun OI Digniennianosa 1
	I know he's mine 22	U to be like thee 110
Give thy life to Jesus 59	I know that my Redeem- 11	Prince of Peace control 232
His way with thee 146	I'll go60, 42, 205, 208	Rock of Ages 296
Let Jesus come into your 101	I'll live for him 307	Revive thy work
Patiently pleading 102	I love to tell the story 306	Revive thy work256, 270
Seek ye first the kingd 108	I roman han Calvany 110	Saviour neip us 203
Watchfulness188, 265	I remember Calvary 119	Saviour, like a Shepherd 201
	Jesus knows all about 61	Saviour, more than life. 198
Yield not to temptation 303	Josus understands 75	Saviour we come to thee 206
ASPIRATION.	Keeping power16, 52	Teach me to be true 208
	Loyalty 50, 42, 110, 208, 275, 261	Thou thinkest Land of 155
Close, closer74, 83, 198, 172	Leaning on Jesus 17, 114	Thou thinkest, Lord, of 155
For cleansing305, 202,	Master, the tempest is 164	EVENING.
193, 287, 157	Mine orres beheld the	
For faith249, 153, 190, 266	Mine eyes beheld the, 126	Abide with me 230
For nearness53, 170,	Never alone130, 97	Now the day is over 197
174, 212, 247	O hearts that are weary 172	One more days work for 184
	O refuge sweet 167	Softly now the light of
Let me lean harder on 114	Peace31, 51, 115, 85, 164	Softly now the light of 197
Make me a child of thine 157	Droxron 94 90 99 94 994	Sun of my soul 277
More about Jesus would 293	Prayer24, 80, 82, 84, 224	FUTURE.
O for a heart to praise my 248	Promises169, 18, 108	
O for a soul aglow with 186	Precious the message 135	O golden day 6
	Redeemed64, 286	One I would see
O to be like thee 112	Rejoicing2, 3, 47, 70, 121,	Some blessed day 117
BIBLE.	219, 269	Some day the silver cord 122
	Rest84, 251, 167, 89	M/DOT TYPE I ST TO THE
Father of mercies in thy 222		When the armster 49
Go study the Bible 45	Resting23, 32, 151, 191	When the curtains are 178
Holy Bible, book divine 236	Speeding onward 163	When the roll is called 302
Send the word 136	Still whiter than snow 28	When the toils of life are 57
Wonderful Bible 95	Take the name of Jesus 192	Veiled is the future be 114
Wollderful Blole 33		
BLESSINGS OF LIFE.	The cloud and fire 144	GOD, GUIDANCE.
Count your mercies 68	The comforter has come 299	Give him thy heart 104
Day by day the manna 218	The Lord will provide 176	God's care keeping 50 100 10
Co to Codia store house 60	The trusting heart to Je- 145	God's care, keeping 52, 183, 16
Go to God's store-house 69	'Tissosweet to trust in Je-300	God's love 72
True riches	Trusting 31, 50, 149, 183	Guide171, 274
Whate'er it be 175	'Twas wondrous love 187	Holy, Holy
BOOK OF LIFE.	Vovego of life 69 164 166 F 105	How beautiful to be with 57
In the book which thou 100	Voyage of life 62, 164, 166, 7, 135	Is calling33, 173
	Wait and murmur not 123	Is faithful 149
CHILDREN'S DAY, ANNIVER-	We are on our way to the 120	Leading 110
SARY, YOUNG PEOPLE.	What will it matter 47	Leading
D 11 .	When wounded sore, the 124	Lead me21, 36, 79, 204
		Mercy 173
Exalt the Lord of glory 156	CLOSING.	Over all 107
Gladly we will go 42		Shall wipe all tears away 129
Hark, hark my soul 138	Abide with me 230	When the heart is right 47
Keep the music ringing. 70	God be with you till we 288	The watchful are of 00 010 000
Keep your heart singing 2	Mizpah 93	The watchful eye of 90,216,226
Marching songs 150 160	Now the day is over 197	GOSPEL,
Marching songs150, 160,	One more days work for 183	
118, 120, 158, 4, 55, 140, 144,	Consider to the design to the	A wonderful Gospel 103
148, 162, 163	Saviour again to thy de- 210	Christ receiveth sinful 106
Passalong a word of che- 134	Softly now the light of 217	The Gospel bells 143
Saviour, like a Shepherd 201	Sun of my soul 277	There's a wideness in 175
Sabbath praises 34	The Lord bless thee, and 211	
The new song		HEAVEN.
The new song 152	DEVOTION AND SUPPLI-	Above the bright blue 37
Up with the morning 154	CATION.	Anticipated6, 120, 178
When love shines in 14		
Working, watching, pray-147	A blessing in prayer 84	City of Jasper and gold. 128
	All to Jesus I surrender 133	FACE TO FACE 71
CHRISTIAN LIFE.	Alone with God	Hark, hark my soul 138
Alone with God 19	Be with me Lord, each 208	He'll wipe all tears away 129
As far as the east 72	Breathe on me199, 214, 262	Home
Assurance295, 209, 22, 10,	Close, closer74, 83, 272, 198	I'll be there
11, 299	Coming to Je-7, 81, 206, 231, 173	I shall be no stranger the-179
Cleansing202, 287, 305, 209, 28	Come thou268, 271	Jerusalem my happy 161
3 .202, 201, 000, 200, 20		octusatem my nappy 101
	220	

Journey to No.		
Journey to120, 163, 245 Meet me there301	Pilot	N. T.
No shadows yonder 301 Not made with her 25	Pleading, praying for me	O for a thousand tongues 254 Sabbath praises
Not made with hands 25 O BEAUTIFUL JAMES 7	Precious pages 102, 72, 213	Sabbath praises
	Precious name	Singing I go along
Some BLESSED DAY 8 Some day the silver 117	Receiveth sinful men 192 Refuge	Sing the joyful tidings 145 Thanks to thee our bases 140
Stars in my crown	Resting in arms of 167, 20	Thanks to thee our heav- 160 The new song
THE BEAUTIEUT56, 113	Rock36 180 101 104 500	
THE NEW SONG	Safe in the arms of	Wonderful Saviour 96
There is a land of pure de- 220	Saves99, 111	SARDAMIT
Waiting for me	Saves	Babbath praises
What will it matter? 49		
reach the 116	The watchful eye of 90 The Way, the Truth, the 225	Tell joy we hall the sac- 223
Breathe on manifer		A charge to keep
Breathe on me, breath of 199 Gracious Spirit, love di- 35 Holy Ghost discol		A charge to keep I have 258 Am I a soldier of the cro-250
	The sesus is the neav- 125	De a diessing
	LIGHT AND SUNCTION	- COUSTONS OF JESTIS
	Ecau, Killuly light	diadily we will be
	Light thou my way 67 O Sun of Righteousness, 1	He that winneth souls 113 I'll go where you want 60
July Spirit, Lord, a- 304	Lass along a word of obo	Keep your heart singing 2
As far as the east 72	~ CODDING III IND III TO TO TO	Lord of the harvest R
Come to Jesus, mother's 78		one more days work for 184
come unto me	There's sunshine in my 191 We'll walk in the light 195	On, toilers, onward 55
Come, ye sinners noor	TO TO VE SITTIES IN	Pass along a word of che- 134 Stand up for Jesus148, 275
2 of you all for me ool	Would you be a sunbeam 5	Tell the sweet Story 40 85
God is calling	LOVE	We are sowing 88
God is calling	Blessed old story of	Wherer thou bidd'st ma 208
15 Calling	Love everiasting 100	Who will follow Jesus 110 Working, watching, pray-147
ocada la Dassino thie wast 191	o the length and the hre 70	You may have the joy 3
Devoesus come into your 101	The greatest thing is 132 'Twas wondrous love 187	SOWING AND REAPING.
	When love shines in 14	Go forth, go forth for Je- 147
Tho' your sins be as scar- 185 To-day the Saviour calls 165	MISCELLANEOUS.	Lord of the harvest
Whosoever will 86	Count your mercies go	On, tollers, onward 55
JESUS.	GO to God's store house 60	Sunsnine and rain 142
Advent of. 140 221 244	mark, nark, my son 129	To the harvest
At the door 141 At the door	master, the tempest is 164	we are sowing far and 88
At the door	Mother's boy	What a precious harvest 46
At the door	The scarlet thread 102	SPECIALS, SOLOS, DUETS, ETC.
burden-bearer 58 145	True riches 66	Because he loves me so 27
Calling94, 98, 173 77 165 22	MISSIONARY AND RES-	Can I forget? 38
Cares	CUE WORK.	Does Jesus care
Close, closer to	Gladly we will go 42	Hark, hark, my soul 138 I belong to the King 10
Coming again11, 188 Coming to7, 81, 91, 94,	Jesus saves	If the Saviour journey 92
173, 205, 206	Lord of the harvest 63	Jesus and shall it ever 76
Companionship with 29,97,92	Mourn for the thousands 260	Just a word with Jesus 24
Communion with 19, 170, 24	Rescue the perishing 308	Lead me, Father
Cross of30, 38, 83, 239, 255	Send the word	Make me a child of thine 157
Fellowship with29, 50, 298 Friend20, 22, 61, 105, 200, 264	Tell the sweet story 40	Mine eyes beheld the Ki- 126
Following77, 110, 177, 292, 42	The Gospel Bell 143	Mother's boy 78
Healeth the broken heart 39	The morning light is bre- 276	Nailed to the cross 30 None like him 105
His way with thee 146	Why have you not told 12	Our Burden-bearer 58
Hope	OPENING.	Patiently pleading 102
Leaning on17, I14	Another Sabbath-day 34	Saving grace
Let me hide in thee 207	Come, thou almighty Ki- 268 Holy! Holy! Holy! 198	Seek ye first the King 108 Some day the silver cord 122
Leads4, 42, 119, 148, 162	Let the words of my mo- 281	Still whiter than snow 28
Lives11, 213, 141	Lord, we come before thee 234	The beautiful harbor 166
Lord of glory 156 Love of72, 43, 51, 94, 109,		
116, 196, 132	Welcome, sweet day of 215	
Lover of my soul 228	PRAISE AND ADORATION.	The voice of the Saviour 94 The watchful eye 90
Loves me so 27	All hail the power13, 253	Will there be any stars 56
Mighty to save 111	All praise to him 290	
My Saviour127, 203, 96 My Jesus, I love thee 182	Come let us join our 246 Come, thou almighty Ki- 268	
Nailed-pierced hands. 27, 124	Come, thou fount of 271	
Name of15, 290, 180, 252, 253	Exalt the Lord of Glory 156	Forward 4
None can help like 41	From all that dwell 237	Marching onward ever 150
None like him 105	Glory to his name 209 Holy! Holy! Holy! 189	My soul be on thy guard 265 Onward, Christian soldi- 162
Not a friend like	Jesus the very thought of 22	Stand up for Jesus148, 275
One I would see 116	My Jesus, I love thee 18.	2 Victory ours shall be 118
Passing this way 131	O could I speak the 24	2 Volunteers are wanted 158
	221	

## INDEX.

Titles in Capitals; First lines in Roman; Choruses in Italics.

No.	No.	No.
A bide with me fast falls 230	CHRIST RECEIVETH SIN- 106	Gladly the will of my 18
W DIGG WILL THE		GLADLY WE WILL GO 42
A DILECTION OF		GLORIA PATRIA 279, 280, 285
	COME INTO MY HEART TO- 87	GLORY TO HIS NAME 209
A LINE COOK COOK	Come, let us join our 246	God be with you till we 288
	Come, thou Almighty 268	God calling yet! shall I 33
	Come, thou fount of 271	GOD IS CALLING 33
	COME UNTO ME 89	GOD IS FAITHFUL 149
All to Jesus I said	Come, ye sinners, poor 273	GOD IS OVER ALL 107
TI BOTIE II	Come ye that love the. 294	God will take care of me 183
	Companionship with 29	Go forth, go forth for 147
Am I a soldier of the 250	CORONATION, C. M 253	Go, STUDY THE BIBLE 45
Amid the trials which I 155	COUNT YOUR MERCIES 68	Go to God's store-house 69
And can I yet delay 259 Another Sabbath day is 34	00011 10011 1111101201111	Grace, 'tis a charming 263
Allouitor Sassas		Gracious Spirit, love di- 35
ANTIOCH, C. M 221	Day by day the manna. 218	GREENVILLE, 8s, 7s, D 273
Are you heavy laden 68	DEEPER YET 202	Guide me, O thou great 274
	DENNIS, S. M 256	
Arise my soul, arise 213	Depth of mercy, can 235	Had we only sunshine 142
ARLINGTON, C. M 248 AS FAR AS THE EAST 72	Does Jesus Care 26	HAMBURG, L, M, 240
As of old when the 144	Down at the cross 209	HAPPY DAY 269
Awake my soul stretch 245	Doxology 278	HAPPY IN A SAVIOUR'S 121
A wonderful, wonderful 103	Do we know our riches 66	Hark, hark, my soul 138
Azmon, C. M 251	DRAW ME NEARER 53	Hark, the herald angels 195
AZMON, C. BI	DUKE ST., L. M 237	HEARANDANSWERPRAY- 190
		Hear the Master's earn- 44
Banners waving proud- 118		Hear the voice of Jesus 86
BE A BLESSING 5	EVENTIDE, 10s 230	He healeth the broken 39
BECAUSE HE LOVES ME SO 27	EVERY DAY AND HOUR 198	HE IS CALLING 173
Behold a stranger at the 87	Exalt the Lord of Glory 156	HE'LL WIPE ALL TEARS 129
ВЕТНАМУ, 68, 48 212		HETHAT WINNETH SOULS 113
Be with me, Lord, each 208		HIDDEN PEACE 85
Blessed assurance 295	Face to face with Christ 71	
Blessed is the service of 113	Father of mercies, be 222	HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT 18
BLESSED OLD STORY OF 65		
Blest be the tie that 257	FOLD ME TO THY BREAST 200	Holy Bible, book divine 236
Bowed beneath your 75	Footsteps of Jesus 177	
Proofbe on me breath 199	Forever here my rest 251	Holy Ghost, with light 233
Boylston, S. M 259	FORWARD	
	FOR YOU AND FOR ME 90	
	From all that dwell be- 237	HORTON, 7s 232
CAN I FORGET? 38	From perishing souls 12	
Can it be, O can it be 205		
Cast thy care upon the 58	[1] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2] [2	How happy every child 219
Catch and radiate the 134	10	How sweet the name of 252
CHRIST AROSE 141	GIVE ME THY HEART 10	1 11000 000000
Christ, our mighty Cap-	4 Give thy life to Jesus 59	9 Hursley, L. M 277

No.			
1 am not skilled to 197	Tuet on Tana - 117	No.	No.
am praying, blessed 190	Just as I am without	231	MY SAVIOUR 127
- une reaeemed, but not gal	Just a word with Jesus	24	MY SAVIOUR IS PRAYING 73
I am resting, safely rest- 151	Joy to the world the	221	My soul, be on thy 265
am thine, U Lord 53			
1 am thinking to-day of 56			
Lask, O Lord, that mine 153	KEEPING POWER	16	NAILED TO THE CROSS 30
I BELONG TO THE KING . 104	KEEP THE MUSIC RING	70	NAOMI, C. M 124
I cannot drift beyond 42	KEEP YOUR HEART SING-	2	Nearer, my God, to thee 212
I cannot tell thee 95			NEARER, STILL NEARER 174
1 COME TO THEE			NETTLETON, 8s, 7s, D 271
If the Saviour journey on	LABAN, S. M	264	NEVER ALONE 130
11 We sow the seed with 16	LEAD AND KEEP ME	79	NICEA, 11, 12, 10, 189
11 you are tired of the 101	Lead, kindly light	204	None can help like Je- 41
ANOW HESMINE 92	LEAD ME, FATHER	21	None like him 105
1 know that my Re 11	Leud me to the Rock	36	No, NOT ONE! 61
1 LL BE THERE 168	LEANING ON JESUS	17	NOR SILVER, NOR GOLD. 64
1 LL GO WHERE YOU 60	LEIGHTON, S. M	214	No shadows yonder 25
llong, dear Lord, while 67	Lenox, H. M	213	Not made with hands 9
llovethykingdomLord 261	Let Jesus come into	101	Now the day is over 197
1 love to tell the story 306	LET ME HIDE IN THEE		
I'M GOING HOME 247	Let me lean harder on	114	THE RESERVE SHOWN THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY
In his keeping 52	Let the words of my	281	O BEAUTIFUL LAND 8
IN PERFECT PEACE 115	Let us ask the precious	93	O blessed fellowship di- 29
In the arms of Jesus, I 32	Life is full of joy and	47	O come, weary heart, to 89
In the blood from the 202	LIGHT THOU MY WAY	67	O could I speak the 242
In the book which thou 100	Like Noah's dove, I	167	O for a faith that will 249
In the cross of Christ I 255	Like the sheep that's	78	O for a heart that is 193
In the dew of early 41	Long by sin my eyes	126	O for a heart to praise. 248 O FOR A SOUL
In the rifted rock I'm 191	Lord God, the Holy	262	O for a thousand tong- 254
In thy cleft, O Rock of 194 I REMEMBER CALVARY 119	Lord, I am thine entire-	240	Oft I've heard my 168
T	LORD, I'M COMING HOME	91	O golden day, when 6
I see the nail-pierced 27 I SHALL BE NO STRANGER 179	Lord of the harvest		O happy day, that free- 269
Is it there? 100	Lord, we come before Lord Jesus, I long to be	204	O hearts that are weary 172
Is there a heart that is 131	LOVE EVERLASTING	109	OLD HUNDRED, L. M 278
Is there room for me? 181	Love that opens heav'n	100	OLIVET, 6s. 4s 266
I SURRENDER ALL 133			O matchless love, how 132
I take my portion from 175			ONE I WOULD SEE 116
ITALIAN HYMN, 6s, 4s 268	Low in the grave he lay		One more day's work 184
It may not be on the 60	3		On the happy golden 301
It was the Saviour's 16			On the ocean of life we 62
I've wandered far away 91			On, toilers, onward 55
I will arise and go to my 159	Make me a child of		Onward Christian Sol- 162
I will go, I cannot stay 205	MANOAH, C. M		O REFUGE SWEET 167
	Marching Home		O spread the tidings 299 OSun of Righteousness, 1
	Marching, marching		O the length and the 72
Torugalom my hanny 161	Marching on, marching Marching onward, ev-		O, the new, new song 152
Jerusalem, my happy 161 Jesus, and shall it76, 241	MARCHING ONWARD, EV-		01 110
Jesus calls us; o'er the 77	MARTYN, 7s. D		0 1 1 1 1 10
Jesus comes with pow- 14	Master, the tempest is.		0 7 6 7 0 6 20
Jesus, Friend of sinners 200	MATERNA, C. M. D		10
Jesus has lifted the 145	MERCY, 7s,		
Jesus, I come to thee 7	MILES LANE, C. M		
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE 111	MINE EYES BEHELD THE	E 126	
JESUS IS PASSING THIS 131	"MIZPAH."		
Jesus is pleading 102	More about Jesus		
Jesus lover of my soul 228	MOTHER'S BOY	. 78	Pass me not, O gentle 297
JESUS SAVES 99	Mourn for the thousan	- 260	PATIENTLY PLEADING 102
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me 139	My country, 'tis of the	e 267	PILOT ME62, 139
Jesus shall reign where 238	My faith looks up to	. 266	PLEYEL'S HYMN, 78 235
JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE 195	My heavenly home is.	247	Praise God from whom 278
Jesus, the very thought 227	My hope is built on	. 180	PRECIOUS NAME 192
JESUS UNDERSTANDS 75	My Jesus I love thee	. 182	Precious Saviour, pre 203
JESUS WILL TENDERLY 54	My life my love I giv	e 307	PRECIOUS THE MESSAGE 135

Prince of peace, control   232   Radedmed, how I love   286   Redecamed, how I love   286   Resout the persisting   287   Referee, 78, 10 Cross.   228   Refuee, 78, 10 Cross.   228   Resirks A This State   248	No.	No.	No.
RATHEUN, SS, 7s		THE CLOUD AND FIRE 144	WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT 123
Rescue the perishing. 308 Refuce, 7s, D	BATHRUN 88. 78 255	The crimson glories of 124	We are on our way to 120
REFUGE, 75, D	Redeemed, how I love 286	THE EVERLASTING ARMS 131	We are sowing far and 88
RESTING IN JESUS' ARMS 32 RESTING IN JESUS' ARMS 32 REVIVE US AGAIN	Rescue the perishing 308	The Gospel Bells are 143	We are speeding, speed- 163
RESTING AT THE CROSS 23 RESTING IN JESUS'ARMS 32 RESTING IN JESUS'ARMS 32 RESTING IN JESUS'ARMS 32 REVIVE US AGAIN		THE GREATEST THING IS 132	Weary in spirit, when- 135
Resting in Jesus Arms 32 Revive us again 270 Rock of Ages, cleft for 296 Revive us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit us the 297 Rock of Revit us again 270 Rock of Revit		The home where chan- 123	Weary with walking a- 17
REVIVE US AGAIN	RESTING IN JESUS' ARMS 32	The hoose of Tame	
Rock of Ages, cleft for 296  Sabort Praises	Revive thy work, O 256	THE HIMM OF BEST	
The Lord Payer   284   We may lighten toil		The Bold block	We'll engly in the light 105
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE 176 SAFE IN THE SHELTER OF 208 SAFE IN THE SHELTER OF 208 SAVING GRACE	Rock of Ages, cleft for 296	The Bold is care	We may lighten toil
SABBATH PRAISES	· 第二章 医乳腺性 化二氯甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基甲基	THE HORD BILLIA	
Safe in the arms of Jebsus 15 Safe in the shelters 6 Safe in the shelters 6 Safe in the shelters 20 Safe in the shelter 20 Safe in the shelters		THE HORD WILDS	We sing amid the trials 128
SAFE IN THE SHEITER OF 201 SAYING GRACE		110 11101111111111111111111111111111111	TYT1 1 1 1 TT
SAVING GRACE		1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
Saviour, again to thy 210 Saviour, again to thy 210 Saviour, in whose name 181 Saviour, like a Shep-201 Saviour, more than life 198 Saviour, we come to 205 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 266 Seek ye first the King-108 Send the Bread that 267 Show the Wend 1 267 Singe Christ my soul 257 Singe Christ my soul 257 There's a neve that 27 Sing it o'er and o'er. 206 Sing the joyful tidings 140 Softly now the light 217 Some day, but when I. 177 Some day, bu		THE LIE TO LOCATION	
Saviour, in whose name 181 Saviour, like a Shep 201 Saviour, more than life 193 Saviour, we come to 206 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Seek ye first the King - 108 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 Shend the Bread that 136 Seek ye first the King - 108 There's a nevel that 37 When I sault thro' the 73 When I sault thro' the 74 When the carry' my when the curry throus		There are songs of joy., 152	
Saviour, in whose name 181 Saviour, like a Shep- Saviour, more than life 198 Saviour, more than life 198 Saviour, we come to 206 Saviour, we come to 206 Seek ye first the King- Seek ye first t		There are being	What can be whiter 28
Saviour, like a Shep- Saviour, more than life 195 Saviour, we come to 206 Seek ye first the King- 108 Send the Bread that 108 Send the Bread that 136 SEND THE WORD 136 SEND THE WORD 136 SEND THE WORD 125 Singing I go along life's 145 Sing it o'er and o'er 106 Sing the joyful tidings 140 Softly and tenderly Je- 98 Softly now the light 217 Some day, but when I. 117 Some day, but when		There is a fountain fill- 243	WHATE'ER IT BE 175
Saviour, we come to			What will it matter, by 49
Saviour, we come to 205 Seek ye first the King- 108 Seek ye first the King- 108 Send the Bread that 136 SEND THE WORD		There is an eye that 226	
Seek ye first the King- 108 Send the Bread that. 136 SEND THE WORD		There is no sorrow, Lord 224	
Send the Bread that		1 1101010101000	
SEND THE WORD		1110100000	
Setymour, 7s		1 11010 5 - 111	
Since Christ my soul. 125 Singit J go along life's 145 Sing it o'er and o'er		111010000000000000000000000000000000000	*1*
Sing it o'er and o'er		11010 2 011 00	
Sing the joyful tidings 140 Softly and tenderly Je- Softly now the light. 217 Some BLESSED DAY		11010	
Softly and tenderly Je- Softly now the light 217 Some BLESSED DAY			
Softly now the light 217 Some day, but when I. 117 Some day, but when I. 117 Some day the silver 122 Sowing, as we go 88 SPEEDING ONWARD 163 Spirit of faith, come. 264 ST. AGNES, C. M 226 Stand up, stand up 148, 275 STEADFAST FAITH 153 Still, still with thee 170 STILL WHITER THAN 28 ST. THOMAS, S. M 261 Sun of my soul, thou. 277 SUNSHINE AND RAIN 142 Sweetly, Lord, have we for Sweet peace is my por Sweet peace is my por Sweet peace is my por 31 Sweet Peace, THE GIFT 51 Sweet Peace, THE GIFT 51 Sweet Robbath day 34 Sweet the refuge God 151 Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 Take the name of Je 192 Talmar, 88, 78 137 Teach Me to be true 208 Tell the story, tender 40 Tell the sweet story whe-65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The beautiful Harboe 166 The sweet story whe-65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The beautiful Harboe 166 The beautiful			
Some day but when I. 117 Some day but when I. 129 The Solld Rock			Control of the Contro
Some day, but when I. 117 Some day the silver			
Some day the silver. 122 Sowing, as we go			
SPEEDING ONWARD			
Spirit of faith, come 264 St. Agnes, C. M	Sowing, as we go 88		
St. Agnes, C. M			When we walk with 50
Stand up, stand up 148, 275 STEADFAST FAITH			
Stand up 140, 247 Steadpfast faith			
Still, still with thee 170 STILL WHITER THAN 28 ST. THOMAS, S. M 261 Sun of my soul, thou 277 SUNSHINE AND RAIN 142 Sweetly, Lord, have we 172 Sweetly, Lord, have we 173 Sweetly RESTING 191 Sweet peace is my por- 31 Sweet peace is my por- 31 Sweet Peace, THE GIFT 51 Sweet Sabbath day 34 Sweet the refuge God 151 Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 TALMAR, 8s, 7s 137 TEACH ME TO BE TRUE 208 Tell the story, tender 40 Tell the sweet story whe-65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful Harbor 166 The Still, still with thee 170 Thou is ins be as 185 Thou art the Way; to 225 Thou that hearest when 207 Thou that heare			
STILL WHITER THAN			WHERE JESUS IS 'TIS 125
St. Thomas, S. M		Tho' your sins be as 185	
Sun of my soul, thou 277 SUNSHINE AND RAIN 142 Sweetly, Lord, have we 177 SWEETLY RESTING 191 Sweet peace is my por- 31 Sweet Peace, the Gift 51 Sweet Sabbath day 34 Sweet the refuge God 151  Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 TALMAR, 8s, 7s 137 TEACH ME TO BE TRUE 208 Tell the story, tender, 40 TELL THE SWEET STORY 40 Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful Harbon 166 The Mark of the future be- 114  Thou that hearest when 207 Thou that hearest when 207 Thou thinkest, Lord, 304 Thou thinkest, Lord, 304 Thou thinkest, Lord, 304 Thou thinkest, Lord, 304 The Holy Spirit, Lord, 304 The Holy Spirit, Lord, 304 Tis so sweet to trust in 300 Tis the blessed hour 82 To-day the Saviour 165 To the cross of Christ, 23 To the Harvest 44 To us a child of hope 244 TRUE RICHES 50 Wonderful Bible 95 Wonderful Saviour 16 Wonderful Saviour 16 Wonderful Bible 95 Wonderful Saviour 16 Wonderful Saviour 16 Wonderful Saviour 16 Wonderful Bible 95 Wonderful Bi			
SUNSHINE AND BAIN			
SWEETLY RESTING			
Sweet peace is my por- Sweet Sabbath day			
Sweet Peace, the gift. 51 Sweet Sabbath day			
Sweet Sabbath day			
Sweet the refuge God 151  To the harvest			
Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 Take the name of Je 197 Teach me to be true 208 Tell the story, tender, 40 Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful harbor 166 To us a child of hope 244 True Riches 66 True Riches 66 True Riches 50 Wondrous Love 187 Woodworth, L. M 231 Working, watching, 147 Would you be a sun 5 Would you live for Je- 146  Yield not to temptation 303 You may have the joy 3			SCHOOL SECTION OF THE WORLD AND SECTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE
Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 TALMAR, 8s, 7s	Sweet the retuge God 101		
Take my life and let it 287 Take the name of Je 192 TALMAR, 8s, 7s			
Take the name of Je 192 Talmar, 8s, 7s	Take my life and let it 997	TRUST AND OBEY 50	WOODWORTH, L. M 231
Talmar, 8s, 7s			
Tell the story, tender, 40 Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful Harbor 166 The Beautiful Harbor 166 Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 Varina, C. M. D 219 Vict'ry ours shall be 118 Veiled is the future be- 114		'Twas wondrous love 187	Would you be a sun 5
Tell the story, tender, 40 Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful Harbor 166 Varian, C. M. D 219 Vict'ry ours shall be 118 Veiled is the future be- 114			Would you live for Je- 146
Tell the sweet story whe- 65 Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The beautiful harbor 166 Varian, C. M. D 219 Vield not to temptation 303 You may have the joy 3 Vict'ry ours shall be 118 Veiled is the future be- 114		Up with the morning's 154	
Thanks to thee, our 160 The Apostles' Creed 282 The Beautiful Harbor 166 Varina, C. M. D 219 Vield not to temptation 303 You may have the joy 3 Vict'ry ours shall be 118 Veiled is the future be- 114			W. 13
THE APOSTLES' CREED 282 VICT'RY OURS SHALL BE 118 THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR 166 Veiled is the future be- 114	Tell the sweet story whe- 65		
THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR 166 Veiled is the future be- 114			fou may have the joy 3
THE CITY OF JASPER 128 Volunteers are wanted 158 ZERAH, C. M 244			
THE CITY OF JASPER 1281 Volunteers are wanted 138. ZERAH, C. M 244	THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR 166	Veiled is the future be- 114	Zunia C M 944
	THE CITY OF JASPER 1281	volunteers are wanted 158	ZIERAH, O. DI 244

